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THE LURE OF THE GREAT SMOKIES

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FOREWORD

I SHALL always remember with a nameless thrill my first night by a camp-fire atop the Smokies. On the pinnacle of the Big Silence, above the dwarfed trees hundreds of years old, but no higher than a man's head, shaggy with moss and lichen, all roofed by the studded canopy of the heavens, two of us sat one memorable night in the ruddy glow of the coals, cool winds brushing our cheeks, in the Big Stillness of the night.

My artist companion, between pipe puffs, shrugged his broad shoulders in characteristic fashion and, jerking his thumb in the general direction of unfortunate civilization, dryly remarked: 'I'd rather be up here than down in the scum and muck!'

He spoke my own silent thought, as well as the thought of many other campers who have a similar experience. We two had arrived by way of Ekanetelle Gap (Eti'na'tu'li — old spicewood?) just at the closing hour of day when the sun's last rays, flashing from a copper wheel of fire, swirled through the purple mists of the valleys below. The tired sun-god seemed in a hurry to get home so that he could wrap his blankets of mists about him and retire for the night in Usunhi'yi — 'The Darkening Land' in the west.

We hurriedly flung down our packs and raced out to Tsistu'yi — Gregory Bald (Rabbit Place) --- to be in at the vanishing of day.

No artist could paint it. To do so he would need to compete with the Master Painter using the heav-

ens for a canvas, the sunset and rainbow for a palette, purple mists and winds out of the west for brushes, and sweep space with the technique of the Creator to limn the titanic picture across the universe.

We two watched for a few breathless moments before the sun's fire was smothered in the ashes of twilight. Night drops so suddenly in these altitudes that almost before we knew it we were standing in cool semi-darkness with sunset's embers dying faintly in the west. Speechless, we made our way back a mile and a half to our knapsacks in the saddle between the two Balds, where we threw up poles for our camping-bunk of ponchos and blankets upon a bed of sweet fern for the night. And such a night!

Let the initiated imagine a perfect camp-fire with wood for the gathering, roast potatoes, bacon, hot coffee, corn-cakes, and — jimmy pipes! We soon hunted our blankets in the soothing warmth of the coals. As I lay half asleep, half awake, in No-Man's-Land of dreams, a small wraith-like cloud drifted right across our camp-fire! It came from Nowhere and seemed bound for the same bourn, vanishing into the tops of the stunted beeches below. Was it a restless soul from Ataga'hi — the Cherokee enchanted lake under Clingman Dome; or Tsusgina'i — 'The Ghost Country'?

There was a soothing fry of the fire-sticks, a sputter of an angry spark, the distant hoot of a hunter owl, we pulled our blankets closer, and —

Daybreak!

The dawn was very cool. There came mistily spilling into the sleepy, cloud-filled valleys a soft amber glow, becoming roseate, then golden. The



'VAGUE SHADOWS BEGAN TO FORM'
Southdown sheep in fog of early morning on Gregory Bald (4944 feet)



LOOKING TOWARD CLINGMAN DOME (6680 FEET)
FROM SILER'S BALD (6600 FEET)

THE LURE OF THE GREAT SMOKIES

BY
ROBERT LINDSAY MASON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER
A PENNSYLVANIA COVENANTER
OF THE
DUNCAN AND RENTREW CLANS
OF OLD SCOTLAND

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sun poured his shining yellow treasure over the distant azure mountains and the fog-sea of silver and violet shot with gold began to stir dreamily and to rise. All too soon a mist enveloped our camp. Out of it came the silvery tinkle of a sheep-bell. Vague shadows began to form and a magnificent flock of Southdowns came across the dew-wet grass to inspect us. .

The whole flock nosed our gunny sacks and curiously examined the ashes of our dead camp-fire. One black-faced ram seemed more inquisitive than the rest. My bedfellow rubbed his sleepy eyes and sat up.

'Those sheep want salt!' he stated laconically and lay down again.

We soon found this to be true, for presently two stalwart mountaineers with drooping hat brims came out of the fog toward us carrying a bag of salt, the ever-present gun over the shoulder of one of them. The fine sheep gathered confidently about the two herders as they put the salt upon jagged boulders cropping out of the fog-laden grass. The men nodded pleasantly to us and after their task was done came over to chat. There ensued tales of feuds between cattlemen of bygone days when mountaineers shot each other for the privilege of dominating this desirable feeding range above the clouds.

As we sat upon the rocks talking, the brightening sun caught the soft woolly backs of the sheep and turned them to fleece of gold. All was wrapt in the unreal mist of morning like the setting of an immense pastoral painting. 'My God!' exclaimed my artist companion under his breath, 'who could paint it?' We stood dumb with the wonder of it.

After our two mountaineer friends had departed to the other side of the divide headed for the 'store in the cove,' we followed those pesky sheep most of the day trying futilely to photograph them, but at every flutter of the hand or menace of the camera they would scamper far afield. We finally succeeded in a meager way.

At dusk our two North Carolina friends of the Big Silence returned from their errand. As we stood there in the twilight, a small flock of ravens flew overhead bound for their roost in Alum Cave up the range near Le Conte. Raising his gun, the younger mountaineer fired at the somber birds before his friend could restrain him. Down fluttered one of the great grosbeaked creatures like an ill-omened blot out of gathering dusk.

The elder man seemed very much agitated. 'Don't never do that!' he protested vehemently; 'don't ye know hit's bad luck?'

The great, black bird fluttered helplessly about the ground and the dog which accompanied the two men attacked it, but was called off. The raven (*Corvus corax principalis*) with immense threatening beak pluckily stood its ground. It would have measured five feet from tip to tip. It proved to be only stunned, and, stumbling awkwardly to its wings, it again took flight to rejoin its comrades.

'Don't never do that ag'in, boy!' the elder mountain man scolded. 'Hit's seven year o' bad luck. They're human jest like we air, pickin' up what they c'n git hyar and thar and don't never do nobody no harm!'

As the two turned to go to their herdsman's cabin down the mountain-side, we thought this incident

thoroughly exemplified the life of the Smoky Mountaineer of the Big Silence. This man had a fellow feeling for his comrade of the wilderness. Similarly, the bird also was a creature of Nature, to take without grumbling what she had to give with good will — or ill — abundance never; only a scant sufficiency to keep life within the body. Enduring cold, hunger, hardship, silently and without complaining, he believed in a God who was hard perhaps at times, but just; who dispatched him on errands of mercy sometimes even as the raven was sent to keep Elijah from starving. Like the bird of the wilderness, he was Nature-wise, profiting in mercy from experience; wary always of the wolf's attack; taking whatever crumbs fell from Nature's table, thankful even for those.

R. L. M.

THE LURE OF THE GREAT SMOKIES

CHAPTER I

BUYING A MONOLITH— SMOKY MOUNTAIN TERRAIN

WHEN the National Parks Commission began to cast about in 1925 for the location of a National Park in the eastern half of the United States, the Great Smoky Mountains, practically unknown since the creation of the world, were found to measure up to National Park standards, which are — parenthetically speaking — very high. It might be stated here that the National Parks Commission is not seeking to reserve 'picnic grounds,' but rather to establish natural museums of one sort or another for the educational benefit and cultivation of our people.

Being compelled to discontinue three other parks which did not measure up to the high standards required by the Parks System, the Commission had to find substitutes, preferably in the Central East. The Great Smokies seemed to meet the requirements as also did the Virginia Shenandoahs.

But when the Great Smoky Mountains came under their direct attention, after a thorough inspection the Commission was amazed to find mountains of such prodigious base altitude with all the flora and fauna indigenous to their zone up to the compara-

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tive latitude of Canada, actually within the thickly populated center of the eastern half of the United States.

The Commission, whose ultimate head was Mr. Hubert M. Work, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, Executive Secretary of National Parks, was inspired with the idea of segregating the Great Smoky Mountains as a National Park. Mr. Work appointed as his personal Committee of selection Congressman H. W. Temple of Pennsylvania, chairman; Colonel Glenn S. Smith, secretary; William C. Gregg, vice-chairman; Harlan P. Kelsey, and Major W. A. Welch, of the National Forestry Commission. But, as the Government never spends a red cent for the purchase of National Parks, the people must furnish the money. Accordingly, as the State Line separating North Carolina and Tennessee, established by deed of cession to the United States as territory south of the Ohio February 25, 1790, but not officially surveyed until 1821, ran down the watershed of the whole sixty-five-mile length of the Smokies, the burden of the initial expense fell upon the people of these two neighboring States.

The State Line established one hundred and five years ago was fixed to settle forever interminable land disputes and lawsuits which had been initiated by various corporations owing to discrepancies caused by faulty and insufficient surveys previous to this time. A joint commission was appointed by both States, with their surveyors, which made a complete and final survey to establish a permanent line, beginning at the end of the line run by McDowell, Vance, and Matthews in 1799 at the Cataloochee

Turnpike Rock at the head of the Smokies, and ending on the line separating the States of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia. The Smoky Mountain line ended at its sixty-fifth mile-post blaze on a beech tree in the mouth of a creek on the south side of the Little Tennessee River.

On this joint commission of 1821 representing Tennessee were Alexander Smith, Isaac Allen, and Simeon Perry, with Robert Armstrong for surveyor. North Carolina was represented by Commissioners James Mebane, Montfort Stokes, and Robert Love, with William Davenport, surveyor. The line survey was completed and subscribed to in August, 1821. It forever ended lawsuits which had to do with supposed erroneous allocation of an elusive watershed — the famous appellate case, for instance, of *Hugh Stevenson vs. William Fain* which established the good intentions of the commissioners appointed. The map made by these commissioners was discovered by accident in the archives at Nashville in 1896.

A preliminary estimate of the approximate cost of initiating the purchase of such lands as were desirable for the proposed National Park was found to be in the neighborhood of \$1,200,000. Owing to the indefatigable energy of Colonel David C. Chapman, of Knoxville, Tennessee, Chairman of the Smoky Mountain Conservation Association, and W. P. Davis, president of the latter organization, ably assisted by Mark Squires, of the North Carolina Park Commission, \$1,066,693.91 was raised by school children, bankers, business men, religious and social organizations, and the general public in less than eleven months.

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On the strength of an unusual popular interest in the project, Congress was asked to pass an enabling act to establish a National Park in this region. On May 12th a bill for this purpose was introduced in the Senate by H. W. Temple, Senator from Pennsylvania, Chairman of the Southern Appalachian Parks Commission, which allowed a minimum of 150,000 acres to be acquired initially with a maximum of 704,000 acres as a limit, at which time the Government would assume the tract as a National Park and administer the same under appropriations available to the Parks Commission for fire trails, roads, and general supervision. This enabling act also provided for national solicitation of sufficient funds to purchase the maximum acreage.

Ten days later, May 22d, President Coolidge signed the enabling act making it a law, after the unanimous consent of Congress, which had adopted the Senate bill, the House substituting the latter for its own to expedite its passage.

Of Tennessee's gift of over a million her State legislature voted to pay for two thirds of the Townsend tract acreage of 78,000, including many of the highest tops of the Smokies, Knoxville paying one third. February 23, 1927, the North Carolina legislature voted two millions to be applied to the ultimate purchase of acreage for the proposed National Park provided Tennessee procures its equivalent either in money or lands. Even if all the Townsend tract was not available to the high standard set by National Park authorities, the remaining Townsend acreage as a state park would act as excellent 'buffer lands,' or area for reforestation, to the proposed Park natural museum. The spirit of enthusiasm displayed by

both States has been excellent. North Carolina also vested the right of eminent domain to condemn such lands as were necessary for the proposed National Park. At a meeting of Park authorities early in February, 1927, the two governors of Tennessee and North Carolina, Austin Peay and Angus McLane respectively, participating, the ultimate acreage astride the State line was established at 428,000, with privilege of adding any future desirable acreage necessary to the maximum of 704,000 as limited by the bill signed by President Coolidge. Much credit has been due Dr. B. O. Bryson, of North Carolina, and Horace Kephart, the author, and altogether it has not been easy sailing for the Park promoters of the people at large, or for the citizens of North Carolina and Tennessee who started a momentous movement to buy a whole mountain range and present it to the citizens, not only of the United States, but of the world.

If an arrow, representing a scale length of four hundred miles, were laid from each point of the compass on a map of the eastern half of the United States, with each barb touching the confines of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park, this tremendous mountain range of thirty-seven peaks in all — seventeen of which are not identified according to Professor Arnold Guyot's surveys in 1856-60 — would lie equidistant from the Great Lakes, the Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Mississippi.

In these days, when easy automobile travel shifts the transient population at will, it can be seen that — with good roads — the Great Smoky Mountain monolith is within reach of all citizens in the eastern

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half of the United States. What has been available for only a comparative few to enjoy in the past can now be made accessible to all even to a much greater extent than the wonders of the Rockies have ever been.

The reason for the prevalent astounding ignorance regarding this mighty mountain range is easily deduced from topographical and historical study. The Parks Commission cannot be wholly blamed. The mountains have existed since creation, but, like Mahomet's, the Great Smokies could not come to the Commission, so, perforce, the Commission must come to the Smokies! At least the knowledge of their tremendous significance must do so.

The most vital reason for ignorance concerning this unique mountain range has been due to the fact of its utter inaccessibility. There has been only one road over the Smokies during their entire history, and this an imperfect one built merely as a make-shift. Other traces and trails were worn by the moccasined feet of Cherokees and flintlock gunmen for four hundred years. Woe to him who should lose his way therein — which he often did.

Colonel W. H. Thomas — Will Usdi (Little Will), as the Cherokees lovingly called him — was adopted when an orphan by one of their counsellor chiefs, Youna-guska (Drowning Bear), and was made chief upon the death of the latter at the Indian's suggestion. Thomas was placed in charge of Cherokee affairs at the Yellow Hill Reservation, North Carolina, by the United States Government in 1841. This little remnant of the Cherokee Nation, after the removal to the Indian Territory in 1838, numbered only about 1220 souls. The removal was conducted in such a vicious and disgraceful manner

that it was no wonder that the white chief turned against his Government and adopted the cause of the Secessionists upon the outbreak of the Civil War.

He resigned his position as government agent at the Qualla Reservation in 1861 to join the Confederate cause, and, as a strategic measure to hold the wavering Cherokees who were offered bribes of all sorts to desert their 'Little Will,' he employed the total number of fighting men — about six hundred — to build the only road that has ever spanned the backbone of the Smokies. This road was built at Indian Gap above the headwaters of Little Pigeon River at an elevation of 5317 feet. It was an impossible grade from its very inception, and during the sixty-odd years of abandonment since that time it has fallen into such disuse that now only a trace of it remains, and this is difficult of negotiation even on horseback.*

There has never been any other road over the Smokies except bear- and man-made trails. Only travelers afoot could traverse its steeps from the Tennessee side of the divide or from the North Carolina slopes. The sinuous trails worn knee-deep in some cases by Indians were precarious enough at their best to the uninitiated, and often misguided wayfarers vanished forever in the intricate maze never to return again. It may be that their restless souls are yet wandering in Ataga'hi, the Cherokee enchanted lake somewhere between Bradley's Fork and Eagle Creek in the cliffs under Clingman Dome — a lake no *living* man has ever seen!

* In connection with the building of this road an interesting incident is told in another part of this volume concerning the capture and torture of a white man named Nealy and an Indian who revealed the location of a lead mine on the Hurricane.

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Geologically, the Great Smoky Mountain Range is an archaic-based monolith sixty-five miles in length. Its integral composition is about as permanent as can exist against erosion, that formidable enemy of the exposed mountain peak. A composition of crystalline rock topped with deep humus and luxuriant vegetation guarantees the peaks of the Smokies the minimum of effacement by the elements.

Ninety per cent of the rocks composing the Smokies are quartz conglomerate; the remainder are slate or blue limestone conglomerate. With a slate base, as at the headwaters of Little Pigeon River at Indian Gap, which is probably a mile in depth — perhaps more — erosion reaches down to archaic, the oldest in the world. These crystalline rocks are the result either of sediments that have changed to slate or of schists that have gone through various stages of metamorphosis.

The igneous rocks, such as granite diabase or rose quartz, which were solidified while in a molten condition, are often exposed, as in broken-topped folds on Miry Ridge, an offshoot paralleling and impinging on the big ridge. Toward Guyot, the eastern peaks of the Smokies are quartz crystalline rocks along the top of the divide and also mica-bearing conglomerates which have been squeezed or boiled while under terrific pressure. Great 'graybacks' — graywacke? — clutter up the ravines and block the mountain-sides where erosion and freezing and lightning have chipped them from the great blocks above. But even these monster boulders — some of them twice the size of a large house — and their original mortises, are deeply covered with giant

moss, laurel, and rhododendron in Nature's endeavor to effect a pleasing *ensemble* by covering up the destruction caused by her greatest enemy — erosion. Great beds of sedimentary character, formed entirely of the shells of ancient sea animals, compose the rest of the geological depository of the Great Smokies. Where the shore line of this ancient sea that deposited the crustaceans was originally cannot be ascertained, but that tremendous up-thrust required to lift a mountain range from its depths was cataclysmic enough to melt some of the mountain rocks like butter. Ancient crustaceans are occasionally found deep in unfrequented gorges of the Smokies.

Like Neptune, the Smokies must have emerged dripping wet and covered with barnacles and seaweed. Slips and faults caused by this eruption have left most of the folds and plane strata that face northwest on the Tennessee side tilted upward at an angle of from twenty to sixty degrees. This fact alone accounts for the abundant retention of moisture on the Tennessee slopes where springs abound and canteens are a superfluous article of the hiker's equipment. Every 'Bald' and every peak has its spring — sometimes two, as at Double Spring in the Narrows east of Siler's Bald, where only fifty feet apart the twin springs at the top of the divide send their waters toward the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico respectively!

On Miry Ridge, at an elevation of 4900 feet, the igneous quartz fold is broken and worn at its apex so that the outer rims hold moisture which transforms the collected deep humus into a mire and acts as a great vase to hold the most magnificent display of

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flame azalea which it has been the fortune of the author to behold. An old gold mine map, left by a man upon his deathbed, describes this 'trace' as a 'Black Mud Hole'!

To the extremely siliceous nature of its rock composition is accredited the physical endurance of the Smokies. At the eastern end around Guyot this siliceous material forms several peaks over six thousand feet high, and in a few instances, as at 'White Rock,' an outcropping of quartz about twelve miles west of Big Pigeon Gap, the white conglomerate can be seen above the tree-tops only at rare intervals by travelers along the top. This quartz has some narrow veins of gold which have been changed from their original condition until now gold is found only in small quantities, as in the upper waters of Little River near Elkmont. A miner can barely pan enough gold to keep him from starving while a vein opened and analyzed on the farm of Levi Trentham at Elkmont was too poor to justify mining, bringing in the assay only about \$1.27 per ton of rock. A little panning has been done on Abram's Creek in Cade's Cove also.

Thunderhead slate, Clingman granite, and Cade's Cove conglomerate of sandstone and graywacke all tower into tremendous buttes and have changed very little since the beginning of time. In fact the entire composition of the Smoky Range is a guarantee of Nature against any progressive effacement by erosion for ages yet to come.

All of the soils on the Great Smokies are deep and strong even over the high peaks and gaps. They are mostly brown and black loamy clays and the loams support a strong growth of plants able to stand the

cold due to altitude. On the erosive soils that are washed from this formation we find the heaviest growth of timber well supported, and as the feldspathic beds decay soonest they produce the excellent fertility of the soil, while the more siliceous beds remain firm and unweathered.

The basic foundation of the Smoky Mountains is a terrible, giant monolith of varied conglomerate sixty-five miles long, of rather forbidding countenance when viewed in the more serious and lonely aspects of Nature, such as storm, frozen fog, or thunder-cloud. It is then that the beholder is rather estranged from intimacy with the sixty-five miles of solid rock, buttressed and braced with its cross- and counter-ridges countless in number, clothed in the abundant garments of soil and tree and shrub, when its serene moments of vast benignity and grandeur are for the moment withdrawn or veiled in a more forbidding presentment.

The Smokies have few outliers on the Tennessee exposure, but what few do occur are the magnificent picturesque rims of upland coves that spread their peaceful expanses right up to the feet of the towering peaks. Cade's Cove is one of these at an altitude of approximately twenty-three thousand feet between the outlier Rich Mountain and the Smokies; this cove is seven hundred feet higher than Tuckaleechee Cove and lies nearer the big peaks. Cade's Cove was the temporary home, years ago, of Charles Egbert Cradlock, famous author of 'In the Tennessee Mountains.' It is one of the prettiest spots in the Smokies and according to tradition was owned by an Indian by the name of Cade.

Sugar Cove is another obscure cove, little known,

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which lies right up under Thunderhead and the Gregory Balds off Fork Ridge, at an elevation of about four thousand feet. Only two families occupying a single cabin lived there beneath the towering hills at the time of the author's last visit several years ago. Other 'coves' are Emert's Cove, Wear's Cove, Miller's Cove, etc.

The occurrence of the cove formation is not so prevalent upon the gradually sloping contours of North Carolina, as these billow away into shapes of ever-receding and countering ridges which leave little room for those odd little plateaus called 'coves,' as North Cove, North Carolina, which are indeed picturesque little havens of rest and isolation, barred from the disturbing activity of the world, where primitive customs are still carried on with all the vigor and interest of frontier days. The type of people also belongs to days that are a hundred years past and may never return again.

Abruptly off 'Bullhead' and Le Conte and the Saw Tooth Mountains lies Gatlinburg, in a larger cove, which has had all the business activity of a prosperous little mountain town since the discovery of its peak, Le Conte, within the last few years.

At Alum Cave — 4917 feet elevation — on the route to Le Conte from the headwaters of Little Pigeon, are reniform masses of dark gray sandstone and conglomerate containing pyrites. Alum and epsom salts are deposited by trickling streams of water. At the time of Dr. Safford's (State Geologist for Vanderbilt University) visit in the summer of 1855 his party suffered extremely from the cold at night, although it was August, and he states that 'there was a wagonload of each of the salts — epsom



MOSS-COVERED ROCKS BELOW RAINBOW FALLS ON THE
MILL CREEK TRAIL TO MOUNT LE CONTE

and alum — at either end of the cave or rock house. Lenman also gives a similar description in 1856. At the present time there is only a small amount of the salts, as hikers keep it from collecting in any appreciable amount. Alum Cave was discovered by a Cherokee chief, Youna-guska, who trailed a bear to it. The mountain formations around Alum Cave and Rainbow Falls remind the climber very vividly that he is approaching immense volcanic slopes. He often finds himself precariously balanced upon the knife-like edges of the main divide on the State Line, as at 'The Narrows,' where he is in immediate danger of sliding off into a state of dissolution, or disillusion, as well as into the State of North Carolina or Tennessee or both, either or ether!

In the Saw Tooth Mountains eastward toward the waters of Big Pigeon one finds the most grotesque shapes of all the Smoky Range. Especially is this true of all peaks east of the Grass Patch and New Found Gap, where the State highway survey for a six per cent grade is now made, to cleave the backbone of the main divide a few miles east of Thomas's old Indian Gap road built by Cherokees during the Civil War. All of these volcanic peaks were measured with great care by Professor Arnold Guyot, of Princeton, as were the remaining mountains and gaps clear to the waters of the Little Tennessee at the Western end.

Guyot was a Swiss Alpine glacier scientist who came to this country in 1841 on account of political disturbances. He lived as a humble tutor in Paris during the years of 1835-39. Four years later he was reading scientific papers before the Smithsonian Institution, which were translated as he read. His

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readings before the Academy of Sciences attracted a great deal of comment. In 1855 he accepted the chair of Geography and Geology in the College of New Jersey at Princeton, married the daughter of the Governor of New Jersey, and made his subsequent home in the United States. Four of his summer vacations were spent in the study of the Unaka and Smoky Mountains. His Tennessee friend Buckley named one of the most prominent peaks of the Smoky Range after the friend of the Confederacy, Joseph Le Conte, who was chemist at Charleston for the Secessionists during the Civil War and later went to the University of California as geologist. Guyot also accepted one of the peak names as a courtesy from S. B. Buckley, who conferred the same courtesy upon Dr. Safford, State Geologist at Vanderbilt University, naming the peak north of Le Conte 'Mount Safford,' besides accepting the return courtesy for himself from his friends. The exact location of Mount Buckley given by Guyot, however, is not known.

Here in these strange mountains that had such a peculiar fascination for the scientists of that day, the adventurous mountain-climber sees the cyrie of the great golden eagle and hears the weird cry of their young far above the verdantly clad cliffs beyond possibility even of closer inspection. If he ventures too near, he is in danger of a vicious attack by the great winged parent birds, who do not hesitate to make an onslaught against anything on two legs or four.

Engineer J. T. Holt, of Knoxville, who probably knows more about every foot of the Smoky Mountain terrain than any living man, once beat off an

attack by the giant birds while crawling under the rhododendron on Mount Le Conte in order to make a survey. He attributes his escape to the matted mass of undergrowth which protected him. The eagle that swooped at him rushed through the air with the speed and roar of an express train, but could not get at him owing to the protecting bush. No more fitting place could have been selected by the king of birds than this 'hell' of 'slicks' and 'lettuce-beds' as all mountaineers term such tangles.

Going westward into Porter's Gap, New Found Gap, and Mount Mingus, the mountain-climber gets into a more comfortable expanse of mountain terrain. From here to the farthest extremity at Gregory Bald, forty miles away, the linking ridges are nearly as high as the peaks they connect and their altitudes are never less than four thousand feet! This altitudinal rule of high connecting ridges was a source of comment by the scientist Guyot as being exceptional, and this rule varies only slightly enough at New Found Gap to let the State highway through above the Grass Patch on a six per cent grade. For the most part the remainder of the back of the Smokies is practically level — for mountains.

All of these combined facts of inaccessibility, high approach, and the limitless tangle of undergrowth are responsible for the complete isolation of this primitive wilderness, practically unknown except to a few hardy mountain-climbers, bear-hunters, and scientists.

Little did anybody, years ago, anticipate that the people of two States, North Carolina and Tennessee, would ever become so aroused over the values

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of this wilderness, artistic, beautiful, and of scientific interest, that they would contemplate buying a whole mountain range with its environs reaching from Bryson City, North Carolina, to Sevierville, Tennessee, and from Big Pigeon on the northeast to the Little Tennessee on the southwest, comprising in its original maximum Park estimate about 740,000 acres.

In this, the dream of the tragic, fate-ridden Cherokee, whose blood, with that of the early white settlers, stains every foot of the soil of the Smokies, may hereafter come to a realization, and the mountains become the 'happy hunting ground' of his vision.

Many waters rush down the deep gorges and flowered gulfs of the Smokies, spilling busily over their mossy, rounded boulders and churning their noisy froth through deep ravines that rarely see the light of the Nund-a-yali. Although none of them cleaves this Titanic rock garden for sixty-five miles, they furnish power for many tiny primitive grist mills. On each side of the precipitous divide they send their waters onward toward the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico respectively, passing through many cities and villages.

Buttressed and braced mightily against the ceaseless wear of time by flinty peaks on both sides, full of the wealth of flower, tree, and shrub in all their beauty, these mountains sweep eastward as far as the eye can reach. To the westward the deep abutments, almost a mile high, tower over the Tennessee coves, and then drop sheer to the peaceful little high-lying, shut-in valleys where the quiet smoke of the humble mountaineer's cabin threads upward, secure in their confident majesty of seclusion.

CHAPTER II

'OLD AS METHUSALUM!'

WHEN I asked Bill Stinnett, one of my mountaineer friends, how old he thought the Smokies were, he squinted a critical eye upward to where the jagged blue skyline met the clouds, bit off a fresh chew of home-made twist, and dryly remarked, 'Old Smoky? Wal, I dunno. She mought be older 'n Methusalum!'

As a matter of record, the Great Smoky Mountains were 5095 years and THREE DAYS old — not including SUNDAY — when Methuselah was prattling about his father Enoch's knees! If the reader doubts this quaint statement of my friend of the big hills, let him read his Bible or his Josephus.

The Smokies were hoary with age when the Rocky Mountains were mewling infants in the lap of Mother Nature. The THREE DAYS may have been thousands, even millions, of years in length — or not — it matters little. We know at least that the twenty-four-hour day could not have begun until the sun and moon were created on the FOURTH DAY, and perhaps even then, a DAY may have measured twenty-four *years* or more. As 'Preacher John' Stinnett, of Greenbriar Cove, used to say, 'My guess is as good as your'n, an', contrary-wise, I am jest as much entitled to my guess as you are to your'n!'

Enough to know that 'In the beginning God created.'

There are only four books which we can consult

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for the verification of the great age of the Smokies: the Bible, Josephus, Cherokee tradition or myths, and the Book of Nature which has many distinctly printed leaves.

The abundant geological conglomerate formation of the Smoky Mountains has one of the oldest archaic forms of bedrock known — that belonging to the very Genesis of geology — archeozoic layers — to be read from the bottom upward. Metamorphosed sediments exist here as well as those caused by terrific heat and boiling. The intense heat at some prehistoric age was brought about by a cataclysmic upthrust of archaic origin. The immense beds of calciform rock of sedimentary history, revealing an' ancient sea full of mollusks and marine crustaceans, are plentiful in the foothills.

If one examines closely the flinty scarps of any one of the very few cliffs which he finds exposed in the Great Smokies in the deepest and most unfrequent ravines, and takes the trouble to scrape off the lichens with his penknife, he will discover sealed there forever in a flinty sarcophagus the concentric convolutions of barnacles of the Cambrian age of the Paleozoic era. These were deposited in, or composed, the limestone beds that lay at the bottom of the sea at one time when the Smokies were covered with water, before the Creator commanded them to come forth from the face of the deep, which was 'without form and void.'

When as a boy the author saw a prehistoric cephalopod — now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington — which his father had discovered in a loose pile of crumbling shale or disintegrated slate, on the side of one of these historic foothills, he could



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HUGGINS HELL FROM ALUM CAVE TRAIL TO MOUNT LE CONTE

not realize then, even in the wildest childish fancy, that a plesiosaur had probably snapped at this same sea animal, or hydrazoons that floated on the prehistoric sea around the Smokies. Possibly a pterodactyl with web wings on his little fingers and elbows, on a pleasant evening on Le Conte in prehistoric days, had snapped his fanged jaws at similar bugs before some cave-man's hole-in-a-cliff!

When hats were as large as airplanes it must have been some heyday of a time in the Smokies when a mosquito got after a man! But there are no mosquitoes in the Smokies at present, only gnats. But even a gnat on the pterodactyl scale must have attained the size of a bumble bee and an elephant—Kama'ma u'tanu, 'Big butterfly,' as the Cherokee terms it—would have, with great difficulty, backed himself into the Shenandoah's hangar! As to the dinosaur, the ichthyosaurus, and the paleosaur, let some scientist spout his Latin and his Greek!

Regarding the Bible accounts, and those of Josephus, 'on the THIRD DAY He commanded the land to come up from the depths of the sea and He called it "dry land" and "earth,"' part of this land was the great wrinkled divide which now separates North Carolina from Tennessee.

The ancient Cherokee also has his explanatory myth of the Creation and the Flood handed down through the ages. The myths of the Tsaragi—Cherokee—who made the Smokies his happy hunting ground until the 'whites came on the eastern sea' and who tenaciously spilled his blood against the Anglo-Saxon for its possession, literally reek with stories of giant insects and birds and reptiles. He had a name for every creature even up to those of

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the present time. So, for instance, the little yellow moth that flits about the fire at nighttime is Tān'-tāwû — meaning that 'he goes in and out of the fire'! He also had one for the chickadee. He spoke his language with parted lips.

Among his myths of the prehistoric reptiles we find U'l'agû — the 'hornet as big as a house'; the monster fish Dăkwă'; the great turtle Săligû'gĩ; Tlă'-nuwă', the great hawk; Ukte'na, the great horned serpent; giant lizards, Gi'ga-tsuha'li, or the great bloody-mouthed pleistodon; and the crawling behemoths Diyă'hăli — he of the 'great glistening throat.' These monsters were accustomed to despoiling the villages, but there were brave warriors who raced them through swamp and cliff in order to destroy them and forever rid the seven tribes of their scourges of death and disease.

But the Cherokee's story of the creation has not a monkey in it! In truth, there is no evidence that he knew what a monkey was, and even if he did it is very probable that he would have considered it much beneath his dignity to descend from an ape. And that the Cherokee was further developed in his folklore and tradition than any other American Indian is readily admitted by all eminent ethnologists. The Cherokee varied the usual method of the creation by assisting in it himself; the sun being raised — for illustration — each day until it was in the proper position and the earth cool enough for comfort and for the propagation of life!

It is rather odd that with his intense love for living things he did not leave a particular name for the Smoky Mountain section instead of for the whole range — the 'Unakas,' meaning 'White Mountains.'

But he did leave many names both in North Carolina and Tennessee applying to rivers, peaks, gaps, and he also left some little pottery on the Watauga and one known petroglyph on Siler's Bald, discovered by Professor Charles E. Mooers, of the University of Tennessee, with the author in 1917. His flints strew the whole environs of the big mountains. Outside of these small contributions to the history of the Smokies, his most important legacy has been his myths, which are many and of locally significant value.

It has been a long time since the plesiosaur poked his ugly head downward into the milky waters of Ocklawaha — Mud River — of North Carolina, at the dictation of the Chief of the Forest, who lived beyond the skies and directed the affairs of the Cherokees, but the deep mystery of all this ancient past is still here. It everlastingly haunts the great gulfs and the hills and ravines of the oldest mountains in the United States, perhaps the world. It lingers in the perpetual Indian Summer haze which saturates the hills with its romance, from whose potent spell the beholder can never escape.

CHAPTER III

THE WILDERNESS — 'THREE DAYS IN HELL!'

ANY panoramic photograph of the Great Smoky Mountains in this volume (9631 A-7) will contain somewhere in its expanse one hundred and thirty-seven species of trees and a hundred and seventy-four varieties of shrubs. Every kind of tree and shrub which ordinarily occurs in this zone, up to the cold latitudes of Canada hundreds of miles to the northward, is existent here. In the varying altitudes of these mountains there is one grand concentrated garden. It is not surprising that the Cherokee and the early white settler loved its generous provision.

To an abundant rainfall, combined with a deep moisture-retaining humus, together with the fertility of eroded feldspathic beds with which the enveloping humus is permeated, this luxuriant vegetation is due. The upper layer of peat-like soil is often four feet deep and lies on top of loamy clays which assist in retaining collected surface water. This retaining under-clay, characteristic of the high secluded ridges, makes ideal bathtubs for the black bear. Mountaineers call them 'b'ar wallers,' i.e., 'bear-wallows.'

Many of these 'wallows' are scattered at intervals on high, isolated ridges and 'sags' in the thick laurel. To come upon a bear's private bathroom in the rhododendron is not a rare occurrence. Bruin is



RAINBOW FALLS IN WINTER

Ice stalactite 24 feet long; stalagmite 36 feet high

just so much of a pig that he is fond of wallowing — in clear rain water. The grizzly likes swift running water, but the black bear in his native haunts is exceptiona'lly fond of a more modest privacy. As showers frequently occur in these high altitudes in the spring and summer, Bruin is never without an excuse for a good souse.

Scarcely a day passes in the spring and summer months but that some shower is pattering down a gorge and sweeping onward and outward into the clustering coves, while thunder echoes among the hills perhaps far below the beholder. Many times there are two or three of these incipient storms going on at once within eye- and ear-shot. At these times one cannot help recalling a certain weird game of tenpins with which Hendrick Hudson's grisly crew entertained themselves in the Catskills.

After the storm-cloud swings onward, the rain-drops patter down upon the undergrowth from the giant trees, and the swollen streams leap down the ravines with such increased strength that often the rounded boulders grind against each other like great millstones. The sound is as ominous as that of the deep, rumbling bowls.

Above the timberline on the 'Balds' the firing of a revolver in the rarefied atmosphere sounds very much like the popping of a cork, and the would-be celebrator is disgustedly disappointed. It is the home of the Big Silence. Perhaps on a hazy summer afternoon the sojourner may hear in the far distance the clear cry of a towhee — 'joree' the mountaineer terms the bird. Occasionally at evening there may fly overhead a small flock of those ill-fated, somber birds, the ravens, on their way to the clefts of Alum

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Cave cliffs to roost for the night, or a great owl on feathered, silent flight after his quarry.

If a camper arises with the sun on these high tops and goes out past the Narrows toward the slopes of Clingman Dome, he sees Bruin's trail in the dew-wet grass pressed down where he has passed back and forth during the night to his feeding grounds on either side of the high divide, or comes upon a 'biting-tree' in the edge of the spruce or balsams. The black bear is mostly a nocturnal feeder, and lucky is the observer who catches him at his breakfast in some mast-tree in broad daylight. One also finds the 'sign' of a deer where he has stopped to rub his itching horns against a slender sapling. The high altitudes are usually so cool that the fur of forest animals is heavy the year round, but it is heaviest after winter hibernation. The deep fur of the 'stock-killing' bear is the heaviest because he kills and eats the best of beeves.

In winter the descending storms often take the form of frozen fog which flaunts weird 'petticoats' like silvery Spanish moss from every tree and twig, while snow and sleet whip mercilessly across the vast spaces, often driving the mercury down to forty degrees below zero, and woe to the hapless wanderer who has lost his way in this hard and lonely wilderness.

A lonely herder of 'cow-brutes' once told the author that he was caught in a frozen fog on a 'Bald,' and that, in spite of the fact that he had plenty of wood, he could not pile enough of it upon the fire to keep him warm. The flaunting flags of the 'petticoats' formed on the rafters and chimney of his cabin, swinging weirdly in the blast that entered

every crevice. Said he, 'I jest got what cow-brutes I hed an' jest come down offen thar afore I froze to death!' And most mountaineers do not wear undergarments of any description!

Dr. C. V. Deaderick, of Knoxville, used to be fond of relating a tale in regard to one 'Dad' Bivins, a mountaineer who lived alone in the high hills. 'Dad' did not so much as wear B. D. Vees. The intrepid old mountaineer strolled down to a mountain sawmill one bitter winter morning where the lumberjacks were endeavoring to thaw out their machinery so they could get it going. The following conversation occurred:

'Mornin', Dad!'

'Mornin'.'

'Pretty cold last night!'

'Yep. A leetle grain.'

'You didn't come all the way over from home this mornin', surely?'

'Nope. Slept in th' woods.'

'How'd you keep from freezin' to death?'

'Built up a far^{*} agin a holler tree. Hit helped some.'

'All alone?'

'Nope. Hed my dog with me.'

'Where is he?'

'He's up thar. Froze to death!'

In connection with the 'Dad' Bivins incident it may be said in defense of the average Smoky Mountain settler that he is inured to all sorts of exposure and one rarely hears of a case of 'pneumonia fever' as it is termed, even with all the apparent shortage in the underwear market. 'Uncle' Henry Stinnett

^{*} Fire.

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once came into possession of a heavy undershirt which he valued so highly that he wore it all winter for fear of taking cold if he removed it. This was a wise precaution on his part, for there was no duplicate!

The people in these high altitudes have not been taught to take advantage of protection against cold such as is found among folk in the upper part of the United States or in Canada where similar temperatures are found. The very hardiness of their frames seems to be guarantee against exposure; this in spite of the fact that among many the bathtub is an extraneous consideration. They are very careful in regard to undue exposure in this regard, for then the pores of the skin are more subject to congestion! This is especially true of the winter season; in the summer many enjoy a plunge in some cold mountain stream, both young and old.

The author once came upon a family of jubilant children enjoying the time of their lives skating in their bare feet over a thin sheet of ice in front of a cabin door in spite of the remonstrances of the mother, who declared with some vehemence, 'You young uns quit skeetin' on thet ice! If airy skift o' snow comes, er a freeze, you try to take your death!'—and made the cheerful little fellows come inside to the fire.

In one other instance a lady visitor in the summer time suggested that the women-folks dress for a shower bath down under the mill race where the water spilled over in a shimmering fall, but this was objected to by the solicitous mountain mother, who insisted that 'them gals'll take their death doin' thet. They hain't been wet all over yit and they ain't a goin' to be nuther!'

Professor Guyot, upon whose meteorological observations and measurements in these great mountains in 1856 are based our present Weather Bureau observations, estimated that in the Great Smokies the thermometer registered three degrees lower for every thousand feet of altitude. This being true, one can readily estimate the average temperature for a summer night on top of the Smokies, or how much colder on a winter night it may be in the highlands. Reckoning at a reasonable average, the tops of the highest peaks in the Smokies must have a lower temperature than the valleys by at least eighteen to twenty degrees winter and summer.

The writer well remembers one August when encamped on Siler's Bald at an elevation of 5594 feet with Professor Mooers, of the University of Tennessee, that during those summer nights the party suffered extremely with the cold. Although our canvas beds were literally stuffed with grass and moss, we were compelled to arise in the night and build a fire in the cooking furnace in order to keep from freezing, although some of us were in felt sleeping bags!

The author also recalls very vividly one cold rain-storm in July at the same camp when the lightning flashed back and forth across the tents under the stunted beeches in a cold fog of fire. It was awe-inspiring to be caught in the cross-fire of the elements.

A certain spring in the 'meadows' of this mountain seemed to flow more abundantly at particular times than at others, and Professor Mooers, after a diligent study of the phenomena, not due to falling moisture, attributed the rise and fall of the water level to barometric pressure and forthwith we christened it 'The Barometer,' much to his amusement.

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During arid months in the surrounding lowlands miles below, water is most abundant on 'Smoky.' As a natural result of frequent showers in these altitudes, not too inconvenient for hikers, one finds in the deciduous tree masses many giant specimens. There are great pillared tulips—many of them twenty-five feet around; cucumber trees with their odd red fruit dangling high in the branches—not of the 'fifty-seven' variety!—curly ash; bird's-eye maple; 'curly' cherry; walnut; hickory; locust; all of the oaks; chestnut, many of them without blight; spruce; balsam; plumed peawood—termed 'rattle-box' by the mountaineer;—feathery hemlock; gum; wahoo; persimmon; sassafras; sycamore; holly; yellowwood or linn; beech; pine; cedar; spice—in fact, what have you? There is no tree indigenous to this zone that is not found here in its most perfected state.

All of these giants are ready and willing to be friends to man if he lays not a wasteful axe at their roots. As to shrubs and flower, there seems to be no limit except the size of the botanist's field book!

What a sight this mountain range, towering among the clouds, must have been to the fiery, impetuous, dictatorial De Soto in the summer of 1539 when, on his fruitless search for gold, he penetrated into the Cherokee country within a few miles of the present Cheowah Dam in the Nunda-yali. His guide, an unwilling Cherokee princess, held as hostage, very easily led him away from his yellow metal in this tangled wilderness, and escaped.

This region is so vast and impenetrable that it will never be thoroughly explored, and from this fact arises a part of its fascination. There are 'hells'

of tangled undergrowth that will never be entered. This is one of the three things of which the native mountaineer is afraid. The other two are fog, which obliterates all familiar ridges and trails, and a swollen stream in the dark.

He always avoids these dangers and, in fact, is superstitious about them. He is otherwise afraid of nothing he can see with two eyes; neither the wolf at the door nor the 'revenuer.' The writer agrees with him in regard to crossing swollen streams in the dark, having endeavored to negotiate one under trying circumstances in order to avoid a high cliff trail and rattlesnakes. If the opportunity offers itself again, he will remain on the near side, even though it means camping in the woods all night in the rain.

Owing to the fact that the old Indian trails are sinuous and confused with those made by cattle and other stock, people are often lost in the wilderness of the Smokies. In the Rockies, the experienced hiker can keep his main mountain peaks in view, but in the Smokies, when he is engulfed in trees, shrubbery, and interlocking undergrowth, he soon loses his sense of direction and cannot extricate himself. All his ridges and valleys look alike even if he climbs a tree to look out. It is then that he begins to doubt his compass, and, as crazed wanderers have done in the past, he throws it away, thinking it no longer a faithful guide. Indeed, the author was apprised of one case where a mountain traveler had taken two compasses along as an extra precaution against just such an occurrence and had thrown them both away! The lost man, under such desperate circumstances, is at an utter disadvantage unless his shred of common

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sense directs him to follow down a stream, which will eventually lead him to a settlement somewhere; otherwise his bleaching bones will surely decorate the wilderness.

The writer and two camping companions once rescued such a victim, a seventeen-year-old boy, half-starved, in the ridges on Lufty Creek. The boy's senses were so confused that, half-frightened at the sudden appearance of human beings, he was upon the point of running away from rescue even. His hallucinations of fear were partly due to the fact that he was 'locoed' — to use a Western term — from eating horse-chestnuts, or 'buckeyes.' He had been subsisting for days on roots, blackberries, and acorns, and had eaten one raw squirrel which he had killed with his last cartridge.

It developed that he had met two Cherokee Indians, a man and his squaw, who were hunting 'sang' — ginseng — in the deep wilderness, but they had been of no use to him in finding the trail again. No doubt they were as much amazed as he, for his questions went unanswered except by stoical grunts. Getting frightened and suspicious of their taciturnity, he had fled at breakneck speed away from safety and the two harmless redskins.

At another time, C. L. Babcock, of the Babcock Lumber Company, although an experienced woodsman, lost his way and was discovered by his engineers three days later plunging down the bed of a stream, wildly crying over and over, 'Who are you? Where am I?' He had thrown his compass away, but his instinctive knowledge had directed him down stream in the direction of safety. His broken body was saved only after careful nursing.



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BETWEEN THE CLOUDS

From Sand Myrtle Top, a mile above the East Tennessee Valley

Colonel Return J. Meigs, in 1797, who was locating and surveying the Cherokee Indian boundary line, under one of the numerous treaties, running the line from Kingston, to the now famous 'Meigs's Post,' was once hopelessly lost in the 'Devil's Court-house' at the head of Defeat Ridge, mistaking it for another mountain which should have lain behind him. He was saved after several days of exposure by accidentally coming upon a settler's cabin far down toward the coves.

In connection with this incident it might be mentioned that when Meigs ran this line from Kingston he established a point on the top of the Smokies where the magnetic meridian intercepted the watershed at south 76° east from the junction of the Tennessee and Clinch Rivers; at this point he established what was later determined as 'Meigs's Post,' the corner for an immense tract of land claimed by two land companies. One of these companies had brought suit for recovery based upon the inaccurate memory of old residents of the Smokies who placed the location of the 'post' eleven miles east of the real point, or near Collins Gap at the head of the Sugarlands. The true location involved the fate of over a hundred thousand acres of land.

J. T. Holt, of Knoxville, ran the line from Kingston a hundred years after Meigs, found the line well defined as far as the Chilhowees, and located the true point west of Miry Ridge. In running such meridians engineers allow a variation of the magnetic meridian of one degree for every twenty years; in this instance Holt found the variation for the hundred years a fraction over four and one half degrees, duplicating Return J. Meigs's survey exactly and saving the tract of land in Judge Peck's court.

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During Meigs's survey in 1797, he ran into such difficult terrain around the north side of Miry Ridge that he was forced to go around the 'roughs.' He placed an Indian blanket on a pole atop a ridge running at right angles and picked up his line from this mark. This gives the origin of the name 'Blanket Mountain,' as it is known to-day; a picturesque peak running off the 'Long Arm' from the eastern extremity of the odd white quartz mountain now known as 'The Mires' and supposed, according to an ancient manuscript left by the 'Peck Heirs' in possession of Holt (the Knoxville engineer mentioned), to be the location of a lost gold mine.

There is probably no living man to-day who is better acquainted with every foot of Smoky Mountain terrain than Holt. He is a slightly built, wiry man with keen gray eyes, rather inclined to modesty when approached about his exploits and adventures in all sorts of weather in the uplands of the Great Smokies. Endurance and determination like his is the only guarantee against the tricks of the wilderness. But even Holt was not proof. He has narrowly escaped with his life on several occasions, when he has lost his way in the big hills.

At one time during an early spring he was lost at a high altitude for three days in a drive of frozen fog and snow. Said Holt of the incident:

'And what I mean, I was surely lost. No mistaking that. I can generally squirm my way out of a difficult situation by exercising a little judgment mixed with a little common sense, but here was a case of where I was caught unexpectedly. The fog shut down like a lid on a kettle clapped tight.

'There I was on top of Tater Ridge, high up,

twenty miles from the nearest cabin and couldn't see ten feet in front of me. And those fog petticoats soon began to flap — and cold! Whew! The wind must have gone through me and come out on the other side. I was in a devil of a situation with no one near me. I firmly believe that it is not colder at the North Pole than it is on top of the Smokies at an elevation of 6500 feet in the winter time!

'I followed the ridge, cutting under it to keep out of the blast. Thought I could make my way, but very soon found that I had lost all sense of direction. It is hard enough when one has the clear horizon, but in a fog it's hopeless. I floundered downward to keep out of the terrible blast and then realized very forcibly that I was lost. I had no compass. I was going on to a point to meet Higdon, my man, and he had the instruments. Down I went to a stream bed; my only salvation.

'I tried to keep on the banks, but couldn't owing to undergrowth. I fell into the water; my clothes froze upon me, but I kept going, more dead than alive, expecting to land in Tennessee somewhere about the Sugarlands. But the third day out, after building a fire after a fashion at night to thaw out and not trying to sleep, for if I had I would never have awakened, I landed in Waynesville, North Carolina, more dead than alive! Now how is that for an engineer?

'That kind of business is most dangerous, and I owe my life to the fact that I found the bed of a stream and stuck to it, though I was practically frozen stiff in my clothes. It was a hell, plenty, a hell of ice and snow and frozen fog such as I never want to experience again!'

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Several years ago on Deep Creek, North Carolina, a squad of timber cutters came upon the genial skeletons of two men in a sitting posture facing each other. Between them was an empty, basket-covered demijohn of ancient vintage. The rotting clothes of one skeleton had brass buttons. The two skulls grinned at each other in ghastly reminiscence over the fatal flagon. They had literally outdone Rip Van Winkle in his famous sleep. Perhaps it was a grim joke played by Fate upon a sheriff and his bootlegger captive who had connived to overcome that solitude of the great wilderness and both had succumbed on the way to jail.

Below Clingman and about two and a half miles to the northeast where towering cliffs upon the side of the very highest peak of the Smokies are exposed, a party of two hikers, A. A. Chable, of Knoxville, and his brother, after being lost in the 'down-log' district where a hurricane uprooted much timber about twenty years ago, came upon a dormant glacier. For three days these men struggled through this blocking cribbage of tangled trees, making most of their way along the giant trunks, often falling out of sight in the underbrush between them, only to struggle upward again to their footing.

At night they could scarcely find space enough to erect a small Baker tent. Once they pitched it in a cavity left by an upturned tree. Their bed made under the small tent was fairly comfortable between the tangled roots of the hemlock, but their slumbers were so interfered with by marauding wild cats and the visit of an inquisitive panther that they slept little. They ran upon numerous 'signs' of big game, but were too famished to pay any attention to it.

They kept up this unequal battle until they were upon the point of exhaustion. After endeavoring futilely to get bearings by climbing tall trees, they finally emerged on the top of Clingman Dome more dead than alive. Striking a beeline for the Sugarlands from the Dome, they came upon hundreds of tons of ice packed away under the deep humus below an immense cliff.

It seemed to be a natural refrigerating plant. Behind the great solid wall of ice churned and gurgled the melting ice water which had its outlet some distance down the mountain-side among giant, moss-covered boulders. Having, fortunately, some lemons, they refreshed their exhausted bodies with real lemonade. Whether this glacier, which was found in the early part of June, is a duplicate of the famous ice-making cave of Kane County, Pennsylvania, remains to be seen, as a party of investigation under the direction of Mr. Chable is being organized to examine the odd phenomenon.

Of all the local names for 'coves,' ridges, gaps, and 'hollers' which have existed for many years in the wilderness, those which have been given by the white Anglo-Saxon have best withstood the test of time. These titles have a very valuable, though homely, descriptive quality, so that he 'who runs' may read, though he may be a fool and get lost in spite of them.

For instance, we have the 'Tater Hill,' an odd-shaped, conical mountain just over the North Carolina line opposite the 'Devil's Courthouse' at the head of Defeat Ridge, where Return Jonathan Meigs, the Connecticut Indian agent, was lost in 1797. The sides of this 'Tater Hill' seem too steep even for trees to stand upright. It had a weird aspect one morn-

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ing of frozen fog when the author saw it through limbs and twigs flapping with the warning icy 'petticoats.'

There are many 'Devil's Courthouses' and 'Hells' in the Smokies, but the one with the most repelling aspect is just here westward from Defeat, that in which Meigs floundered. It presents an odd amphitheater filled closely with laurel and interwoven rhododendron. The vast theater of green seems to hold other odd formations that might easily be taken for the judge's bench, bailiffs, and jury. No one knows whether His Satanic Majesty holds court here or not, for bears are the only holders of its secrets and of course Bruin rarely ever speaks above a whisper!

The true frontiersman's fashion of descriptive and incidental titles is a very valuable one. For instance we have such names as: Stockin' Holler, Ramp (wild onion) Cove, Kettle Holler, Coffee Pot Creek, Buck Horn Gap, Lost (i.e., disappearing) Creek, New World, New Found Gap, Pierce's Improvement, Tater Ridge, Deer Camp Prong ('prong' means branch), Sugar Cove (maple trees), Bear Wal-low Branch, Slink Ridge (a young deer is a 'slink'), Miry Ridge, Cold Spring, Buckeye Gap, the Long Arm (ridge shaped like an arm), Fish Camp Prong, Gill's Tar Paper Camp (more modern), Panther Creek and Panther Ridge, Double Spring (i.e., a spring on each side of a divide east of 'The Narrows,' where a man must walk along the crest of thin rock between North Carolina and Tennessee), Bear Pen 'Holler,' Briar Ridge, Fallen Oak, Arrow Tree Fork (arrow cut by Cherokees on ash), Dripping Spring, Jake's Creek, Blow Down (hurricane-destroyed tim-

ber), Hurricane River (where the hurricane started), Defeat Ridge (Meigs admitted he was 'defeated' in trying to climb it), Trinkling Falls (onomatopoetic), Roaring Fork (roars when high), Deep Creek, Eagle Creek, and others too numerous to mention.

The Anglo-Saxon has a peculiar way of twisting names to suit his own humor, as he has that of Curry He Mountain off Buck Horn Gap, near the Spruce Flats on the headwaters of Middle Prong of Little River. This name originally was derived from the Cherokee name for a spring salad of which the Indians were fond and which was found at this place. The name was *Guläh'yí*, or, abbreviated into the Lower dialect, *Gûrahí*. There are several of these Gurahi places in North Carolina and Tennessee. According to his idea of the fitness of things, the Anglo-Saxon from Wessex and Ulster County called it 'Curry He,' and in order perfectly to balance things named the mountain lying in juxtaposition to the eastward 'Curry *Shel*'

Who can blame him? The lonely mountain needed a companion in this wilderness among the savages. This also presents a very forcible argument against the endeavor to retain the beautiful Indian names. The incomprehensible name will always be twisted by the mountaineer, and will often be abbreviated. So Tuckasegee becomes plain 'Tuckyseej,' and Cataloochee is 'Catalooch.' What is more hopeless? But, after all, his homely names are more easily understood.

This great wilderness has its brighter, as well as its darker, sides. At least the vastness has its beauty, if one is wise enough not to explore it too far. On the western open spaces of Clingman Dome one comes

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upon Christmas trees — the black balsam with its silvery, frost-like branches. It seems that these heavy pendent branches weighted to the grass need only a few brightly colored candles to bring Santa Claus from behind one of them.

Among the thickly growing poles of the balsam timber, between which a man with a pack can only with difficulty squeeze, the sun rarely ever shines, so closely interwoven are the branches. The soft carpet echoes with no tread, a bird rarely sings, and in the uncanny, death-like stillness one hears only the weird soughing of the wind above. Here in the early summer the 'boomer' — an odd little brown squirrel which seems a cross between the ground and the gray squirrel — gets in his harvest. He seems insatiably fond of young balsam cones and travels in droves at this time, snipping off the young branches, severing the luscious cones, and dropping the twigs to the ground until the whole forest is carpeted with them.

Said a mountaineer, in speaking of a visit of these little squirrels: 'I come up hyar a few weeks ago to git me some balsam' (blisters of the balsam furnish a valued medicine for the mountaineer) 'and hit appeared to me like these woods was alive with boomers! If I'd had a gun I could 'a' killed me a sack full. Them leetle critters was a lappin' and cuttin' everywhar as fur as I c'd see! They wa'n't leavin' nothin' but the tree!'

At the Narrows the author has watched the 'battle of the clouds' for hours at a time. Here the south winds bearing mist and heavy vapor repeatedly assault the battlements of the brusque north wind across the narrow ridge-like backbone of granite,



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SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS OF MOUNT LE CONTE

only to be thrust back in curling breakers against the high shore of the Great Smokies. Days upon days, and nights upon nights, this silent battle continues with relentless insistence, and when the battalions of the south wind are torn to shreds against the defense of the northern warriors, back they go, and, gathering new force, hurl themselves in another assault upon the barrier.

There are natural gardens on the 'Balds' where sheep — great picturesque Southdowns — contentedly graze, returning to cover under the hills at evening. Often they are thrown into panic at night by some prowling wild animal and plunge upward to some camper's fire for the protection that man offers, their bells excitedly tinkling in the darkness. Some of them get lost in the wilderness, as do their human companions.

But there is hope for both.

A mountaineer's child wandered out upon the rugged hills above the 'Sinks' and could not be found. The alarm was spread and soon many mountaineers were out with their guns and dogs in search for the youngster. They scoured the hills for two days and nights, to no avail. Nor did they find any 'sign.'

'Uncle' Henry Stinnett, a devout mountaineer of simple faith and truly 'Norman blood' — for his father was an Englishman — who read his Bible, prayed, as he said, 'that the Lord might give back the young un'!

'I went to bed that night,' he related simply, 'to sleep, but sleep worried me. I drempt that the Lord showed me whar the young un mought be hid. Hit appeared like hit was jest up under a log asleep an'

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the pattern of the ridge whar it was was showed to me like a pitcher' (picture), 'an' I knowed whar the ridge was. I jest called the s'archers together an' told them whar I believed the child to be an' I went with 'em, an' thar, jest like I dremp it, was the leetle feller curled up under an old stump that hed blowed over in some leaves. He was asleep jest as I had seed hit in the dream. He didn't appear to be hurt none. Hits mammy was shore glad to git it back!'

Sometimes the wayfarer is not so fortunate in the trackless ridges. Dazed in a snowstorm or blizzard, he may wander into a bear trap set in closely woven bear-made trails in which a man cannot stand upright. Such was the sad case of a blacksmith by the name of Huskey, who passed over Blanket Mountain one winter in spite of warnings by experienced mountain men at Elkmont in the Sugarlands.

Said 'Uncle' Levi Trentham, in speaking of the tragedy, 'We warned the old man not to go, but *go* he *would* in spite 'n o' hell an' high water! He got up thar top o' Smoky — a skift o' snow was fallin' when he left hyar — an' got bedevilled in the snowstorm a comin' up an' the frozen fog got down on him an' drivin' cold like hell a hootin' for sideways, an' got into a b'ar trail a thinkin' hit was a path. He got his foot cotched fast in a big b'ar trap an' drug hit aroun' thar in the snow an' fog a right smart an' they found him next spring under a pile o' bresh whar he'd crawled an' he was as dead as a doorpost. He'd been thar no tellin' how long. These fellers as sets b'ar traps 'thout markin' 'em is jest doin' the general public a injury. Them traps c'n be marked with a sourwood switch jest as easy as not, but the matter 'th a plenty of 'em is they're jest too lazy an'

triflin' to take the trouble! They're jest too triflin' to live!'

So it proves that the wilds of the Smokies must be followed after a fashion already established, or not at all.

CHAPTER IV

THE NAME 'SMOKY MOUNTAINS'

A WHITE-HAIRED, pink-eyed race of diminutive Albinos were the first recorded inhabitants of the Great Smoky Mountain range and its environs. This odd people left one or two mounds in northern Georgia and southern Kentucky, but no other records. They seem to have been a race of no especial activity, for when the warlike Creeks advised them to vacate their territory, they complied with the manifesto without a murmur. The Creeks were subsequently pushed to the southward of the Little Tennessee River by the more numerous and important tribes of the Cherokees, a branch of the Iroquois. We have the name of the Cherokee as 'Cheraqui' by French invaders and 'Chalague' in the Spanish records of De Soto's and Martinez's expeditions as early as 1539.

There is not a name nor a sound contained in the Cherokee language which can be interpreted or translated as meaning 'Smoky Mountains'; although the Cherokee records are most voluminous because of the excellent alphabet, invented by one of their number, a half-breed by the name of Sequoyah, who went to the Indian Territory with the Removal in 1838 and from thence to Texas, where he disappeared forever, endeavoring to spread his invention to other Indian tribes.

If the Cherokees ever called that natural division of the great mountain range to-day included between the Big Pigeon and the Little Tennessee



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GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAIN RANGE BETWEEN THUNDERHEAD AND GREGORY BALD
FROM CADE'S COVE MOUNTAIN

THE NAME SMOKY MOUNTAINS 43

Rivers by any other name than 'Unegas,' or 'White mountains,' the fact would have been definitely recorded, for the Cherokee not only had his name for everything, but historians and alphabet as well. There isn't any doubt but that Old Swimmer, the Uncle Remus of their tribes, would have been delighted to give the information.

Had these Indians — the Tsaragi — ever called the Great Smoky Mountains by a synonymous term in their own language, it would have been ATALI-GWA' GIS'KI-YUS'TI (*Attalee-gwa Gees-kee yoo's tee*) 'GREAT MOUNTAINS LIKE SMOKE.' But there never was any such title. They told Lafayette County Pennsylvanians, when visiting them on a parley about furnishing warriors to help Washington reduce Fort Duquesne — the old frontier name for Pittsburgh — that they had crossed Atali-gwa', or 'Great Mountains,' to get to Fayetteville, but this is the only reference by the Cherokees to any definite name even for a part of the range, except the name 'Unega' meaning 'white.' In fact, they also called the paleface settlers 'Unegas,' and in one battle around old Fort Loudon cried, 'Come! Come! The Unegas are fleeing!' The name 'Unega' became finally corrupted by the Anglo-Saxon to 'Unaka,' by which name the whole mountain range was known to scientists and historians for years. By adding the Cherokee name for mountains, we have their name for these mountains as ATALI UNEGA, or ATALI-GWA' UNEGA — the GREAT WHITE MOUNTAINS, which they were no doubt called by the redskin at that time.

There are two good reasons for the title 'Unegas' given them by the Tsaragi. One of the outstanding

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characteristics of the entire mountain range is that at some places — especially below Big Pigeon — even at the present time, the white quartz conglomerate, of which the upper part of the mountain skyline is composed around Guyot and the Sawtooth Mountains, occasionally projects above the black balsam.

The intrepid surveyor Holt describes one of these projections about twelve miles west of the Cataloochee Turnpike on top of the Smokies as 'gleaming white' in the morning sun. This particular projection is known as 'White Rock' in the surveyor's notes. A part of an immense quartz boulder had been chipped out by lightning years ago leaving a deep cleft from which issued a spring used as a watering place by the ravens and eagles that frequented the spot.

The second explanation of the name 'Unega,' given by the Indians, is that, owing to their consistent high altitude, the Great Smokies were almost constantly covered by snow, frost, or frozen fog from early autumn to late spring.

For forty-four years after the admission of the Watauga Settlement on the Holston to North Carolina in 1777 the range was known as the 'Great Iron Mountains.' When the division of Washington County, or District of Washington, was made by North Carolina in November, 1777, including practically all of the present State of Tennessee, the line was designated by the North Carolina Assembly as 'laid off' with the following boundaries:

Beginning at the northwestern point of the County of Wilkes, in the Virginia line; thence, with the line of Wilkes County, to a point twenty-six miles south of

the Virginia line; thence, due west to the ridge of the *Great Iron Mountain*, which, heretofore, divided the hunting grounds of the Overhill Cherokees (see Timberlake's Map) from those of the Middle Settlements and Valleys; thence, running a southwardly course along the said ridge, to the Uneca (Unega) Mountain, where the trading path crosses the same, from the Valley to the Overhills; thence, south, with the line of this State adjoining the State of South Carolina; thence, due west to the great River Mississippi; thence, up the same river to a point due west from the beginning.

Thus it is that the State of Tennessee was once called Washington County, and the Great Iron Mountain — or Smoky Mountain — was the eastern boundary.

The first mention of the name 'Smoky Mountains' historically was contained in an account by General Campbell, of Abingdon, Virginia, March 28, 1781, or four years after this boundary was run by the North Carolina Assembly. In the 'Virginia State Papers' we read an account of a reprisal and attack on the Middle Towns of the Cherokees situated on the headwaters of the Little Tennessee, North Carolina, by the French Huguenot leader, John Xavier. In spite of recent treaties, the white settlers were being constantly annoyed by bands of marauding Cherokees who pillaged and plundered at every opportunity.

Coming from his Fort Lee on the Watauga 'with 150 *picked horsemen*, Xavier started to cross the "Great Smoky Mountains" over trails *never before attempted by white men*, and so rough in places that it was hardly possible to *lead* horses'! As was customary

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with this intrepid young leader — for Xavier was then only twenty-six years old — he not only got across the Smokies successfully, but he surprised the Indian villages, burned them, captured a number of prisoners, and killed many of the marauders. No one but Xavier would have tried such a perilous expedition in the middle of winter over mountains where no white man had ever been before!

Ramsey, in his 'Annals of Tennessee,' in 1853, 'regrets that so many Indian names of euphony and beauty have been abandoned in favor of the "Anglo-American" names' which 'no doubt grate harshly on the ears of the Cherokee,' such as 'Smoky' for 'Unaka,' etc. The primitive settler of the Smokies doubted very seriously whether anything ever grated harshly upon the ears of the redskin at the time of Xavier's trip except the frontiersman's tomahawk or 'butcher knife,' as the hunting knife was then called. Indians were often scalped alive to furnish amends for some never-forgotten butchery of the mountain cabin inhabitants who had come to live in the wilderness.

Charles Lanman, in his 'Adventures in the Wilds of the United States,' mentions 'The Great Smoky Mountain.' He ascended 'it' near the location of Clingman Dome which is the highest peak except Mount Mitchell.

Professor James M. Safford, State Geologist for Tennessee and Instructor in Mineralogy at the Vanderbilt University in Nashville, seemed to be conscious of a distinction in that sixty-five-mile length of the Unegas contained between the Big Pigeon and the Little Tennessee Rivers when in 1869 he stated in an official report after a study of its rocks, 'I will

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now call the mountains by the name of "Smoky." This title had probably been more or less familiar to the settlers since 1781. Safford's 'Anglo-Saxon' settlers had a fashion of naming things descriptively.

After a thorough search through the records of the French botanist Michaux in 1787 and those of his son of a later date read before the Philadelphia Society for Scientific Research, there is no mention of the name 'Smoky,' although these two scientists dined with many notables of both Tennessee and North Carolina. Mention is made of the 'Black Mountains' where Mount Mitchell is now located.

In 1848, Thomas L. Clingman, then a member of Congress from North Carolina, got into a dispute with Dr. Elisha Mitchell, mineralogist of the University of North Carolina, about the relative heights of Clingman Dome and another high mountain of the 'Blacks' which Dr. Mitchell had measured some years previous. Dr. Mitchell had been making surveys for several summers on an appropriation of two hundred dollars a year allowed by the State Assembly. The dispute over the two mountains waxed so hot among their respective adherents that 'many supposed,' so runs the account, 'that Dr. Mitchell had by mistake surveyed "the Dome," the highest peak in the Smokies.'

In order to establish the claim which he thought correct, Dr. Mitchell set out in the summer of 1855 to make a remeasurement of his mountain. This expedition was the direct cause of his death. Three months later searchers came upon his body, in a perfect state of preservation, lying in a pool of ice-cold mountain water fourteen feet deep. He had evidently slipped on a mossy stone high above the

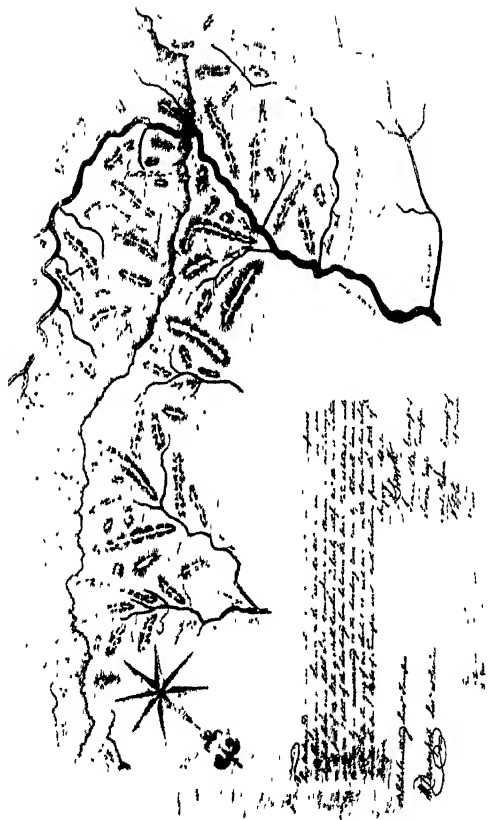
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mountain stream and had plunged headlong to his death.

Clingman's 'Dome' was later found to be thirty-one feet lower than the mountain which to-day bears the name of Mitchell, according to Henry Gannett's 'Altitudes.' The author a few years ago was among the balsams on the peak of Clingman and found there, impaled on a stick and thrust upright in a pile of loose stone, a card with the inscription: 'THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE UNITED STATES'; so it seems that the dispute is not entirely settled yet.

Certain it is that the map prepared by the joint commissioners of the twin States of North Carolina and Tennessee in 1821 bore the combined name 'THE GREAT IRON OR SMOKY MOUNTAINS' in bold type across the page of the survey, and was duly signed, not only by the commissioners themselves with the date, but also by the two official surveyors. Thus ended all dispute of name or of ownership of lands impinging upon one of the most difficult terrains in the United States, over which surveyors and line-runners had fretted for many years. The line runs exactly down the very top of the watershed of this great range. After lying in the State Archives at Nashville in a pile of rubbish for seventy-five years, this map of 1821 was found accidentally by State Archivist Quarl in 1896. A copy is shown in this volume.

It is not surprising that the white settler dropped all Indian names wherever he could as quickly as possible, especially the Tennessean, for to him all Indians looked alike and only a dead Indian was a 'good Indian'; the Cherokee reciprocated the feeling with good measure, for he always refused to have



MAP SHOWING THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN NORTH CAROLINA AND TENNESSEE ALONG
THE TOPS OF THE 'GREAT IRON OR SMOKY MOUNTAINS' AS SURVEYED BY A JOINT
COMMISSION OF THE TWO STATES IN 1821

anything to do with the Franklinite in the way of treaties or agreements. Although the perpetually white mountains may seem 'Unega' to the Cherokee, yet the romantically direct Anglo-Saxon preferred to call the sixty-five-mile range of solid rock by a name which was more descriptive and which he more readily understood; thus he called it 'Smoky.'

CHAPTER V

PROFESSOR GUYOT'S PETS

PROFESSOR GUYOT was only forty-three years old when he began the study of the Smoky Mountains and the Unakas. For ten years he kept at his pet hobby during his summer vacations while he was mineralogist and geologist for the College of New Jersey at Princeton. Four summers of these ten years — 1856, '58, '59, '60 — he spent in the Great Smoky and 'Black' Mountains of North Carolina in which latter range is located Mount Mitchell, the highest peak east of the Rockies (elevation 6711 feet).

The Princeton scientist was born in the beautiful little Alpine village of Neufchâtel, Switzerland, during the fall equinox of 1807 and came to America in 1840 after he had spent four years (1835-39) in Paris as tutor. He had always made mountains his study. He was a recognized authority on the markings of glacial ice in his own country and his meteorological observations made for the Smithsonian Institution are the present basis for those of our own Weather Bureau.

Guyot had been a minister, but had found Europe at that time rather cramped quarters for clergymen of Protestant beliefs. Like all truly great scientists, he harmonized his studies with his religion and wrote many books and articles on Evolution, the most particular of which was his 'Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought' (1887).

The Swiss scientist at once attracted attention in

Boston with his brilliant mind and clean-cut religious convictions, and although his scientific papers and lectures had to be translated, yet his appearance before the scholars of Lowell Institute was an event which no man of letters could miss. Advancing remarkably in his study of the English language, he was soon elected to the Chair of Geography and Geology of the College of New Jersey in 1855. It was then that he took up as a systematic work the measurements of the mountains of the eastern United States for the Smithsonian Institution, besides reading many learned papers before that body.

In his Smoky Mountain observations and measurements, Professor Guyot was ably assisted by two stout young engineers, Grandepierre and Sandox. Another enthusiast, S. B. Buckley, of Tennessee, rendered doubtful assistance to the meticulously careful Swiss by 'starting his base altitudes too high,' thereby drawing the criticism of Guyot that 'Buckley's measurements are too great by 60 to 130 feet'!

The Princeton professor was so very careful with his own observations that, in one instance, in taking the barometric reading of Luftee Knob, just off the main divide of the Smokies in North Carolina (elevation 6238 feet), he apologized for a 'possible lack of accuracy within a few feet,' stating that he was 'interrupted by a storm while taking measurements at this point'!

In a paper read before the Smithsonian Institution in 1859, speaking of the Unaka, Professor Guyot said:

Though its highest summits [Unegas] are a few feet below the highest peaks of the Black Mountains [Mount] Mitchell, 6711 feet, it presents on that ex-

¹ *American Journal of Science*, September, 1857, and November, 1860.

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tent of sixty-five miles [full length of the Smokies] a continuous series of high peaks and *an average elevation not to be found in any other district*, and which give it a *greater importance* in the geographical structure of that vast system of mountains. The gaps or depressions *never fall below 5000 feet* except towards the southwest beyond Forney Ridge; and the number of peaks, the altitude of which *exceeds 6000 feet*, is *indeed very large*.

And this from an Alpine scientist! The 'number of peaks' actually average one to every two miles!

It might be added that the actual number of peaks has *never been* established, although appended to this chapter is a list of gaps and peaks that were conscientiously measured by Professor Guyot; yet the location of many of them has not been ascertained with any degree of absolute certainty.

The names that the Princeton professor and Buckley gave these peaks were mostly out of compliment to scientific friends, and others had personal significance, such as 'Thermometer Knob'; we wonder what happened to his thermometer up there. His friend, Joseph Le Conte, received a signal honor in having one of the most unique peaks named for him. Le Conte, born in Liberty County, Georgia, and later Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of California, served as chemist for the Confederacy at Columbia, South Carolina, during the Civil War.

Others are Mount Henry, named after the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution^{*}; Mount Safford

^{*} Joseph Henry was really the directing spirit of the Institution, which was founded with the gift presented to the United States by Smithson, of England, who wanted it applied to a scientific purpose.



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THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAIN RANGE FROM GREGORY BALD

after the State Geologist at Vanderbilt University; Mount Buckley, after the doubtful scientist of the erroneous high base altitudes — S. B. Buckley; Peck Mountain, after Judge Peck, who owned the 'land' on which the peak stood. 'Bull Head,' not included as such in Guyot's list, was probably the ancient name, after the famous Cherokee Indian of that name, Uskwale'na, which, being translated literally, means 'Big Head,' and refers to a jutting peak that lies off toward the present Gatlinburg at the outer promontory of the three mountains Le Conte, Curtis, and Safford.

Some other names are more or less obscure in their origin, but, as they appear in the list, the author appends some explanation as it occurs. A few names are self-explanatory, but in the main, acquired titles are taken from events which had local significance to the settlers who 'squatted' on lands attained under grants — many of them founded on Indian treaties that expired overnight — from both North Carolina and Tennessee, dating back to the 'Lost State of Franklin,' which furnished the most inextricable mess as to titled possession in the history of recorded properties. Because of this obscurity of origin in lands it is just as difficult to trace names of mountains, peaks, and gaps in the Smokies.

The appended list as given by Guyot is published in the hope that a little more data shall come to light regarding their names and origin. Although many of these peaks have no applied identification at the present time and though even the location of many is involved in mystery, like many other items of interest in the Smokies, it can be truthfully stated that, in spite of the fact that the general American public

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has been remiss regarding their knowledge, our great scientists have not failed in study and interest. In the main, all of these peaks, thirty-five in number, composing the back and main bracing of the Smokies, have been named for seventy-five years.

One unique group of three mountains — Le Conte, central, Mount Curtis, western peak, and Mount Safford, north peak — stands out from four to five miles away from the main divide like a grandstand of the Creator; placed so that man might more conveniently view His handiwork. There they are — three giants of titanic formation, their heads often above the clouds; their shoulders draped with wind-swept mantles of snow, or robed in the soft garments of spring, an everlasting monument to their scientific godfathers who loved them and toiled over their slopes to conquer their mysteries. There they will stand millions of years with feet planted in eternal slate and granite and rear their lofty heads still higher, for their sleepless sculptor Erosion will only carve their towering altitudes into greater heights and their fantastic shapes into still greater artistry.

PEAKS BEGINNING AT BIG PIGEON AND RUNNING THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE STATE LINE BETWEEN NORTH CAROLINA AND TENNESSEE

(Guyot's List)

*Thermometer Knob.....	6157
Raven's Knob (head of Raven Fork, North Carolina?)...	6230
*Tricorner Knob.....	6188
Mount Guyot (so named by S. B. Buckley, of Tennessee)	6636
Mount Henry (named for Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution).....	6373

* Not definitely established.

Mount Alexander (probably named for Stephen Alexander, Professor of Botany at Princeton 1803-83).....	6447
*South Peak	6299
Three Brothers (highest or central peak).....	5907
*Thunder Knob	5682
Laurel Peak (Laurel Top).....	5922
*Reinhardt Gap	5220
*Top of Richland Ridge	5492
Indian Gap (road built by 'Little Will' Thomas, adopted Cherokee chief).....	5317
*Peck's Peak (named after owners of the Peck's Grant lands).....	6232
Mount Ocona (from Cherokee 'Egwanulti,' or 'Oconalufte,' with the 'lufte' omitted).....	6135
Right-Hand, or New Gap (present gap of proposed Tennessee state road to meet road from North Carolina)...	5096
Present group above Bull Head:	
Central Peak — Mount Le Conte	6612
†West Peak — Mount Curtis	6568
North Peak — Mount Safford (after Tennessee State Geologist, Safford)	6535
†Bull Head (not included in Guyot's list, probably named after Uskwale'na, Cherokee chief).....	6400
*Cross Knob	5931
*Neighbor	5771
*Master Knob	6031
*Tomahawk Gap	5450
Alum Cave	4971
Alum Cave Creek at junction with Little Pigeon	3848
Road Gap (east toward Smokemont, North Carolina, from Grass Patch)	5271
Mount Collins	6188
Collins Gap	5720
*Mount Love	6443
§Clingman Dome (mountain in dispute with Mitchell, 6680, Gannett)	6660
*Mount Buckley (after S. B. Buckley).....	6599
*Chimney Knob	5588
*Big Stone Mountain	5614
*Big Cherry Gap	4838

* Not definitely established.

† Not known who named for.

‡ United States Geological Survey.

§ United States Geological Survey, 6680.

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*Corner Knob.....	5246
Forney Ridge Peak (North Carolina).....	5087
*Snaky Mountain.....	5195
Thunderhead Mountain.....	5520
*Eagle Top.....	5433
Spence Cabin.....	4910
*Turkey Knob.....	4740
*Opossum Gap.....	3840
North Bald (Parson).....	4711
Great Bald's Central Peak (Gregory).....	4922
South Peak (Gregory, 'Little' Bald).....	4708
Tennessee River at Hardin's.....	899

* Not definitely established.

CHAPTER VI

ANGLE, SCOT, CELT

THERE is no other spot in the United States that has seen bloodier struggles of frontiersmen against savages, or of French against English colonists, than the immediate locality surrounding the Great Smoky Mountains. In these mountains, thanks to their isolation, as in no other the original American frontiersman has been preserved. Let no one say that the people of the Smokies are not Nordic! Foreigners are very few in number in this region, which has also a smaller percentage of foreign-born population than any other spot in the United States. 'Anglo-Saxon' is a meaningful term when applied to the people of North Carolina and East Tennessee. It means that here exists the purest strain of that origin, and that, because of the isolation of the people in the untouched mountains, this blood has kept its original force and individuality.

The generic meaning of the Friesic Anglo-Saxon may be applied to these mountain people, who are descendants of old Scotland's borderers who helped the Irish Presbyterians fight for their separation of Church and State, Englishmen who sought release from royal Episcopacy, and the original Palatinates who scorned court sycophancy in their decadent countries. They have preserved in a fortunate environment their original instincts and conditions along with their primeval forests. This region is by no means an American 'melting pot' — far from it!

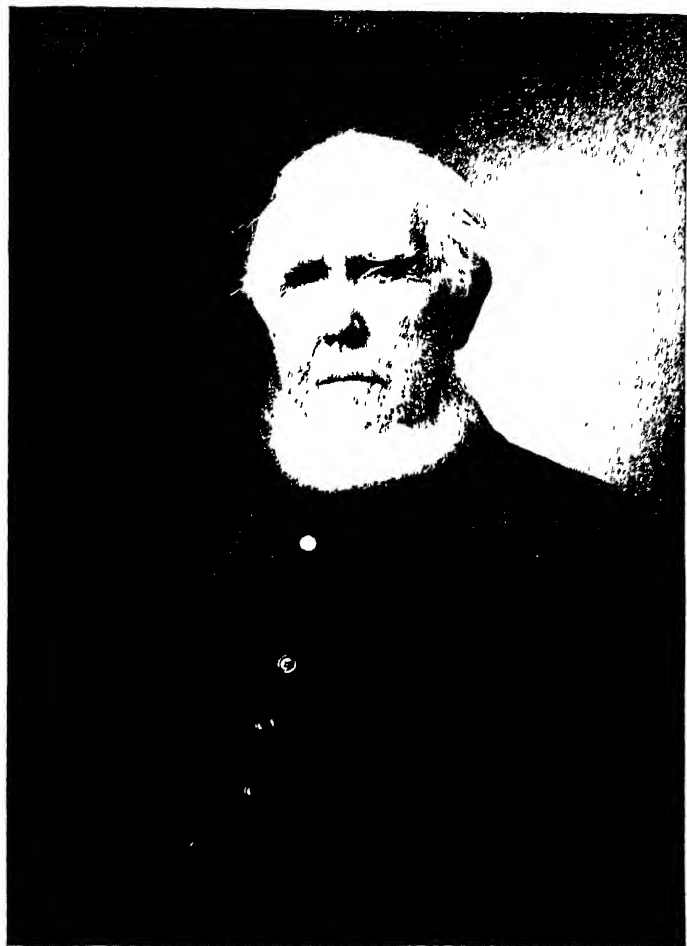
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Yet its people are as individual, upstanding, and clean-cut as the vast mountain spaces in which they live. They are still the frontiersmen and frontierswomen of a hundred years ago with much the same ideas and habits of living. Very possibly this is the last tragic stand in the United States to-day of the deerslayer days.

Assisted in the bloody past by their various allies wherever they could find them in the contest between governments, England, France, Spain, and Holland hotly fought each other for dominance. And the Smoky Mountain settler, on the ground and ultimately to occupy it, found himself beset on every hand, not only doing his own fighting, but the fighting of his contending government as well. He had a complex problem, and his final patience wearing out he decided to take the problem into his own hands. Witness the temper of the Tennessean who crossed the Great Smokies and hewed out a civilization for himself with practically no military assistance.

All of these national rivals, helped at times by the Cherokee, the Creek, and the Shawano, took part in one of the most formidable contests that was ever carried on to conquer a vast territory. In the latter part of the seventeenth, during all of the eighteenth, and well into the nineteenth century, warring states and nations used this terrain as a battlefield. As a result there is not a peak, gap, stream, cove, or valley which has not been the scene of massacre, scalping, or tomahawking, of ambush or torture.

Treaty after treaty was made between Indian and settler, or with the controlling government — local or foreign — until treaties began to be considered a joke by the rampant Tennesseans, who were con-



'UNCLE' JOHN MYERS, OF TUCKALEECHEE COVE
A fine type of 'Dutch' settler of the Smokies

vinced that the dispute could only be settled 'by the sword, the right of all nations.' From the very earliest appearance of white Anglo-Saxons in any numbers until the tragic finale in 1838, when ten thousand Cherokees were herded like so many cattle and forced across the Mississippi at Cape Girardeau by the fiery Jackson — many of them dying from exposure in the dead of winter — the wilderness was a hell of murder and reprisal, treachery and intrigue.

Said old Junialuska, an able chief of the banished tribes, 'If I had known Jackson would be against us, I would have shot him that day at the Horse Shoe' (Battle of Horse Shoe Bend when the Indians were allies of Jackson). Junialuska had depended too much on 'Old Hickory.'

In connection with this tragic episode of the removal was the fateful assassination of 'Old Charlie,' the Cherokee Chief who dared, with a handful of followers, to rebel against United States troops commanded to effect the removal. Fleeing to the Smokies with his small band, existing on roots and herbs with little else to eat for weeks, he was induced to surrender by 'Little Will,' their beloved Colonel Thomas and promised immunity by the United States troops. He surrendered and was treacherously shot by a firing squad. His followers, however, formed the nucleus for the present band of Cherokees occupying the Qualla Reservation in North Carolina, numbering 2833 souls in 1927. It is believed that the soul of 'Little Will' never fully recovered from the shocking effects of the treachery of Jackson's troops.

Spaniards who first set foot upon the western continent, then a wilderness of uncounted Indians, were quickly assimilated by the Indian tribes of the

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tropics and sub-tropics. The French in America also had been absorbed by the half-breed of old Saint Lawrence and the Saskatchewan. The Dutch intermarried with their English neighbors around New Amsterdam.

But none of these things happened to the Anglo-Saxon. The individual, hard-hitting race that was to go into such territory as the Smoky Mountains and its environs had conquered too much. It was in the habit of assimilating, not of being assimilated.

The result of European warfare of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a lacerating conflict for America's settlers combined with the most insidious intrigues that could be imagined. The unhappy settlers and the aboriginal Indians were the sufferers on their own fighting ground.

With the defeat of the awkward golden galleons of Spain, her conquests were at an end. But she had already gained a foothold in America which was to make things difficult for England, France, and later for the United States as well. The Spaniard used chicanery, trickery, and bribes among the Cherokees, the Creeks, and the Shawanos. The French used the Iroquois. Both furnished ammunition as well as stealthy advisers. England and the colonists suffered the consequences. What possessions their descendants hold are lands of the old frontier which they have earned or their immediate forbears have gained through trials and bloodshed of the most sacrificial sort.

The cabins of frontier days yet exist in the Smokies with their porthole-like, diminutive, shuttered windows sawed through the thick logs. Many of the flintlock rifles are yet in possession of their original

owners or in the hands of sons or grandsons. Some of these thick-walled, fort-like buildings of two rooms bear the marks of tomahawk or Indian bullet. About all of them hangs the romance of frontier days, the odor of wood-smoke, the aroma of drying herbs dug from the woods, or of dried vegetables laid aside, as was the custom in the hard days of history, for winter sustenance.

Lean lines of strength mark the faces and bodies of the mountain people accustomed to climbing steep physical and spiritual. There is in their demeanor the quiet courtesy that takes every one at his true worth, devoid of blandishment or pretense; that expects a return of honesty and hates evasion or equivocation; that is ready and instant in hospitality to the stranger. They hate dishonesty with a simple, quiet hatred that says little, but the honest may always expect to receive genuine and warm consideration.

CHAPTER VII

THE BLOODY GROUND OF THE SMOKIES

THERE was no back eddy of settlers into the Smoky Mountain region from the upper central part of the United States. Practically all of the settlers of Tennessee came from Pennsylvania, Virginia, or North Carolina; there were very few, if any, from north of the Ohio. If the pioneers got into the great hunting grounds in lower Ohio and Kentucky, or what is now known as Tennessee, they had somehow to cross the Great 'Middle Mountains' called Unegas or Great Smokies. The great tides of emigrants that moved westward across Ohio from the teeming settlements of Pennsylvania during the latter part of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth depended upon governmental troops for protection; they had the advantage of wagon trains and military escorts. The southern frontiersman had none of these.

So it was that the citizen of the 'Lost State of Franklin' had to shift for himself, first, last, and always. This condition developed such extraordinary leaders as Boon, Xavier, Bean, Shelby, Robertson, Wallen, and Walker. Neither our English nor our own American government took very readily to this loose-limbed backwoodsman of Tennessee-North Carolina who had a way of acting on his own initiative when things went wrong — and they nearly always were going wrong. These shifting governments seemed to think he was able to take care of

himself; and — he was! He had republic-building blood in his veins.

With the high tide of immigration from England, Scotland, and Ulster County, Ireland, pouring in from two important ports of America — Delaware and Charleston — in England's ship bottoms, hordes of the purest Anglo-Saxon race literally filled the Southland east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, Alleghanies, and the valleys of North Carolina and Virginia about 1750. Very few of the Charleston immigrants went back as far as the Smokies; these great mountains seemed to draw the Scotch and Irish from Virginia and Pennsylvania. The Irish Presbyterian seemed particularly to seek the forefront of activity and to form the rasping edge against the Indian menace, and when the bars of the Smokies were let down by the Indian Treaty they milled over the great tops into the Tennessee wilderness. The Irish Presbyterian loved a fight. At the Donnybrook fairs he had loved to flail with the black thorn stick the pates of many a lusty young lout of a Celt and now that his flailing was to be done with bullets and gunpowder he accepted his responsibility and was true to it.

One of the best threshings the author ever saw given an evildoer was administered by one of these mountain Irishmen to a criminal who had broken into his home. The victim bore it meekly as his just deserts and went his way, although he had the reputation of being a killer.

Scanning the annals of the great immigration movements of colonists we come upon the names of English, Scottish, and Irish forbears who had already made old country history and who were as prominent

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in parliamentary affairs as on the battle-grounds of history. Ulster County, Ireland, furnished thousands alone owing to religious strife. When England endeavored to impose a state episcopacy, there was further conflict with these free-thinkers and believers. Other vital partialities of rentals in favor of state religionists affected them as tenants who had been discriminated against in favor of Catholics.

England furnished many passengers to ships bound for America because of the high taxes. The Newgate Prison was filled with debtors who owed petty amounts and who were helpless against the hounding of sheriffs and constables. Poverty stalked abroad and many sold themselves as indentured servants to future masters in America to pay for their passage, and virtually became slaves upon their arrival. English press gangs were continually adding their quota of unfortunate victims who were waylaid and slugged into unconsciousness only to awake far out to sea on their way to be sold in American ports. White slaves in the eastern territory of America were constantly escaping from their masters, as evidenced by many advertisements appearing in Benjamin Franklin's paper, the 'Pennsylvania Gazette,' and making their way to 'the southern colonies.'

Every class of society was represented in the hegira from the fogs of the North and the Irish Seas to the great wilderness; ne'er-do-wells with a fair sprinkling of the cavalier type added to the general exodus of the stout Covenanters. Irish adherents of the Covenant were of the grimmest fighting stock. They expected no easy task in the new contest of a civilization against the Indian. They had not for-

gotten the 'Black Oath' of Charles the First nor the wrongs allowed by an indifferent king. They were more than ready with their part of hate when the War of Independence against unjust taxation without representation was launched.

They were not in the habit of being the pawns of kings nor sycophants of their courts. They thought for themselves and acted for themselves also. The natural result was that England's brigs and bark-entines were filled, hold and cabin, with these inspired emigrants who had fought for England, Scotland, and Ireland under great leaders, whose governments had not properly appreciated their services. Conquest was in the air and independence was their obsession. They, like the Roundheads of 1620, were seeking liberty for action. They were going to a new continent where there were no kings with selfish motives and no religions which were trying to thrust unpalatable tenets down their throats; they were going to a country where even the ignorant savages wore valuable trinkets of pure gold which could be bought for a song.

After arriving in Pennsylvania these hordes moved down the valleys of least resistance, which were the traders' 'traces.' The Indian trader broke the pathway of advance. He was the forerunner of civilization, following the old Indian traces which threaded the American continent in every direction, by which the various tribes kept in communication or which they used in warfare, for the Indian was always restless.

The trader was a respected personage among the redskins and was rarely molested. Pennsylvania traders brought back valuable peltries which they

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had obtained for a bit of metal, a knife, a gun, or a brightly colored piece of cloth. This proved such a lure that the number of traders increased until there was complaint to the Crown, and King George issued a proclamation requiring all traders to possess a license recorded in due manner, but neither settlers nor traders paid any attention to this dictum.

'Long hunters' like Boon then took the path from Pennsylvania and Delaware. These induced small companies of friends to embark to the new land or to an outlying fort which was often one hundred and fifty miles ahead of the tide of settlers. These friends induced their friends until the tide was at its flood moving down the valleys of the Appalachians into Virginia and North Carolina. In 1750 many complained that they were 'cramped for room'!

Halted by the Cherokees on the south, who were showing an increasing irritability, the swelling level began to rise to the shores of the Great Smoky Mountains, where the Irish were flailing the Indians with their powder and ball. The Freelanders were getting more restless as the tide rose higher: over the Great Smokies was a wilderness in which not a white man lived; the Indian was the 'cumberer of the ground,' and, backed by the English, or French Government, prevented them from occupying the Promised Land.

Irritation grew more intense, trading sharper, fretting keener, until one single murder occurred such as the killing of Boyd at Boyd's Creek. A white settler at work was shot in the back from the bush; a man at his plough; a woman going to the spring after a bucket of water; a man splitting boards in the forest. It was the work of Indians.

Settlers began grimly to realize that the redskin was not so kindly disposed after all.

Reprisals followed these isolated outrages. Members of the offended families shot the guilty redskin. Other Indians skulked, on the lookout for vengeance, from sheltering tree and rock and cover of the forest, shooting down children and their mothers at the doorways of their cabins. It was not very long before reprisal leapt at the heels of reprisal until the whole country was aboil with Indian hate. The white Saxon's deliberate punishment consisted in scalping savages, often alive, and clubbing squaws to 'let them out of their misery.' Mean half-breeds and renegades from the Cherokee tribes added to the turmoil by thievery and the plundering of settlers' cabins upon their own initiative. The French stirred up the pot of hate in many instances, by secretly furnishing arms to the Indian, until the whole wilderness was stewing with a devil's broth of murder, massacre, and ambuscade.

Settlers took their rifles with them as they ploughed the fields or split boards in the woods. One minister, Cumings, carried his to church with him, placing it in a very dignified manner in one corner before beginning his sermon. His shot pouch and powder-horn he hung handily on the corner of his pulpit. He literally carried the sword and Bible in either hand.

Things went from bad to worse; appeals to England brought no response, or an evasive reply. She seemed interested only in levying taxes upon the colonists until, in their extreme resentment, they resolved to pay no taxes under the Stamp Act and formed themselves into an organization termed

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'The Regulators' which was to enforce a hearing by the Crown. This was the first growl of the colonists at England which was to manifest itself later in open rebellion.

Although the Regulators' cause was just, it lacked popular support and met decisive defeat in armed combat with Governor Tryon at the Allamance. But France to further her own ends kept pressing the Cherokees against the colonists at every opportunity, until in 1756 the settlers began to realize very vividly that the Indians were allies of the French. Old Atakullakulla, one of the influential Cherokee chiefs, had promised warriors to go against the French at Duquesne, but it was clear that he had regretted his promise. The French were building forts along the Ohio and the Saint Lawrence and had induced the Cherokees to cease giving aid in building the fort at Loudon.

But when Fort Duquesne fell to Washington and his Provincials on November 25, 1758, the Indians began to waver. The fall of Quebec the next year and the subsequent Spanish cession of Louisiana to France, of Canada and Ohio to England, left the Cherokees without a footing; but the settlers had no easy task to convince the Indian of his precarious standing. His hopes were renewed by the fall of Fort Loudon in the midst of the Overhill nation and the surrender of the garrison under Lieutenant Deméré.

Colonel Grant with an army of 2600 men began reprisals on the Cherokees in June, 1761, which brought them to their senses and the realization of their fading hopes. He destroyed the French outposts, burned fifteen villages, capturing a number of prisoners, and drove the remainder of the warriors

into the Smoky Mountains, where they lived like beasts, eating roots, killing their ponies for food; their chiefs dead; hope gone; in misery and want; torn by factional disputes over their respective political allies. Smallpox, brought over in the slave ships at Charleston, broke out among them, and weakened by sickness and death, ammunition gone, they could resist no longer and were willing to make any terms with their white enemies.

Colonel Stephen, with a large force of Virginians, met at the Long Island of the Holston, now known as Kingsport, Tennessee, a large delegation of Cherokees. Their chiefs arranged a peace treaty separate from that made at Charleston by Ata'gul'kalu' — Atakullakulla — who was recognized as 'emperor' by the English. Lieutenant Timberlake, of the English forces, anxious to have this treaty recognized, took three Indians to England to ratify it, but after making the long and arduous journey was received coldly by the Crown. Timberlake gave an account of this journey in his 'Memoirs,' published by J. Ridley, of London, in 1765, together with a map of the Cherokee Overhill Settlements, with their respective chiefs and population. In this volume was a 'curious Secret Journal taken by the Indians out of the Pocket of a Frenchman they had killed.' Possibly a French spy against his government.

But the Hopewell Treaty at Charleston entered into by the 'Little Carpenter,' described by Bartram, the botanist, as a 'man of remarkably small stature, slender and of very delicate frame, but a man of superior abilities,' stood with the King of England. The Little Carpenter had done every-

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thing in his power to stop the fighting, recognizing that France's reign in the colonies was at an end.

On the conclusion of peace between England and France in 1763, by which the whole western territory was ceded to England, a great council was held in Augusta, attended by all southern Indians and the colonial governors of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, at which Captain John Stewart, superintendent of all the southern tribes, explained to the Indians the new condition of affairs. A treaty of mutual peace and friendship was concluded on November 10th of that year.

It was then that the great gateway of the Smokies that opened into the Tennessee wilderness was set ajar. Under the leadership of such mighty frontiersmen as Walker, of Virginia, Smith and Daniel Boon, of the Yadkin, the tide of immigration broke across the mountains in spite of every effort of the authorities to stop it. All treaties with the Indians were disregarded. It burst through boundaries established at Augusta, overran fixed lines, and inundated all agreed reservations of the Cherokees who tried to stem the tide by sending representatives to England, all to no avail. The result was that, when England declared war on her colonists after their resistance to the Stamp Act, in 1776, the Indians readily went to the standard of their new allies hoping to redress their wrongs.

Many Indians could not understand why a government should turn against her own and were not able to comprehend fully the quarrel which the colonists had taken up with their mother country. But they listened to the persuasive voice of the tempter and joined England.

In all the agreements with the white man, the Indian was the loser. He was finally shorn of all his ancient territorial claims, including the best hunting range in the Smokies. These treaties were also a farce in so far as permanency was concerned. Before any official settlement was made and definite boundaries established, the Anglo-Saxons had moved forward to occupy new ground 'temporarily' as in the Watauga Settlement (1772), the first white nucleus in Tennessee, which proved to be permanent. Both Tennesseans and North Carolinians considered the Indian unworthy of notice except to be scalped, and always swept him aside with characteristic directness.

England, recognizing a valuable ally in the resentful Indian, readily took him on and stood for him against the white borderer who made self-adjusting occupancies of territory overnight and without treaty. There was not an Indian but harbored some resentment against the white settlers who were taking his country. Particularly he hated the Tennessean and refused even to enter into treaty with him.

There was not a white settler but had had some member of his family murdered from ambush, captured, tortured by fire, or scalped by some skulking redskin. England's treaties meant nothing to the settler; she had never listened to his pleas for redress or for troops. Forthwith he resolved to handle his own affairs after his own fashion. His indifference increased after the attempted enforcement of the Stamp Act until it flamed into actual rebellion and a declaration of war by his adopted country. Being immediately concerned in England's affairs

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did not cause him to lose sleep, but he was determined to throttle England's wilderness ally, the Cherokee of the Smokies.

The Cherokee seemed to realize that his last hope was to place his newly adopted country across the seas between himself and utter extinction; in this he could not be blamed. England supplied the Indians with clothing, hatchets, guns, and ammunition from the Lakes to the Gulf. Bounties were offered by King George for the scalps of Americans, and then the merry war was on! The fight that had been merely a skirmish before was now war to the hilt between settler and Indian, Anglo-Saxon and red-skin.

English printers in Charleston sent out circular letters to all persons in the back country from Kaskaskia to Baton Rouge suspected of royalist sympathies asking them to repair to the Cherokee Nation headquarters and join the Indians in a common attack on the white settlements. King George could have done nothing better to crystallize the Americans' determination. Settlers began strengthening their forts and their cabins for real siege warfare, cleaned their guns, and whetted their hunting knives.

Parties of white settlers attacked scouting parties of Indians hiding in the wilderness around cabins; attack and counter-attack followed until the southern valleys were alive with man-hunting squads bent on scalping, burning, pillaging, and destruction of the cruelest sort. The big hills of the Smokies were alive with marauding expeditions. There were no soldiers. Only such natural leaders as Boon and Xavier took the lead of the sorties.

Every man was for himself. Every cabin became a fort behind which straight-shooting backwoodsmen with Decherd and Bean rifles let loose a deadly barrage. Often women and children, endeavoring to gain the protection of the riflemen, were shot down and scalped before the very eyes of beleaguered and outnumbered garrisons.

Realizing their common danger, the border States organized for a concerted blow. In the summer of 1776 four expeditions manned by backwoodsmen started from Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia and plunged into the Cherokee territory to wipe out all old scores forever and settle with England.

In August the army of North Carolina, 2400 wilderness gunmen and frontiersmen, equipped for the most part with the Decherd or Mills type of rifle shooting the small, hard-hitting ball, some with the old Queen Anne and Broad Arrow and Crown muskets of the English, struck the first Cherokee town at Stika'yi, or Stecoee, on the Tuckasegee. The Americans burned the Indian village, trampled down the corn, killed a few straggling redskins, and went on their resistless way of destruction. The towns within sight of the great tops of the Smokies upon Oconalufte, Tuckasegee, and the upper part of the Little Tennessee in the Valley of the Nundayali — the Noonday Sun — and at the foot of the Great Smokies, thirty-six in all, were burned, and as their smoke ascended in the vales of the mountains, cattle were driven into the fields to trample the crops and then killed and butchered for the sustenance of the raiders.

Before such an overwhelming force, supplemented

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by three others simultaneously advancing from other directions, the Cherokees made feeble resistance and fled with their women and children into the Great Smokies, leaving their devastated fields and villages behind them.

At Waya Gap of the Nantahala Mountains in North Carolina, the Indians tried to make a stand, and a terrific hand-to-hand conflict followed with its resultant scalping, ambuscade, and tomahawk slaughter. Daniel Boon was in this fight and lost a brother. The Americans here lost forty men killed, wounded, and scalped. The Indians were repulsed after a bloody conflict. Of their number one was found to be a woman painted and armed like a brave. Every warrior taken by the whites was scalped alive, except those who were spared for sale at auction as slaves. Two Indian women and a boy were also captured and, against the protest of the blood-thirsty backwoodsmen, were sold as slaves, bringing twelve hundred dollars.

At one place a party of Indians was cut off from escape. Sixteen were killed and in a personal encounter 'a stout Indian engaged a sturdy white man who was a good bruiser and an expert at gouging' (i.e., thrusting out the eyeballs with the thumbs). 'After breaking their guns on each other, they laid hold of one another, when the cracker had his thumbs instantly in the other fellow's eyes, who roared and cried "canaly" — "enough," in English. "Damn you," says the white man, "you can never have enough while you are alive!" He threw him down, set his foot upon his head, and scalped him alive; he then took up one of the broken guns and knocked out his brains. It would have been fun,'

the narrative runs, 'if he had let the latter action alone and sent him home without his night-cap to tell his countrymen how he had been treated.' So much for the aroused settlers.

Another characteristic record of the parlous times: 'Some of Williamson's detachment, seeing a woman ahead, fired on her and brought her down with two serious wounds, but able to speak. After getting what information she could give them, through a half-breed interpreter, the informer being unable to travel, some of our men favored her so far that they killed her there, to put her out of pain.'

Still another: a few days later 'a party of Colonel Thomas's regiment, being on a hunt of plunder, or some such thing, found an Indian squaw and took her prisoner, she being lame, was unable to go with her friends. She was so sullen that she would, as the old saying is, "neither lead nor drive," and by their account she died in their hands; but I suppose they helped her to her end!'

The effect of this concerted bloody war of upwards of six thousand backwoodsmen, the most cruel of all antagonists, with many scores to settle with the Indian, was appalling. Fifty Cherokee towns had been burned, orchards cut down, cattle and horses killed, personal effects plundered, hundreds of them killed or starving in the caves and rocks of the Smokies, living on acorns, chestnuts, and wild game; many of them dying of exposure, hundreds sold into slavery. From Virginia to the Chattahoochee the destruction was complete. It was the answer of America's backwoodsmen to England.

But the War of Independence was not over yet. The settlers had still to reckon with their foe across

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the waters. Although the apparently friendly Cherokee chief Atakullakulla, the 'Big Emperor,' sent word that he was ready with five hundred warriors to fight against England, other Cherokee chiefs refused to be a party to the compact, especially to the accompanying cessions of land on the Tennessee side of the mountains. Dragging Canoe — Tsiyu-gun-si'-ni — and old Iskagua — Blue Sky — with Cameron the Tory backing them, were especially hostile. But most of the conquered Indians moved out of this region farther to the southward, where they established five villages at the State line where Tennessee joined Georgia.

In April of 1777 the legislature of North Carolina, of which Tennessee was then a part, offered bounties of land in the 'New Territory' — Tennessee — to able-bodied men who would volunteer against the remaining hostile Cherokees. Under this act the State found plenty of rangers who were willing to do border duty in cutting off Indian raiding parties, which were accustomed to crossing the familiar trails over the Smokies and pouncing upon unprotected white settlements. In this way the settlers already in Tennessee were given such ample protection that they were able to send assistance to their besieged friends in Kentucky who were sorely pressed by the Shawanos. Up to 1769 Tennessee had not a single white settler below Kingston on the upper border line.

Daniel Boon had, however, hunted on the Watauga earlier than that and had left an inscription on a tree near the present Boon's Creek, two and a half miles northeast of Jonesboro reading:



THE DANIEL BOON TREE

	D. Boon	
Cilled	A. BAR	On
		Tree
in	ThE	
yEAR		
	1760	

Nine years after Boon's inscription Captain William Bean, of Pittsylvania County, Virginia, the first settler in Tennessee, built his cabin on Boon's Creek.

Early in 1780, the British, having conquered Georgia and South Carolina and effectually broken all resistance south, Cornwallis, the braggart Ferguson, and the merciless Tarleton turned their attention to the long-limbed Tennesseans and North Carolinians who had scourged their wards the Cherokees so terribly. The bumptious Creeks, always ready for a scalping party, commanded by McIlivray, and a number of [Cherokees under local chiefs, together with Tories, decided to converge on North Carolina and Tennessee mountaineers and teach 'the mountain banditti'—as Ferguson termed them—the lesson of obedience. They had better have let these terrible backwoodsmen alone.

A number of Tennesseans gathered at a barbecue for a shooting match were interrupted at their pastime by a paroled prisoner, Samuel Philips, bearing a message from Ferguson, who asked their immediate surrender, with the threat that, if it was not forthcoming, he would 'cross the mountains, hang every one of them, kill every man with arms and burn their settlements to the ground.' A pretty full schedule for Ferguson.

Up to this time the border fighters had confined

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their efforts to the more immediate demands of Indian fighting, a method of warfare which after some severe lessons, they were beginning to understand perfectly. Now they felt that the time had come for greater action. They resolved not to wait for Ferguson, but to go after him.

Accordingly, without orders or authority — as usual — without tents or supplies, or commissary lines, these upstanding fighters of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina assembled at Sycamore Shoals on the Watauga nine hundred and ten riflemen in deerskin doublet and tasseled buckskin shirts with belts of Indian beadwork, with caps of coon- or mink-skin, or felt, into which they had thrust a sprig of green, or a bucktail. Every man carried the long, hard-hitting, small-bored rifle after the pattern of Decherd, Mills, or Strutton guns, shooting seventy balls to the pound, a tomahawk, and a 'butcher' knife. None of the so-called 'officers' had swords and not a bayonet or a piece of cannon, or a tent, was to be seen.

Ferguson had sworn that 'all Hell could not drive him from King's Mountain!' To strike such a blow at the British commander with his trained troops these backwoods fighters had to leave their homes unprotected against Creek, Cherokee, and Shawano. They, however, had always fought with one hand upon the plough and the other upon a rifle. They knew border warfare now with all of its trickeries and stratagems, learned at fearful cost. Even before they mounted upward toward Ferguson, they heard that the Cherokee was again upon the warpath, but pressed on to make quick work of the English braggart.

Xavier, of French Huguenot family, born in Shenandoah County, Virginia, in September, 1745, tried to arouse all of the white colonists to the immediate danger, but succeeded in securing only a handful of men. They had all been impoverished by the war and had paid their last dollar for land entries and taxes in the new territory and their cause seemed gloomy at best; in fact it was at this time that the colonists' spirits were at their lowest ebb. At the last moment, Ferguson, with some of the brag taken out of him by the reported assembly of determined mountaineers, tried to get a message to Cornwallis for reënforcements, but the mountain scouts caught the messenger and his plans were learned.

With only nine hundred and ten riflemen, wet to their skins and shielding their gun-pans with their hunting shirts to keep their powder dry, the British were defeated. Ferguson was killed along with 284 of his men, 180 were wounded, and 700 prisoners were captured, with 1500 guns. The Britisher also lost wagons and supplies purloined from wealthy Whigs. The battle lasted only an hour. Ferguson had sworn that he would never surrender to the 'damned mountain banditti'! Needless to say, John Xavier commanded one of the detachments which did such deadly work during that brief hour. The frontiersmen's bullets sped to their mark so surely that the British general, fighting bravely to the last, could not use his cavalry, for his riders were shot from their saddles as fast as they could mount.

'Nclachuckey Jack' lost one brother in that fight. Tarleton was recalled from North Carolina and Tennessee. A sword was presented to each of the

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valiant commanders, Xavier and Shelby, on behalf of the Americans, probably the first weapon of that sort either ever possessed.

A short time after that the brave Huguenot leader crossed the Great Smoky Mountains in one of the coldest months of the winter to punish some marauding Cherokees on the North Carolina slopes. With one hundred and fifty picked horsemen he accomplished the feat, although he 'crossed trails never before attempted by white men,' punished the recalcitrant redskins losing only one man, and returned safely to his rendezvous at Fort Lee at the Watauga Settlement.

The great Treaty at Hopewell followed, a much more extensive and far-reaching one than any ever before negotiated with the Cherokee. Still another was entered into at Echota, the peace capital of the Cherokee Nation. But the Tennesseans continued their reprisals whenever they felt like it, arousing the intense hatred of the Indian and often involving their government in embarrassing situations. A letter by the Indian agent Martin at Echota in 1787 reported that the Tennesseans, after a particularly severe reprisal for the killing of a white settler by an Indian, said that 'the country had been given them by North Carolina and that they intended to take it "by the sword which is the best right to all countries."'

The expeditions against the Cherokees at this time by the Franklinites — as the Tennesseans were called — caused a great deal of consternation and alarm among the Indians when these long-limbed woodsmen started a land office to dispose of all territory south of the Tennessee River including the

Cherokee capital at Echota. The white Saxon was determined to be forever rid of the red menace.

To try to chronicle all the treaties and reprisals until the final expulsion of the main body of Cherokees to the Indian Territory in 1838 would lead to endless repetition, but suffice it to say — quoting Agent Martin again — ‘Could a diagram be drawn, accurately designating every spot signalized by an Indian massacre, surprise, or depredation, or courageous attack, defense, pursuit, or victory by the whites, or station, or fort, or battlefield, or personal encounter, the whole of that section of country would be studded over with the delineation of such incidents. Every spring, every fort, every path, every farm, every trail, every house nearly, in its settlement, was once the scene of danger, exposure, attack, exploit, achievement, death.’

So much for the bloody ground of the Smokies. During this intense warfare between the Anglo-Saxon and his red foe, Spain ensconced in a fort on the Chickasaw Bluffs at Memphis, stirred up the trouble at every opportunity until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and the preliminary Treaty of Paris (November 30, 1782), when the utter hopelessness of the situation began to dawn upon the Cherokees. From that time, under the leadership of John Ross, an able half-breed chief, the Indians tragically endeavored to save a remnant of their nation.

But when the fiery Jackson succeeded to the presidency, they recognized their case as hopeless until, with the herding of their people like cattle in the dead of winter (1838–39) at Cape Girardeau, where many of them died of exposure, they passed into the

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Indian Territory, leaving only about 1220 souls at the Qualla Reservation in Yellow Hill, North Carolina. They were too few to cope with the powerful white man who had banished them from their 'happy hunting ground given to them by the Great Spirit since the Beginning,' to quote an address once presented to the assembled nation by one of their great prophets.

It was a sad end for the original American race, but it is the record of two strong races thrown into a conflict from which only the stronger could emerge.

It was then that the Anglo-Saxon, having conquered another people, shouldered his rifle, his axe, and his salt-gourd and trekked to a new home in peace, confident now of his security in a wilderness home of which he had dreamed, free of a terrible menace. He was now rid of the English, the French, the Spaniard, and the Indian. In this respect we are reminded of a certain Wiltshire rhyme:

THE HARNET AND THE BITTLE^{*}

A harnet *set in a hollur tree*, —
A proper spiteful twoad was he;
And a merrily zung while he did zet
His stinge as shearp as a bagganet;
'Oh, who so vine and bowld as I,
I vears not bee, nor wapse, nor vly.

A bittle *up thuck tree did clim*,
And scornvully did look at him;
Zays he, 'Zur harnet, *who giv thee*
A right to zet in *thuck there tree?*
Vor ael you zets zo nation vine,
I tell 'e 'tis a house o' mine!'

^{*} The Hornet and the Beetle, written in 1400 in the dialect of the present Smoky mountaineer!

The harnet's conscience velt a *twinge*,
 But grawin' bowld wi his long stinge,
 Zays he, 'Possession's the best *lāāw*;
 Zo here thee *sha'sn't* put a *clāāw*!
 Be off, and leave the tree to me,
 The *mixen's* good enough for ye!'

Just then a yuckel, passin' by,
 Was *axed* by them the cause to try:
 'Ha! ha! I zee how 'tis!' says 'e,
 They'll make a vamous nunch var me!
 His bill was shearp, his stomach lear,
 Zo up he snapped the *caddlin'* pair!

MORAL

Ael *ye as be* to *lāāw* inclined
 This *leetle* story bear in mind;
 Vor if to *lāāw* you *aims* to gwo
 You'll find they'll *allus* zar 'e zo;
 You'll meet the vate of *these here two* —
 They'll take your cwoat and carcass too!

The italicized words are identical with those of the present folk in the mountains!

He had fallen out of the frying-pan of England into the fire of his adopted country, which he had extinguished with his very life-blood, the blood of the Celt of Ulster, the Saxon of Wessex, arm in arm with the Huguenot, the Hollander and the Frank. Old World in his astuteness, new world in his ambitions for freedom and a home undisturbed in the wilderness which was big enough for all — Saxons! He was the 'yuckel' that snapped up both the beetle and the hornet!

A great many students of history may wonder why so many Indians were scattered outside the precincts of their Upper, Middle, and Lower Towns at

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the foot of the Smokies prescribed according to authenticated maps in Washington Archives and to Timberlake's record. The answer lies in the fact that a great many well-to-do settlers were able to buy Indian slaves. Small colonies of Indians were located on such plantations as at Wear's Fort toward Gatlinburg and other isolated settlements, quite a distance from the main Indian nucleus in and near the Smokies. These Indians were employed in basket-making, weaving, dyeing, and were expert with the spinning wheel and other implements the use of which was taught by the English and American governments. These small, isolated colonies were also an illustration of a better understanding on the part of the two races where there existed only good will and where bloodshed did not enter.

John Hillsman, of Amelia County, Virginia, in 1802 — an ancestor of the writer — was one of these extensive landholders, occupying what would now comprise about fifty blocks in the center of Knoxville, who employed Indians upon his wilderness plantation. The Indians encamped upon his lands seemed peacefully disposed and gave no trouble. Similar instances of good relationships between the white man and the redskin seemed to endure and to prove the exception to the rule, but in the main, the Anglo-Saxon and the red man were not good companions in the intense struggle for the domination of the North American continent.

Oddly enough, the garrison soldiers under Demeré at Old Fort Loudon in 1756 had many Cherokee maiden sweethearts who more than once saved their lives by giving out advance information of contemplated attacks by their warlike nations. When

censured for this, many of the Cherokee women proudly boasted of the fact that they had white lovers within the fort! Even romance makes odd mates under times of violent stress and durance.

It goes to prove that the Anglo-Saxon-Celt was a creature of his environment and that he not only did his own fighting but his loving as well; and who knows but that even his love affairs were a parcel of his strategy born of the hardships of the wilderness by which he was able to circumvent every scheme of the wily savage to prevent him from founding his eminent republic?

He was an upstanding man able to take care of himself under all circumstances, who commanded every situation, feared neither king nor devil, and believed in a Supreme Being Who directed all things, ruled his destiny, and kept his powder dry.

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CHAPTER VIII

TREKKING SKYWARD

AUDUBON, the French naturalist, persuaded Daniel Boon *to attempt his memoirs to contain some of his 'thrilling adventures.'* After a very labored essay at 'the wonderful beauties of the forest' and mention of the strange(?) disappearance of an Indian fishing on a log in the woods, 'whereupon he straightway fell into the water and was seen no more,' Boon gave up the task. The hand trained to pull the hair-trigger of a Decherd could not flourish the quill, and Boon was exceptionally proud of 'Old Betsy,' his rifle. He was glad to show his French friend how he could hit a target or 'bark' a squirrel — a method of killing it by concussion when the ball was fired very closely under the squirrel, often splintering the bark of the tree, but not touching its body.

Boon and Audubon were in Lieutenant John Xavier's fort on the Watauga at the time, and the chronicler of those days said that 'Boon made a fine appearance going about the fort in his copperas-colored jacket and brass buttons with his hair done up in a queue and wearing a felt hat!' It might be added that, contrary to popular belief, Boon never wore a coonskin or bucktail cap. He was quite averse to the practice, possibly owing to the fact that he might be mistaken for an animal and shot while crawling through the brush to elude his omnipresent enemy, the Indian. He did not tarry long at the fort as an officer under the famous Xavier; mili-

tary life was too irksome and he fretted at the confinement it entailed. One fine day the call of the woods proved too strong, and, taking his beloved 'Betsy' in the hollow of his arm, he left word with a subordinate that he had 'resigned' and disappeared into his beloved realm, the trackless forest!

While on the lower Yadkin in 1750, Boon was haled before his church for 'using outrageous oaths' toward a fellow settler who dared to move within ten miles of his cabin. Only in recent years 'Uncle' Robert Trentham, of Elkmont on the 'East Prong' of Little River, said that he was going to move back 'further into the woods because it was gittin' too crowded'! This specific outburst was occasioned by the sight of a pack train carrying camper's supplies into Jake's Gap near the home of his son Levi Trentham. The nearest cabin to 'Uncle' Robert was then ten miles away!

So it was with the rare backwoodsmen of the old days. They sought the freedom of isolation. The true frontiersman adopted for a possession what he saw with his own eyes in the unclaimed wilderness and defended this adoption with his rifle. As illustration, Boon, in company with Samuel Calloway, both hired by Henderson and Company in 1764 to explore the Cumberlands for the purpose of taking possession, after passing through the Great Smokies, saw great herds of buffalo grazing in the valleys, and exclaimed: 'I am richer than the man mentioned in the Scriptures who owned the cattle on a thousand hills — I own the wild beasts of more than a thousand valleys!'

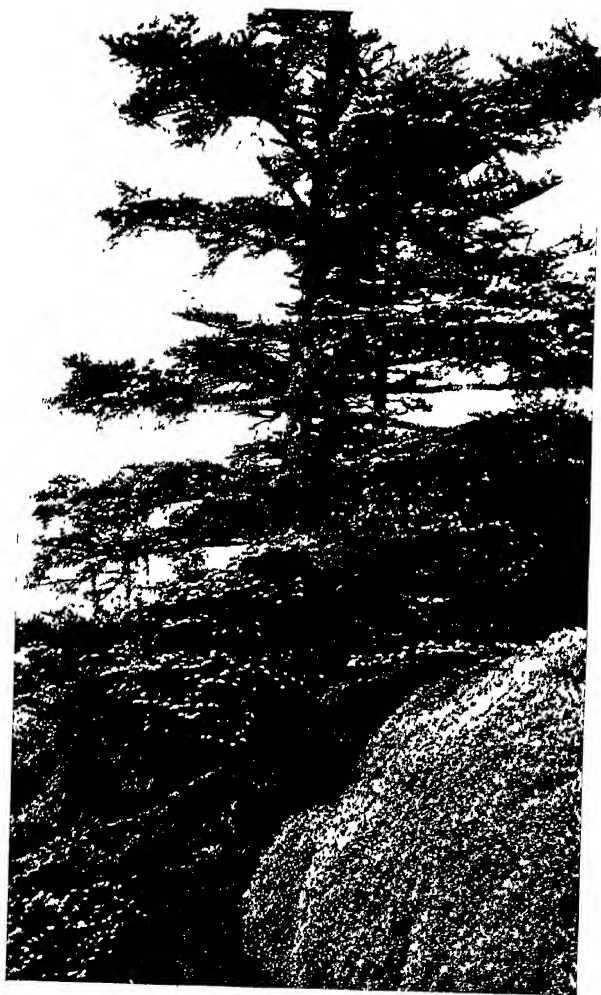
The immense land grants of the Tennessee wilderness offered by the Assembly of North Carolina,

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of which State Tennessee was then a part, in November, 1777, at practically the cost of their survey, induced many of the settlers of North Carolina as well as those of Virginia and Pennsylvania to cross the Great Smokies into the promised land. These grants, of course, were menaced by Indians until 1838, when the Cherokees were banished into the Indian Territory by President Jackson in spite of the untiring efforts of John Ross, an educated half-breed. The act established entry offices in several counties to 'lands which have accrued, or shall accrue, to the State by *treaty* or *conquest*, are subject to entry etc.' These entries had reference to the Washington District which then practically included the present State of Tennessee.

Provision was made for the opening of a land office in Washington County to accept entries at the rate of forty shillings per hundred acres — about ninety-six dollars — allowing each settler who was head of a family to take up as much as six hundred and forty acres for himself, a hundred acres for his wife, and the same amount for each of his children. Thus it was that a man with three children, for a little over a hundred dollars, could not see to the end of his vast estate. And the State of North Carolina put a premium on *conquest* in so doing. It is no wonder that the Indian lost his happy hunting ground in less than sixty years!

A subsequent act extended these generous privileges of land grants much further, allowing every settler who had a log cabin erected four hundred acres so located as to include his improvement. In addition he had the right to purchase a thousand acres adjoining him at a cost which only amounted



SAND MYRTLE AND BALSAM FIR ON SAND MYRTLE TOP,
MOUNT LE CONTE

to the expense of selection and survey. This was the open door through which settlers poured into the Tennessee wilderness over every trail, gap, or Indian trace in the Great Smokies. There being no wagon roads, settlers of the more pretentious sort did not move their families at once, but staked others who went to the new lands, or held them by proxy. All sorts of curious cavalcades began to move to the new territory of the wilderness, where not a single white person had lived up to eight years previous outside the old fort on the Watauga. It was a land movement that can only be compared to the migration of the forty-niners later in American history.

This very act of the North Carolina Assembly has been the cause of hopeless entanglement in deeds to land in Tennessee records up to the present time and also has been the source of many legal contests between land companies with priority claims and with the original settlers or mountain people of to-day. It can be readily surmised that priority of claim *with* a cabin on the 'improvement' held its strength at law on the point of possession. As a direct result of these conditions, up to within a few years ago cabins grew like mushrooms overnight in many mountain glens, and engineers and would-be occupants of contested lands have boasted that certain cabins were built in twenty-four hours! A small 'crop' of potatoes usually accomplished the trick of 'homestead rights,' although the crop was rarely weeded or garnered.

On a trip through the Smokies a few years ago, the author and his friends passed one of these deserted 'improvements' on the Dripping Spring trail. At that time in going up the mountain there was not a

sign of human habitation other than a rather straggly crop of potatoes. Our party had slept in the open with saddles for pillows. But on the return, a week later, a brand-new cabin occupied the clearing and smoke filmed upward from the new stick chimney! We learned afterwards that our movements were misinterpreted by contestants for the land and that the cabin was the answer to all land-hunters!

There have been many personal encounters of a serious sort between crews of contesting entrants, some of them resulting in tragic shooting or cutting affrays, but the winner of the hand-to-hand fight was generally the owner of the cabin who shot to kill 'trespassers.' This preliminary cabin-building was always the herald of a hotly contested lawsuit for which priority of possession must be proved, other things being equal.

This inextricable entanglement of records has deprived many an honest and deserving mountaineer of his just possessions, either because he neglected to have his land grants registered properly or because he forgot the conditions which required him to plant crops upon his 'improvement' to hold his squatter's rights according to surveys of former years. But exploiting land companies who held immense tracts generally 'allowed' the poor mountaineer who had held these acreages since the beginning, for which his ancestors had shed their blood, perhaps, a 'homestead' of a few scant acres! This righteous 'concession' was many times made merely because of fear that the Anglo-Saxon temper might take a notion to 'feud it out.'

Many timber companies realized to their sorrow what this meant. It generally resulted in fired tracts,

the fire set in the leaves at the opportune moment when the sap was up in the timber and a high wind blowing — a fire disastrous in its effects which would sweep thousands — even millions — of acres of fine trees to their destruction. So they dare not stir up this Anglo-Saxon tendency to punish the stealing of his rights to the land. Many fires in Smoky Mountain timber are yet to be explained. They generally occur at a time when the standing trees can be most easily damaged — when the sap is up.

The list below immediately discloses the reason why land records were so inextricably entangled that even a 'Philadelphia lawyer' could not properly unravel them:

TENNESSEE'S CHAMELEON-LIKE RECORD AS A COMMONWEALTH

FIRST SETTLEMENT:

- The Watauga Association.....1769 to 1777
- Part of North Carolina.....1777 to 1784
(Land grants issued)
- Lost State of Franklin.....1784 to 1788
(More land grants besides those honored to
North Carolina Continental Soldiers of the
Line)
- Back to North Carolina.....1788 to 1790
(More grants)
- Territory of the United States.....1790 to 1796
(Privilege of grants which fortunately were not
taken)
- State of Tennessee1796 to now.
(Ungranted lands became property of the State
and by an act of the Tennessee legislature of
1903 were to be sold and the proceeds used for
schools.)

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In all about eighty thousand grants are on record with their unknown aggregate of acreage in such an inextricable mess that it is utterly impossible to approximate even how many acres were granted by either State!

Naturally, when the subject of land grants is mentioned to the State Archivist of Tennessee, he tears his hair! An income tax report would be far easier. The North Carolina Assembly had closed its land-grant offices only once during its period of activity, from June, 1781, to May, 1783, when they were opened to gain proceeds to pay her Continental Line officers their arrears for Revolutionary service.

The original settlers on the Watauga, who later formed the Watauga Association, in 1772 bought from the Cherokee Indians all of the country on the waters of that river for six thousand dollars' worth of merchandise and a few muskets. Land grants were issued by North Carolina immediately upon adoption of the Watauga Association in 1777 and continued thereafter to be issued by every supervisory government, except during the two years before mentioned, that took over the Tennessee Territory.

Even the State of Franklin continued the practice under Xavier after 1784 when the Territory was named in honor of Benjamin Franklin. Xavier's new republic also honored grants from the parent State of North Carolina for her Continental soldiers, while at the same time conducting its own land entry offices. But the unwieldy job of policing a new State which was composed entirely of a wilderness full of Indians and warring settlers, without funds or militia, was too much even for the statesmanlike qualities of the French Huguenot. His men could not

leave their homes unprotected long enough to serve, so the State of Franklin asked to be readmitted to the good graces of the North Carolina Assembly in 1788.

This time her Assembly acted more wisely than before. Profiting by the former experience with the truculent and independent Irish and Scottish Presbyterians who did not like the Indian, she ceded her territory to the United States of America after two years of troublesome possession *with* the privilege of *more* land grants! This, our ever-wise Uncle Samuel thought was going too far and he declined very astutely to take advantage of the land-grant issue, but agreed to honor grants for which pledges had been given already. After two years, Tennessee was admitted to the Union (1796).

Thus the State of Tennessee ceased her wanderings at the doorstep of Uncle Sam. But woe to the Keeper of the Archives! Six times the traveling State changed her allegiance. Five of these times she was an orphan child of an unwelcome and dubious disposition whom nobody wanted; not even her own self-constituted parents and supervisors of the State of Franklin. They could not control her disposition to wander. The redoubtable Xavier even was the victim of political disorders in North Carolina, her parent State, was once arrested for treasonable acts in refusing to countenance 'just' taxes, and was tried in the court-house at Hillsboro, but was rescued by his loyal admirers. No attempt was made to recapture him. Her border warfare was a constant drain on the men and resources of the new republic.

The control of these independent borderers, who

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usually acted on their own initiative with no semblance of organized discipline, was not only a delicate matter but an impossible one. It was a mighty accomplishment even to herd together the nine hundred and ten riflemen to punish Ferguson at King's Mountain and it required still greater genius than Xavier's even to keep them together afterward. These fine coloneers had too many superhuman tasks to perform. They could not fight and look after their homes and crops at the same time. It would have required a standing army of a hundred thousand men to govern and police the wilderness against the Shawanos, the Creeks, and the Cherokees, with their powerful allies.

This wilderness warfare bred men of rare individuality and initiative. With scarcely an officer among them, with no commissary, with shirts wrapped about their gun-pans to keep their powder dry, these riflemen had fought and vanquished trained troops from England under Cornwallis and Ferguson at Yorktown and King's Mountain. The particular government under which they happened to be citizens interested them very little, as they usually managed matters according to the needs of the situation and according to what means they possessed.

Indeed, their government changed hands so often that half the time many of them did not know in what commonwealth they lived. The State line wriggled back and forth like a serpent across the terrain so often from the Cumberlands to the Tennessee, Mississippi, and Holston Rivers, finally resting upon the top of the Smokies, that one settler naïvely remarked after another meeting of the North Carolina Assembly, 'Back in No'th Ca'liny agin,

hey? Wal, I'd jest as soon live thar as anywhars. That's whar I come from! Leastways, I ain't keerin' as long as I ken move 'thout gittin' on my hoss!'

So it was with the Tennesseean and his traveling State! But one thing never changed. That was the High Sheriff of North Carolina. The word 'sheriff' was of Anglo-Saxon origin and so was he, and he never forgot that taxes to the State of North Carolina were due. Consequently many tracts and homesteads went under the hammer for ridiculous amounts. Even the elusive land grant record was no match for him.

An ancestor of the author's family bought at auction the whole present County of Grainger, Tennessee, comprising seventy thousand acres, for the extravagant sum of \$281.10, which was the amount due the aforesaid representative of the law October 8, 1799, for back taxes delinquent to the State of North Carolina and its land-granting Assembly.¹ The other constant hardship of the settler was the ever-present Indian menace. These two were inevitable — death and taxes!

When the door of Opportunity was opened by the forementioned land grants, the trails of the Smokies began to be filled with trekkers to the new-world wilderness of plenty. Small householders gathered their meager effects and mounted the steeps that spanned the backs of these giant mountains or went through the gap of the Big Pigeon. These Indian trails were known only to a few intrepid hunters and the red man. Borrowing some sort of beast of burden — a raw-boned, flea-bitten nag ofttimes — from a friendly settler or Indian, the Anglo-Saxon *voy-*

¹ Deed in possession of the author.

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ageur placed upon its back all he had in the world. He and his family trudged over the gigantic steepes to a new home in the great wilderness which promised more room than the 'cramped quarters' of the Blue Ridge and North Carolina valleys!

Migration literally rushed across the Great Smokies under the leadership of such men as Boon of the lower Yadkin, Walker of Virginia, and Wallen and Smith, in spite of every effort of the authorities to check it. King George of England issued a proclamation October 7, 1763, forbidding all provincial governors to issue land grants, or land warrants, to be located on any territory west of the mountains but the Anglo-Saxons paid no attention to it! Before one treaty was ratified by the home government, others were rapidly entered into by settlers and land companies who traded the lands of the Indians for various paltry considerations and a fraction of their real worth. The boundary of the redskin's country changed too fast to keep any accurate record. Many, such as Timberlake of Virginia, tried to ratify important treaties with England by taking influential Cherokee chiefs along with them to seek a personal interview with King George, but were met coldly, the Crown not wanting to take cognizance of unofficial representatives.

So the settlers of North Carolina and Virginia, led by the hardy Irish Presbyterian fighters, trekked over the top of the Smokies by the shortest route. It was a great land-grab movement in spite of its Indian peril, a movement for small holders to gain possessions at a nominal price. During these stirring times the border never lacked valiant defenders, for each backwoodsman doing border service received a grant of land.

Although many settlers banded together for this perilous passage across the gigantic mountains, yet many small and pitiful cavalcades entered upon the hard journey alone. The tales of homesteaders, isolated upon their grants of land and attacked by skulking Indians, massacred, burned, or carried off as slaves into the Cherokee villages, had reached the ears of many settlers. Some of the more timid ones were deterred, but, for the most part, the migration was not noticeably checked.

The watchful borderers on the tops of the passes in the Smokies helped to make conditions safer. Their duty was to prevent surprise attacks upon settlers on both sides of the mountains who were at the mercy of marauding Indians or renegade Tories who refused to take any oath of allegiance. These watchful border riflemen did a valiant service, but, as was characteristic of backwoods militia, they served without any vestige of organization and dropped their duty when their personal affairs had accumulated, leaving matters as hazardous as before. These trekkers were not of the class nearer the coast that loved broad acres with slaves. For the most part, fortunately, they were men and women who knew how to *do* things, craftsmen, builders, fashioners of wood and metal, weavers, spinners, gunmakers, iron smelters, wheelwrights, welders of copper and brass — the armorers of England and Scotland — hewers, masons, hunters and riflemen. They could not only make their own guns, but knew how to shoot them unerringly as well.

There were no slaves among the bordermen. The frontiersman despised such. He had no respect for servile men or women and very little for their mas-

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ters. His code of ethics got down to fundamentals. Perhaps a trader now and then owned 'Guinea niggers' brought over from Africa to the seaport of Charleston in the slave ships, but, for the most part, slavery was an institution unknown and little respected among the borderers. It smacked of laziness and was contrary to the borderman's religion which was very rigid. He literally had no room for the negro. His cabin was small, with only one room, and he could not make the black his equal. Besides this his Bible taught him that Ham was cursed of God for a sin of vulgarity. All well-disposed men were born free and equal to his way of thinking and no man had a right to enslave or yoke another. His life was one of fighting on the vanguard of civilization and a slave would have entailed social complications, to say the least, and would have compelled a man to associate intimately with a being whom he did not consider his equal. The black man is to this day a curiosity in the big hills, and the writer remembers with some interest how the presence of a negro cook in a bear-hunter's camp astonished some of the mountaineers.

So the traveling homesteader carried his own pack. He possessed only the deerskin (jerkin) shirt upon his back, his Decherd, Bean, Strutton, or Mills rifle, an axe, and a salt gourd. There was not a vanity case among the effects of his 'woman' except perhaps a 'sugin'² of bear-oil with which, after Indian fashion, she anointed her hair and kept it sleek. The single beast carried, perhaps, an iron kettle; always an axe; a few well-worn quilts; a blanket; a 'butcher knife,' as a hunting knife was then called; and an

² A small bottle made of a gourd.



UNCLE HENRY STINETT AND HIS 'WOMAN'



A MOUNTAIN WOMAN IN HOMESPUN

auger, a very necessary tool in erecting a cabin. This last tool was very often carried by some member of the family. If the man had seen better days, a spinning wheel was somehow fastened to the pack which moved upward over the sinuous trail worn knee-deep by the Indians after centuries of use.

With a scant supply of powder and home-made bullets for his hand-made gun — beautifully fashioned by himself and made to suit his own stoop of shoulder — and his trusting family, all fearful of the skulking Indian, he set forth after spending all night at the foot of the Smokies with a friendly settler. At the friend's cabin he received final instructions as to his course, perhaps the two of them talking far into the night.

With what beating hearts they must have ascended the steeps! The keen eye of the man, ever wary, scanning every vista, noting every quivering leaf, every bent twig, every displaced pebble or piece of moss, hearing every sound whether customary or unusual. Ears alert, eyes keen, with noiseless moccasined footfall, he led the way with his wife — often with small children — in a pitiful file that threaded its silent way upward to the clouds.

A rain cloud off below in some cove threshed out its showers upon the Indian settlements, or the biting snow peppered down upon the dried leaves of the underbrush. But onward and upward this silent cavalcade moved, the mother hushing the whimpering child in her arms with the threat of Indians!

The question often comes to mind, why do mountaineers walk single file even in the broad ways of our cities? The answer is here. The man, the defender, walks in front. Indians, bears, panther, rattle-

snakes. Children, mother, all he has in the world, and the pack on the back of the beast. Is it any wonder they walk in single file? Every time we see it we should remember our ancestors with reverence and take off our hats.

The trails of the mountains are narrow and deep. Every slight turn brings a new vista with its possible lurking danger. The redskin also walks thus, but to stalk better and to spring off the trail more quickly at the sight of his enemy.

A twig snaps. The man is on the alert instantly. But it is only an acorn or a dead limb which the wind has shaken down from the roof of the trees. He himself avoids twigs in his path so that he may hear more perfectly above his own deep breathing as he climbs. There is another crash of a falling limb, but his trained ear hears another sound that is different and which increases in intensity each straining second. He steps quickly behind a tree and holds up a silencing hand to his loved ones. They too stop with their hearts in their mouths. The noise increases and becomes the beat of frantic hoofs upon the earth and a panting deer, with hanging tongue, breaks into the open through the brush.

Despite caution, he instinctively lifts his rifle to fire. The hunting instinct is strong within him. But fortunately he is too late. Directly in the deer's course he sees in a second the lashing of a tawny tail high in the trees; there is a flash of a muscular brown body with claws outspread downward through space; a great panther falls heavily upon the terror-stricken creature, and the yellow fangs sink deeply into the beautiful doe's neck. There is the swift mauling of a great paw. The man is quick. Leaping forward with

drawn hunting knife before the great yellow panther can strike at his new antagonist, he sinks the blade deep into the heart behind a muscular shoulder.

Mortally wounded, the panther strikes back viciously, rips open the leather doublet from wrist to elbow, and tears a great ragged gash along the woodsman's arm. But he does not notice it. He watches his antagonist's green eyes until they dull in swathing lip and final shudder. The deer is already dead, her neck broken by the panther's swift blow.

Awe-stricken, the frontiersman's 'woman' darts quickly forward in alarm to her 'man's' defense. She sees the blood upon his sleeve and gasps. She springs to help staunch it, but he pushes her gently aside.

'I ain't hurt none,' he says grimly. 'Jest breshed me. Go back to the young uns!'

Accustomed to obeying him, she moves quietly, yet with apprehension, back to her accustomed place. She watches him with doubtful belief at his hurt. The hunter tears a piece of clean cloth from a bunch of rifle-patching taken from his shot pouch, stays the wound, and stoops to examine his prey.¹

It is evening and they have traveled far and long with nothing but grains of parched corn to eat, fearing to light a fire for dread of the Indian. The man now prepares a camp for his family under the lee of a shelving rock off and under the trail. The horse is unloaded and tethered in a small grassy patch near by in the open where a stream trickles under the laurel. Lugging his two victims of the chase to the rock, he proceeds to hang them by their hindquarters

¹ A composite picture of real occurrences told by backwoodsmen coming across the Smokies to live in Tennessee.

to a stout limb preparatory to skinning them, which he deftly does with swift strokes of his hunting knife.

Presently an exclamation escapes him. There is an odd wound in the shoulder of the deer. With the point of his knife he plucks out a broken piece of flint embedded in the sinew. So some one else has been on the chase! He glances apprehensively about him and alertly listens for a moment to the trees sighing in the evening winds, but there is no other sound. Only the sun slants his setting rays upward on the pillared trunks of the tulips and hemlocks. Indian! Always the threat of the Indian. Will it never cease?

It seemed the personification of intensity, this warfare of the fittest. The deer, the arrow, the panther, and the white freeman. Who shall win? All these things flash through his mind as he is skinning the panther and the deer. With characteristic Scottish frugality he puts the broken flint in his shot pouch. Being of a fat, white flint, it might prove handy for a shower of live sparks from his firing-pan. Perhaps the unseen foe might furnish the flint for his own downfall. Who knows?

He proceeds with his task of skinning while his helpmeet spreads the well-worn quilts and blanket for the night's rest and puts her baby to her breast. With great care not to start too large a blaze, he kindles a small fire with a fire bow, Indian fashion, in the crisp, oily skin of birch bark plucked from the underside of a fallen tree. He roasts some of the venison, appetizing to hungry ones, seeing that others are supplied before he helps himself and going on short scouting sorties to be sure that the horse is tethered fast and that no skulking enemy is waiting for the cover of gathering darkness. He assists in

the tucking-in of the little ones and while others sleep keeps vigil by the glowing coals, alertly listening to the noises of the forest, punctuated by the stealthy footfalls of prowling denizens of the woods attracted by the smell of roasting meat.

The night is chill, but the overhanging rock reflects the heat inward and protects his little company from the biting winds of the high altitudes. Now and then he slips down to where the nag is tied to see that all is well and gazes for a moment up to the sky where the silvery moon cruises on her rapid course, leaving behind a wake of flying cloud. Toward morning heavy sleep closes his eyes and he catches a fleeting rest, but that is all.

The two skins make quite a heavy pack when the camp is astir in the dawn, but he lightens the load as best he can and shoulders most of the meat that is left after breakfast, while the panther's carcass, with the offal, is buried deep under a heavy rock at the bottom of the stream where it will slowly decay without chance of scent or discovery.

Knee-deep in the well-worn trail of the Indians, they reach the top of the mighty range of the Smokies. They turn for a moment to look back at the hills to the eastward leaping like a mighty sea in crested waves of blue to the distant horizon. To the northwest lie the peaceful coves of the Tennessee wilderness sheer below in the deep valleys like emerald sheets in the shimmering azure of Indian village smoke. There is the Promised Land. Above, the flying mists touching the earth scud onward like spread sails leaving their homeland. Tears fill their eyes. But it is only for a moment, for they hear the hail of the vigilantes beyond on a high open ridge

and they answer. They are back to the new world again. Stern reality returns like a strange nightmare.

They are warned not to go farther, for the day is again lengthening into evening and skulking shadows have been seen in the rocks below to the westward. These men in buckskin and leather, some of them with coonskin caps, are a hardy, weather-browned lot. But they are joyous to see a newcomer, a white man, and they are relieved.

As supper is prepared over a small fire — the Indian menace is present here also — the travelers offer some of their venison to the rangers, who eat ravenously, for their vigil has been long and hard. Other outposts come silently in and are made welcome. All talk of Indians. One of the rangers exhibits a fresh bloody scalp crowned apeak with a blood-stained eagle feather.

‘Old Eagle Top!’ he grins proudly. ‘Got him from behind a rock this e’en-tide!’ The man is a Scotchman from the Hills of Cheviot, famous in the border warfare of the Covenanters. They strike up a warm acquaintance.

The *voyageur* questions minutely as to the location of the savage and they agree on certain matters concerning the broken flint which is exhibited. ‘Thar’ll be more to be thocht of when the de’il gets na hame tonicht. I ken they’ll ’venge him!’ the borderer prophesies thoughtfully.

A copper-colored face slips silently into the circle about the camp-fire. In the black hair of the Indian are feathers of the blue jay. The woman starts back instinctively shielding her child. ‘Nay! He’ll na harm ye!’ the Scotch borderer admonishes reassur-



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**MOUNTAIN-PEAKS ABOVE THE EARLY-MORNING CLOUDS FROM THE TRAIL TO
GREGORY BALD**

ingly. 'He's air friend. That's Tlay'ku' — the Blue Jay. He is the foe of Old Eagle Top who stole his bride awa'.' With that he laughs and tosses the bloody scalp with its stained feather over to the young redskin.

'Tlay'ku' plucks the top knot of old Awahili — the eagle, an' weel may he!' exclaims the Scot with a laugh as the Indian snatches up the trophy and slips out of the circle again and disappears in the darkness. 'He's weel glad to hae it!' the border scout chuckles as he turns to warm his hands by the fire.

The 'painter's' — panther's — skin is shown about to all with pride as to its size and color. After a little good-natured haggling, the traveler trades it for a precious bit of powder and a few bullets.

After a restless stay of a few days, during which the sojourner does a little border duty himself and contracts to take the place of the Scot two moons hence when the other must go to his 'bairns,' the family receives minute directions in order to avoid marauding redskins that are adrift in the forest, and a few instructions as to the most desirable land entries. The departing guest is given a crude message painfully scrawled upon birch bark to be delivered to friends upon his arrival. He leads his small cavalcade downward into the great coves of the new wilderness, ruled over by the redoubtable Xavier and his hardy band of followers, that spreads its marvelous expanse to the reaches of the great Mississippi.

Perhaps he meets Boon returning from one of his numerous trips to Kentucky for salt at the Licks and trades a little of his precious powder for enough salt to fill half the gourd tied at the saddle of his nag. He is doubly fortunate if he meets the great Xavier.

In either case their conversation turns to fresh accounts of marauding Indians and their massacres; tales of reprisals and scalplings by settlers and of the burning of Cherokee villages by enraged backwoodsmen. They receive due warning as to routes to be taken to avoid skulking bands of redskins, both Cherokee and Creek, out for pillage and plunder headed by Old Iskagua or Dragging Canoe and abetted by the degenerate Tory, Cameron, that infest the backwoods colonies; perhaps drunk with the pale-face 'firewater' rum from Charleston harbor.

But they go downward with hearts beating faster than when they came up the steep slopes to the eastward. They descend into the home of their dreams with game plentiful, towering forests, rich soil for planting, hard work, and dangers on every hand, but land, land, for the asking. Dangers add to, rather than detract from, their eagerness, as they go with willing hearts and anxious step to help found a new republic.

CHAPTER IX

HIS CABIN HIS CASTLE

THE frontier cabin of America should be emblazoned upon her coat of arms. The historical movement of this cabin across the whole of the American continent from the first built by the English at Jamestown in 1607 to the last built on the final frontier of Alaska has always heralded the vanguard of civilization. When we think of the frontiersman, wherever he may be, we see the cabin with its fort-like aspect and its primitive rifleman protected behind its heavy walls; of its peaceful smoke filling the valley showing a home under duress — but a home nevertheless — making a way in the wilderness for the mighty tread of civilization.

It is the emblem of the American, this cabin. It is individual. It is like no other cabin on earth. It appeals to every true American and awakens quickened visions of upstanding men, fearless fighters, determined home-makers, invincible republic builders. At once it suggests danger, hardship, endurance, and courage; poverty also but happiness.

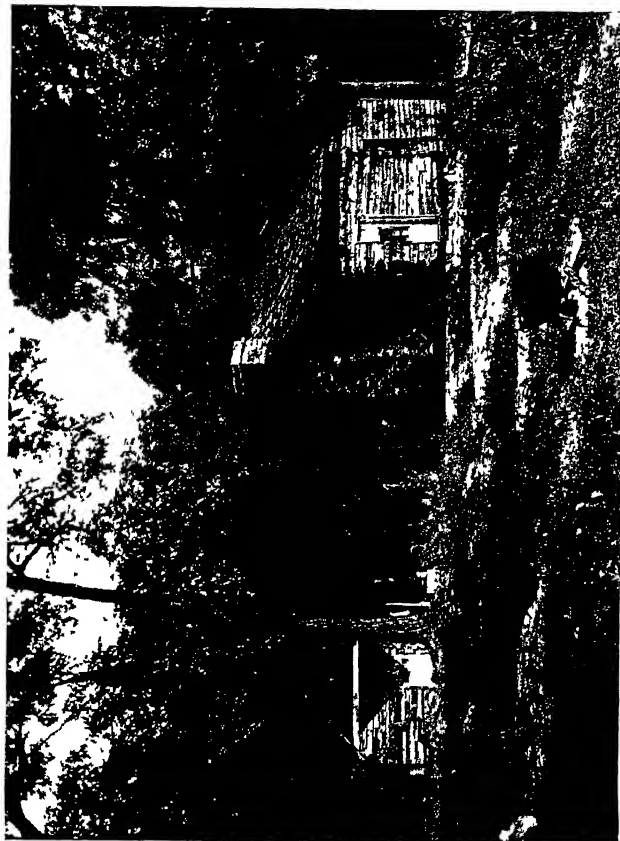
It suggests clean-mindedness and good citizenship. It implies the loss of the sordidness which often goes hand in hand with the wealth of a country — and ours is wealthy. It has its appeal for Americans because, somehow, they feel that they were better men in those homes. The temptations of congested living were not there in the wilderness. Death lurking around the corner every day will make men — and

women — alert. As it is written in our hearts so it should be emblazoned over our national doorways.

We recall many famous Americans born in these cabins: Jackson, Lincoln, Boon, Shelby, Robertson, Crockett, Houston, Blount, Custer, McKinley, Xavier, Nancy Ward, Eleanor Dare, York; in fact the list might be indefinitely continued down to Spencer who lived in a hollow tree. Practically all of our frontier leaders of the Old South came from humble cabins, and certainly all of the leaders in Smoky Mountain history lived in them. From Jamestown to Nome, from Kaskaskia to Baton Rouge they have dotted the continent.

As the cabins were in the thrilling days of Xavier, Boon, and Crockett, so are they yet in the Great Smokies. We find no gilded palaces in these big hills. The cabins that hold within their walls all the romance of frontier days — many of them built a hundred years ago — are of plain hewn logs. Good stout logs they are from virgin timber hacked out with the patient, sure blows of the axe.

They not only sent out fearless men who curbed the rampant redskin with a pretty stiff bit, but also furnished eagle-eyed sharpshooters for battle. At Loos, Longueval, Ypres, and the Argonne Wood, along with their Scot kinsmen from the Cheviot and Grampian Hills, many of them fell with their smoking rifles in their hands. They are now buried in little crude cemeteries dotting the obscure coves of our Smoky Mountains, while their fathers, who fought the Indian, cherish little crumpled bits of bright-colored ribbon attached to medals of honor given them by the nations of Europe and by our own. All came from humble mountain cabins that



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A TYPICAL MOUNTAINEER'S CABIN

film their thin wisp of smoke upward into the thin, pure air of the highlands.

The Anglo-Saxon's home in the wilderness of former days was literally his castle. He built it primarily with the idea of defense. He was living in bloody strife with the Indian and the French, as well as his English relatives who undertook to compel him. Ensconced behind heavy timbers, well-hewn and solidly set, with only a couple of small port-holes for windows and these encased in heavy shutters, he could fight as long as his provisions held out.

This was literally the case with many forts, such as those at Loudon and Watauga Old Fields settlements, except that their tall stockades were rimmed with sharpened logs set upright in the ground and the house of the settler and militiaman combined was set against the inside so that he could battle, every man to his own household; a platform connected each fighting unit so that defenders could be concentrated at any threatened point within the enclosure.

But many intrepid settlers undertook to brave the Indians and their French and English allies within their own homes, or group of homes built near each other for mutual protection. Necessarily, the house itself must be his castle, and right sturdily was it built. A very few of them were constructed so that the upper story overhung the lower, or basement frame, offering the added advantage of enabling the defenders to fire directly down upon attackers.

These old cabins had no especial need for windows for ventilation, for sufficient air crept through the interstices of the logs where 'chinking' did not

entirely close the cracks. The 'chinking' between the logs was accomplished with various bits of clapboarding or chips set in soft, sticky yellow clay or a matrix of moss and clay. Many times the sleeper found himself almost covered with miniature snowdrifts upon waking from slumber in the morning, or with frozen breath sheeting his 'coverlids.' His cabin proved to be his sleeping porch also. Porches and rocking chairs were later creations of days of ease after war ceased. What hardy men and women this living bred! They were almost proof against exposure.

Handsome chimneys of selected rock, well set, with proper draught stood at the end of a single room. If building rock was scarce a tall pen of carefully laid oak strips was laid in soft clay to the peak of the house and above it, firing hard in the heat. Mountaineers in general object to the use of this chimney, owing to the risk of fire, unless the whole structure is firmly set upon a base of stone or slate. Slate was always used for the base of the chimney because it would not 'bust' or burn out.

A study of Smoky Mountain cabins of to-day virtually gives their history, since very few of them have suffered any material change except in additions of sawed lumber to furnish more commodious quarters for a growing family or to allow a 'spare' or guest room. These cabins were generally warm because of their thick walls. One characteristic the visitor may not understand and that is the open door even in very cold weather. Whether this is an expression of the desire for freedom of movement or curiosity as to passers on the trail, the author could never determine; it certainly could not be the desire

for fresh air! Only in the severest weather is this door closed.

But a roaring wood fire genially fills the fireplace behind the 'dog-irons'—shaped like a dog?—and the customary handforged shovel and fire tongs stand beside the chimney with the leather bellows for starting a recalcitrant blaze. The characteristic smell of wood smoke that greets the nostrils of the visitor is inescapable. The certain odor of snuff about the hearthstone is contributed by the women users of the household. Some of these fine old Scotch backwoodsmen use it also, but they take it in the old-fashioned way snuffed up the nostrils; not from silver mounted snuff boxes but from the little round tin 'drum' they buy at the cove store! 'Uncle' George Powell, of Cade's Cove, was one of these addicts; he could also knit socks in the old-fashioned Scotch way.

Great puncheons, two or three inches thick, rumble under the footstep even if one walks ever so carefully over the floor. These were hewn from great poplar slabs usually and sometimes they were bored at the sills and pegged tightly with dowels. Every sill, sleeper, and puncheon was carefully hewn with the loving inspiration of the new homebuilder.

Small, ladder-like stairs mount upward at the immediate side of the 'fireplace' to mysterious regions above, the 'loft.' Here some of the younger members of the family slept. The very tiny ones either retired with their parents or were snugly tucked away in an odd little trundle bed which was shoved under the larger bed of the older folks. But, generally, all of the family, including visitors, slept in one room! This custom—due to the lack of

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space, of course — led to many an embarrassment on the part of the visitor or local school teacher — whether man or woman — not thoroughly accustomed to disrobing, in the presence of others; while the members of the family gathered about the fireside showed no intention of going to bed at all. In fact that privilege was assigned as a courtesy to the guest *first!* But custom and environment produce many manipulations of the acrobatic order even as the modern Pullman does.

At least the unacquainted could cause no more commotion than the Tennessean who was visiting his friends in North Carolina and was asked to go on a railroad trip which involved a night in a sleeping-car. When asked politely by the porter if he desired to retire, he answered in the affirmative, though he could see no bed. But, after the miniature bunk was presented to view, the lodger disappeared. The rear door of the Pullman opened rather suddenly a few moments later and a mountaineer's voice rang through the car: 'Everybody shet their eyes. Here comes old Tennessee and Nawth Ca'liny too!' He was carrying his clothes on his arm!

The loft of the mountain cabin is usually redolent with the odor of drying herbs and simples, or strings of red pepper and cornfield beans, in the slow dehydrating process of other days. Our settler was a firm believer in primitive medicine, and a small bottle of 'balsam' from the blisters of 'she'-balsam on the high mountains was one of his most prized possessions for 'kidney trouble'; — sometimes it was even administered to raw, open sores to hasten their healing. 'Gall of the earth' was another very bitter root which was a cure-all for many complaints. He

also made castor oil from the castor bean and 'sang' — ginseng — was almost as effective for him as rejuvenation glands transplanted by the Austrian scientists of to-day.

Up here in the loft also were piles of shelled corn which attracted nocturnal tribes of wood- or pack-rats, swarms of buzzing wasps were eternally busy with nest-inspection, or 'dirt-daubers' — mud wasps — worked with their tiny air hammers laying new arching corner-stones of dried mud. Altogether, the loft is the most interesting place in the house. Here one may find an old calfskin, or buckskin, covered trunk full of ancient papers — as the Xavier papers were found by Ramsey — or land grants of other days. A dusty loom may be uncovered, stored away here forever, driven out by the competition of the more modern prints which are cheaper and more colorful — to the mountaineer. Even as jean was supplanted by denim until the official uniform of the Smokies to-day is the blue 'overhauls' — overalls — jean itself supplanted buckskin in earlier days.

But the wonderful patterns these old looms have turned out! Perhaps one fine day the interested visitor may be able to persuade 'Aunt Clarindy' or 'Aunt Marthy Ann' to get her 'man' to dust off her loom and she will begin weaving such famous designs as 'The Battle of Monmouth' or 'Hearts and Flowers' or a 'coverlid' of 'Thunder and Lightnin' '!'

The spinning wheel may be more handy and, as it is still used to-day in Big Greenbriar Cove, the 'woman' of the household may be induced to pose for her 'photograff' beside it. If the visitor would like to have a pair of real woolen socks, here is his chance, for she will 'card' the wool and spin it for

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him, but not for pay! Oh, no! She would be glad to give them to him. If he cared to offer her a 'present' of say 'whatever's right' that's different! She tells very interestingly of the weaving of jean — wool with cotton 'chain' — for her 'man's' breeches. This cloth, tough as buckskin, but not nearly so soft, was then dyed with walnut juice or 'dye-rock' — ochre — and it had the texture of very fine-grained sandpaper. Needless to say that to a man not accustomed to underwear! — well, he preferred the soft buckskin of his own tanning if he could kill a deer. Many of these 'fustian breeks' were stiff enough to stand alone and, if bagged at the knees — which they invariably were — and stood upon the cabin floor, had the appearance of a man in suspended animation about to do the broad jump flat-footed!

Deer also furnished rawhide for moccasins in the old days and a chronicler in camp with Daniel Boon stated that owing to the fact that these rawhide moccasins were not waterproof it 'was an odd sight to see the campfire ringed with stakes upon which these moccasins were drying so they would be ready for use on the morrow!' Indeed, one noble backwoodsman was so put to it by dire necessity that he 'sat up all night fashioning a new pair, tanning the leather with the deer's brains,' working it with his hands until it was soft and pliable and then cutting it into shape and sewing it with thongs from the deer's tendons.

The spinning wheel, invented by an Englishman about 1550, was in general use among the American colonists who made their own wheels or employed a wheelwright to make them. Even the Cherokee Indians around the Smokies were taught its use when



POSING FOR HER PHOTOGRAPH WITH THE
FLAX-WHEEL

they were the wards of the English government before the American War of Independence and became expert weavers and spinners. A famous Cherokee wheelwright of North Georgia furnished most of the wheels for the Qualla Reservation and his beautiful creations were much sought after by both white and redskin spinners. Many a honeymoon couple in their new cabin were given this useful gift.

Up here in the loft, too, the intimate visitor may inquire as to the cause of certain scars upon the logs to be told that 'Gran'pap fired at the Indians' through a crack in the logs and the scars denote the redskin's spiteful reply! Such bullet marks are rarely, if ever, caused by feudmen in the Smokies, for, strangely enough, these great mountains have been free of this particular scourge of undying hate that has characterized other mountain precincts, such as the Cumberlands. Truly, it may be said that there is very little envy or jealousy of any sort among these Scotch-Irish folk of the big hills.

The author has heard of only two 'feuds' which have resulted in killings or ambushades where parties have waylaid each other in the trails, and these were unquestionably traced to 'blockade' liquor and -in-laws; they were short and swift while they lasted and could be classed only as family quarrels in which no outsider was concerned. The clannish spirit of the Anglo-Saxon maintains here, so let him beware who offends them as a race!

Every log of the frontier cabin was hewn with great care and precision and expertly 'scribed' at the corners for the neatest fitting. It is a common occurrence to hear a mountaineer say of a certain expert cabin builder, 'He was the best scribe I ever seed!'

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By this is meant that when this man's logs were set, owing to careful measure and hewing, they fitted perfectly at once with very little alteration; and this meant quite a saving in work when the heavy beams must be lifted into place by many men, or with a team of oxen and a block and 'tickle,' as many term it. Fortunate was the home-builder who had only to roll the heavy timbers over on the others a little for a slight trimming and was not compelled to take them down entirely.

So, the custom of 'log-raisin'' was quite an event for the frontier home-builders. A great barbecue was generally prepared for the willing workers who came for miles over the Smoky Mountain trails with their rifles. Fun ran rampant at these times. There were many willing hands and some not so disposed; these latter were twitted a great deal and were the butts of many good-natured jokes.

'Gals' were plenty to serve their men, and many a log-raising was the scene of a wilderness courtship. The newly-weds were also the victims of rough fun. Venison was spitted and roasted, and if the roof was not placed the first day, the company camped out under rough lean-tos made of the bark of the great trees that went into the cabin while sentinels paced the trails watching for the ever-skulking Indian. The sleepers placed their Decherds or Beans handily so that they could instantly be used at the first alarm. Often a great pot of bear meat, with its appetizing flavor of wild onions, or 'ramps,' was stewed, and other meat was added as the hunters brought in game of all sorts to serve the needs of the workers. He who works must eat and the back-woodsmen often chided the slackers who were found to possess excellent appetites at any rate.

Boards were split for the roof from straight-grained oak by means of a 'frow' — Hallowell's 'Primitive and Archaic English' gives the definition as a 'contentious woman,' but the 'splitting' use is not defined! — and placed always in the dark of the moon as boards put up in the 'increase' of the moon invariably cupped or warped! The mountaineer always remarks about a 'cupped' roof, 'Ah, them boards was split and laid in the increase of the moon!' and nothing can make him believe otherwise. The boards themselves were twice the length and size of ordinary shingles and were very heavy.

Where 'imported' iron nails were not to be had at first, these roofing boards were made much longer and tied down by long poles anchored to the ridge-poles at each end, or rocks were laid upon the tying poles Swiss fashion. After crude forges and smelters were built in the Smokies, as at Pigeon Forge, every nail was forged and headed by hand. Some of these hand-made nails are to be seen in the older cabins of the big hills.

Fortunate was he who possessed an adze and an auger, for these utensils were highly useful in building cabins. Some few door latches and hinges were fashioned out of soft iron, but for the most part not only the latches were made of heavy oak, but the hinges also, and the latter heralded far and wide the entrance and departure of a member of the household if not assiduously greased with soft soap from the soap gourd. A leather thong was attached to the latch and thrust through a small hole in the door giving rise to the hospitable expression, 'You uns come to see us. Our latch string's on the outside!'

And this humble string truly illustrates the hos-

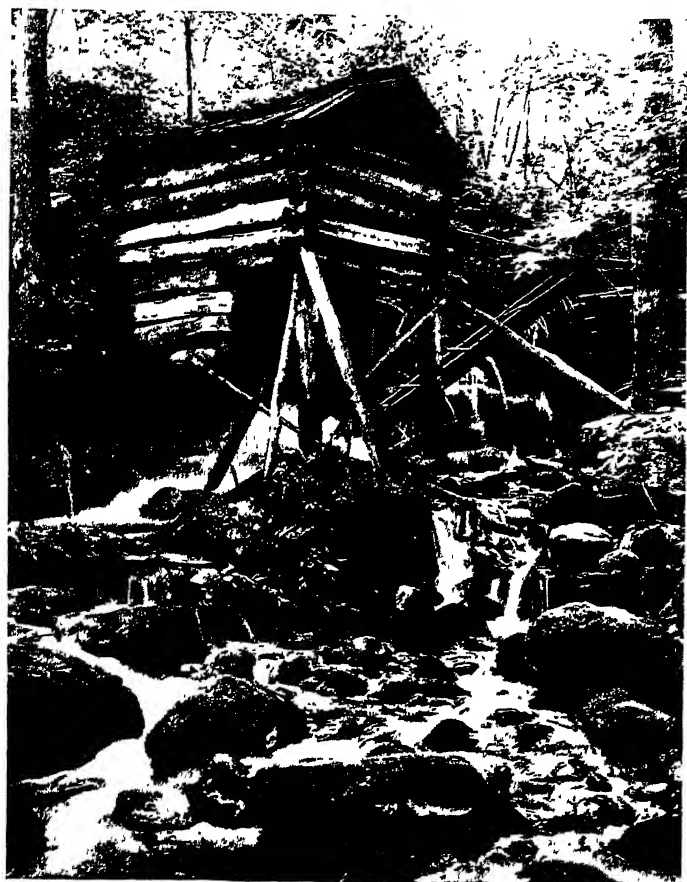
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pitality of the southern mountaineer, for he will entertain friend and foe alike. He never turns a caller away from his door and his all belongs to the guest, little or much. He has been known to deprive himself and his family in order to give the best of comfort to his friendly visitor.

The author very keenly remembers the loud lament set up by one particular youngster of a backwoods family as he ate a solitary meal by the light of a pine knot thrust between the logs of a mountain cabin in Spruce Flats. One plate and a spoon constituted the utensils with which he ate his fried chicken, but that fried chicken supper soon lost its attraction, for it consisted of the martyred pet rooster of the aforesaid youngster whose sorrow was inconsolable. At his expense the very best had been furnished for the visitor.

After the log-raising was over and the roof covered, generally a backwoods dance tested the staying powers of the new puncheon floor to the tuneful jigs of some borderer's fiddle. Backwoods liquor, or rum from Charleston, tested their equilibrium in doing the wilderness Charleston in the form of certain Irish jigs and Scotland flings combined, but the old covenanters frowned on these things, and if the event was not broken by the cry of 'Indians' it usually ended in a goodnatured rough-and-tumble fight. The contestants in these combats were always compelled to 'make up' afterward, as man power was a very valuable asset in parlous times and external foes kept it so.

It was the religion of the borderman, combined with his daily facing of danger, which kept him true. He had suffered too much on account of both. His



PRIMITIVE MOUNTAIN GRIST-MILL ON MILL CREEK NEAR
MOUNT LE CONTE

fathers had fought State religion under Charles I, and after this English gentleman's wig had been clipped close behind his ears, they had formed a Parliamentary Government for England, endeavoring to prevent a conflict which they foresaw would split England's power, but were unsuccessful. They had fought the Catholic in northern Ireland's border warfare for the same reason. So when Sunday came they assembled on the new puncheon floor for services, singing the hymns of Calvin which filled the wilderness with wild sweet music.

Many came for the event, carrying their rifles. The preacher stood his rifle in a corner, very gravely hung his shot pouch and powder horn on the corner of the improvised pulpit, opened his well-worn Book which had seen many campaigns in northern Ireland and Scotland, and as one chronicler puts it, 'preached most alarming but with some profit!'

What deep-throated amens must have come from the men in deerskin doublets and tasseled hunting shirts, and how unerringly the bullets of argument must have found their mark. If the redskin in the brush could have understood what it was all about he would have capitulated then and there. These services generally lasted all day and no one left! So much for the Indians! And so much for the religious fervor of the old Covenanter who wrote his agreement back in Scotland with blood from his veins! His text must have been around the theme of Elijah's vision with the young man Elisha, 'And they that be for us are more than they that are against us!'

After the great events of the log-raising were at an end, the various settlers of the States of Tennessee and North Carolina shouldered their rifles and went

home to their crops to see what mischief the Indian had concocted during their absence, or perhaps went to another barbecue to repeat the performance, for many were the homes being built during those stirring times in the wilderness of the Smokies. The backwoodsmen left the completion of their friend's cabin to his own personal whims and fancy.

These little individual conceits took many ingenious forms. Crooked laurel roots often furnished unique racks and hooks to hang things on. Perhaps a pair of Indian chickens were left the bridal couple, or a tame 'wild' turkey such as 'Uncle' Henry Stinnett possessed at the 'Spicewoods' cabin; this turkey 'Uncle Henry' had raised from an egg. The fowl's natural instincts called her to the woods every spring but she faithfully returned every autumn to peck at flies around the kitchen stove. Her favorite perch was upon the roof of his cabin where she would watch for hawks and take after them if they came too near the chickens in the side yard.

The horns of the deer slain for the barbecue often went up over the 'fireboard' — mantel — to hold the borderer's most priceless possession, his rifle. This weapon represented no small outlay. Its cost approximated one hundred dollars and even more if it was an especial example of the gunmaker's art and it had the maker's name set in a silver plate in the barrel such as 'Decherd,' a famous Pennsylvania gunmaker; or 'Mills,' his apprentice; or 'Bean,' of the Watauga Settlement; or those of his sons, James or Baxter; or 'Strutton,' or others equally famous.

These important instruments of death pitched a tiny ball with very flat trajectory and required a minimum of powder. They were prizes which the

Indian always sought after, for it made him more dangerous in war and increased his peltries considerably. If the Indian could kill a white man and thus capture his rifle, he was distinguished among his fellows thereafter. If he could not succeed in trading the white man out of his rifle, which was valued above all else, his next alternative was to lie in wait and murder his enemy at his plough, or riving boards for his home in the woods, or hunting.

One settler became aware that an Indian was following him in the brush, but, not knowing the redskin's exact location, resolved to discover it. He suspected that a certain tree shielded the savage, and, rushing by it as if to go on his way, turned quickly as the redskin was in the act of raising his tomahawk, plunged his hunting knife into the Cherokee to the hilt, scalped him, and carried the bloody trophy home. It was all in the work of the day.

These fine rifles that hung over the 'fireboard' of the settler's cabin meant not only defense, but provision for the daily wants of his household, for the big game of the woods was so plentiful that it was not difficult to stalk. Boon lay in wait near the Salt Licks of Kentucky, sprang upon the wild buffalo, and killed them with his hunting knife. It were just as useless to try to borrow a backwoodsman's wife as to ask for the loan of his rifle.

Every gun had its pet name, as Daniel Boon's 'Old Betsy' or Walker's 'Old Death.' The 'Betsies' of those days shot about seventy balls to the pound, while Walker's gun of immense bore, built for bear-hunting, pitched only about thirty-five per pound,

and was as long as its owner, who was over six feet in height. 'Uncle' George Powell, of Cade's Cove, flattered Boon's memory by naming his famous flintlock 'Old Betsy' also.

There were other implements belonging to the gun that hung on the same peg with it, contained in the shot pouch. The bullet mould of the ball which the gun projected was often left at the fireside where the owner had been accustomed to melting up new projectiles for the Indian hunt or the chase. There was 'patching,' the 'twister' for removing obstructions, the buck tip which accurately measured charges, tallow, flints of various sorts and sizes for the lock, 'pickers' for priming the 'touch hole,' and many other little individual conceits of the owner's contrivance.

Boon was captured by the Indians once when he was going on horseback to the Salt Licks of Kentucky with two kettles to boil out salt for his neighbors on the Yadkin. The salt gourd was a very essential article of every household and had to be kept filled. It was filled very often with rock, or 'alum' salt — so called by settlers — which was powdered in a mortar or dissolved into brine which was allowed to evaporate, leaving the crusty deposit.

Besides presiding over the salt gourd the 'woman' of the household had other light diversions, such as sweeping with the heavy hickory split broom made from a single piece of wood. The author has seen these made in the mountains and marvels at the patient craftsmanship required to split a great white maul into thin ribbons, which were tied around the middle allowing them to spread much like a worn 'toothbrush' of the mountain woman. White oak

and hickory 'splits' also made very excellent baskets and bottoms for chairs. The high old-fashioned settle for the living-room fireplace was rarely used in the Smokies; there wasn't room for it. Instead, a small bench might find its place by the wall. The visitor really marvels at the lack of furnishings in the mountain cabins. A mountain man when questioned about this replied, 'Our wants is simple an' ef they was a fire I guess we'd be less desolated!'

One noticeable characteristic of more modern times is the use of newspaper for papering cabin walls; the most striking pictures, such as brightly colored tomato-can labels, are placed in prominent places, and the colored reproductions satisfy the desire for decoration in lieu of framed works of art. The author was flattered to notice on one occasion a picture of his own handiwork so honored unintentionally. The hanging of it thrilled him with a secret pleasure which he doubts a noted gallery of art could duplicate.

A very necessary contraption, ignored in literary annals, was the 'ash-hopper.' This was built in V-shaped form, with its frame, out of heavy boards concentrating within a drain very similar to a square funnel, so to speak. In this were deposited wood ashes from the chimney; water was filtered through it, producing an amber-colored concentrated lye which was mixed with fat or grease and used as 'soft soap.' The product was the texture and color of blue clay and usually too odoriferous even for the rugged tastes of the average backwoodsman.

Another makeshift, where necessity was the mother of invention, if not the stepmother, is the ever-present sled. One does not find a single mountain

home of to-day without this odd method of transport for wood, and many times it is used for general hauling. Because of the narrowness and steepness of the trails it becomes the only possible vehicle for carrying loads from one place to another. Its two runners are made of stout oak curved slightly upward at the front ends. The rigid frame is mortised into the runners and a hook for a 'single-tree' is handy for hitching the horse or ox or jennet. One cannot help being reminded of its primitive origin at every sight of this unique contrivance; though there is no snow or ice in the summertime, it goes merrily upon its way, awkwardly sliding over root and stone and dry mountain path.

The borderman was always an adept in many contrivances, one of which was 'piggin,' barrel, and keg making. The 'piggin,' as old as Chaucer himself, was an odd pail, of red cedar usually, with the handle on one side made of an extended stave with a 'hand holt' cut in it. Its principal use was to 'tote' water from the spring or to hold milk for the primitive milkmaid. Kegs were made from red cedar and barrels from oak. The backwoodsman used a very ingenious instrument similar to a compass plane which 'scribed' the edges of his wooden staves already pressed into position so that they fitted with airtight perfection. Pliable hoops of first growth white oak or hickory, lapped and notched at the ends in order to hold, were tightly driven down on the finished creation.

The wonder of the ages is the hollow tree 'bee-gum.' The mountaineer sought in the woods for a hollow tree of suitable size; usually one which was charred by fire was preferred. This was sawed into

sections and two supports for the honey were driven through holes in the sides criss-cross fashion and about a foot apart from the middle. This finished 'gum' was capped with a slanting roof, to keep out the weather, and the lower end set snugly upon a flat rock and notched on one side for an entrance for the captive workers. The workers themselves were usually taken in spring from a wild-bee-tree, chopped down and robbed of its sweet store. Wild-bee hunting was an exciting sport because of the pointed remarks of the bees, when disturbed, in defense of their home. A dense, heavy wood smoke assisted the robbers. The queen was always carefully preserved in order to guarantee the contentment of the colony in their new quarters in the frontiersman's side yard. Bee-trailing was an art in itself. In one shed in the Smokies were 256 of these hollow tree 'gums,' preserved and developed by one mountain homesteader in Cade's Cove. 'Poplar-blossom honey' was the most prized, and fortunate was he who lived near a grove of 'tulips,' for that was guarantee that the honey would possess the much-desired ambrosial essence. Honey was, in many ways, used as a substitute for sugar in the household. In later days the visitor was given his choice as to 'long sweetenin' — honey — or 'short sweetenin' — crude brown sugar. Out of this custom grew a very amusing experience of two guests who were asked to stay for dinner at a mountain cabin.

After seating themselves the two were requested to 'retch and take!' — in other words, 'help yourself.' 'We hain't got much, but ye're welcome to what we have!' was the hospitable invitation. When it came to so-called 'coffee,' which was in reality a

cheap grade of chicory, the agreeable hostess asked the usual question, 'long sweetenin' or short?'

'Short,' one of the men guessed, since he didn't wish to appear ignorant of backwoods custom. His hostess picked a lump of sugar from the bowl, bit off half of it, and deposited the remainder in his cup. This action did not escape his companion, who very readily answered the repeated question as to his sweetening by quickly replying, 'long sweetening, please!' The obliging hostess stuck her finger in a dish of honey, swabbed it about until it had a generous acquisition and wiped it off on the edge of the second cup and passed it down the table with a smile!

Curious and quaint are many customs and the big hills would not be what they are without them. One of these the author participated in unwittingly. He was invited to take a certain seat at a table where lumberjacks were being temporarily entertained in a mountain home. Great, strapping fellows they were, in mackinaws, and with 'cutter' nails in their boots leaving an imprint in the sanded cabin floor at every step. After being courteously seated by the host, who was a fine type of mountaineer, the cruiser made a grumbling remark.

'What d'ye say?' interjected the mountain man at once.

'I said "he got my place"!'.

The host boiled in an instant. 'H—I! You hain't got no "place"! Nobody's got any "place" at this table an' I want that deestinctly understood. This is no boardin' house, young feller! This is my table and hit's a free country. Them as don't like hit can feel free to step outside! I don't want no loggin'-



SUGAR-MILL IN THE SUGAR LANDS NEAR ELKMONT



A ROW OF 'BEE-GUMS'

Made of sections of hollow trees, notched at the base for entrances

camp manners 'round hyar and I ain't a-goin' to have 'em nuther!' — with a plaintive accent on the 'nuther'!

Whew! That was the true frontiersman's resentment at modern manners with a vengeance! It dated back to England, and the mountaineer was of English descent too. King George must have turned over in his grave.

With all due respect to ignorance of mountain cooking, the visitor may not fancy a certain sort of 'pie' with which he may be served at any meal of the day — perhaps for breakfast. It is a conglomeration, a 'mommick' or 'gaum,' to use mountain terms, of boiled dough and either apples or peaches with NO sugar! Biscuits, however, are many times only for the delectation of visitors, as the mountaineer's staff of life is cornbread. The former are of a healthy size and may require the original French process of 'twice-cooking' before they are done, yet, with his appetite sharpened by the keen mountain air, the guest may finally be able to encompass their generous proportions.

More generally he will find corn 'pones,' for great fields of corn seem to be the unfailing source of food for both man and beast. Rarely, if ever, is wheat raised; sometimes buckwheat is seen, but this usually is the source of harvest for bees, without which no mountain cabin is complete. The cornfields fill every cove and mountain-side with their rapier-like blades and with an accompanying sweet perfume. Corn furnishes meal for bread, fodder for stock, and sometimes also conflicts with the Volstead Act.

In this connection a certain tale is told about a neighbor of a mountain settler who called with a

jug in a sack and asked to buy some 'corn.' The homesteader asked, as a matter of course, 'quart er bushel?'

'Cracklin' bread' in the winter time is a much more palatable form than the sodden slugs of water and cornmeal which sometimes weight the eater down to the depths of gastronomic despair. 'Cracklin's' are made from the brown crusted residue of rendered lard or grease and are used for seasoning an otherwise unpromising 'mommick' of water-ground meal (i.e., corn ground in the primitive mountain mill, the possession of every mountain cabin). The Indian's method of grinding his meal for 'kanahena,' or 'tamfuli,' was by the use of a primitive mortar and pestle. In peregrinations around the Smokies one comes occasionally upon curious relics of frontier days high up on a smooth shelving rock which may be dotted with puddle-like holes where grinding was done by the redskin, under a shadowing beech or near a mountain stream.

But the inventive settler learned to harness the plentiful water power going to waste under his nose. He hitched it to quaint little 'rat-power' mills which hang over many churning rapids like some curious sort of water-ousel's nest. At every turn of their turbines, these little mills shake from stem to stern, but they accomplish the duty allotted to them and many of them throb violently the nights through in order to finish their appointed tasks. Mountaineers use the mills of their neighbors, never forgetting to leave a 'todnick' or toll for the use of the owner, thereby quaintly paying their rent according to an unwritten law of frontier days.

The machinery of these quaint water-power affairs

is always fashioned by hand and their stones chiseled out of great round and flat boulders of the hardest metamorphosed mica conglomerate, dragged often from the stream beds by a yoke of oxen. The 'flutter wheel' which drives the machinery is a form of turbine, though the containing box is often not cased up and is no larger than a common dishpan. Often the flume chute is a hollow log! The frontier artificer always made use of such advantages as he possessed and necessity always was the mother of invention.

The main article of mountain diet three times a day may consist of boiled white beans seasoned with fat bacon. The bacon itself fried and submerged in thick flour gravy — or plain — composes the other dish. There may be one other dish of 'gravelled' potatoes cooked whole with the same bacon gravy, or, in season, cooked with green 'cornfield' beans. Butter there is, if there is a cow. The butter is usually white owing to boiling water having been applied to the churn to hasten the process started with patient, labored strokes of a dasher which has been packed with a ring of splash cloth at the plunger hole.

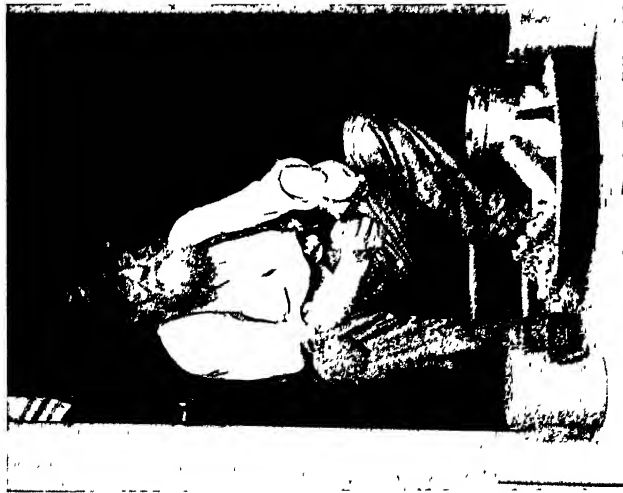
There is no danger of gout on the backwoodsman's diet. It seems to furnish plenty of man-power, for the writer has seen wiry big hill men take up a sack of brown sugar weighing over a hundred pounds and walk apparently without effort up the longest and steepest ridges, declining any assistance and making light of the matter.

Under the floor of the Smoky Mountain cabin, covered by the thick puncheons which are easily lifted aside, is the proud store of 'preserves,' wild

gooseberries, huckleberries, and peaches, in jars. Here are also great five and ten gallon jars filled with a fermenting mixture of cucumber 'pickles' in a combined fluid of soured honey and water, or molasses and water, with a small admixture of cloves, perhaps. It is supposed to turn to vinegar, but rarely does in time or eternity. Lengthy pilgrimages to certain ridges or coves in the upper mountains which contain a wealth of either huckleberries or wild gooseberries are made by parties of mountain folk bent on laying up their winter store of much-treasured preserves. In answer to questions propounded by each other as to the best 'pickin's' they will say about a favorable quantity of either berries, 'They's *of* 'em on Miry,' or in the Sugarlands, or Pine Mountain — wherever the location may be — meaning by the expression 'plenty.' If the mountain folk ever are amiss in their production of garden 'sass' it is due to a lack of custom, for the ground they possess could grow the most wonderful vegetables in the world.

Here under the floor, maybe, mixed among other innocent-looking jars, one may find a jug of mountain 'dew' — a pre-Volstead concoction. The word 'Pre-Volstead' is used advisedly for *no one* ever makes blockade liquor! And, furthermore, no one is supposed to ask whether it is made in a laurel-covered thicket near by where musically 'trinkles' a crystal mountain stream. That deep and mysterious information it is the privilege of the host to impart of his own accord, or not, in accordance with his own discerning judgment of the comer.

If the guest is suspected of being a 'revenuer' or is 'agin' the practice, the aforesaid secret will remain a secret to the end of time, whether or not the



PREPARING MOUNTAIN HONEY FOR THE MARKET
Cutting out the 'bee-bread'



WILD-GOOSEBERRY-PICKERS, CADE'S COVE

visitor can make shrewd surmises as to the frequent 'toting' of various sacks of meal and sugar to a secluded spot. His common sense at least tells him that there is no cabin on this trail and, even if there were, enough provisions are being carried there to support a logging camp of husky timber bruisers. At least the guest will not be asked to make a visit even in the region of the aforesaid spot unless the backwoodsman absolutely trusts his new friend.

One of my mountain friends asked that a photograph be taken of 'Old Huldy,' meaning the aforesaid machine. There was a humorous twinkle in his eye as he made the request, which was politely refused. The explanation to him was logical enough to convince him that sometimes even the best of friendships would not stand the strain *if* a raid was made, subsequently, when even the best of friends would not be above suspicion. The author had been on both sides of the mooted question and had raided considerably with the 'revenueurs' and he did not wish to be unjustly accused because of his former associations! We parted better friends than ever!

The frontierer is a handy man with tools, metal, and wood, and if he uses this knowledge to twist a copper worm and to fashion a 'flake-stand' out of a hollow stump and rivets together plates for a copper retort, that is decidedly his business, and so is the penalty, for that matter, with the 'sheriff' with whom he has to deal. He brought this knowledge from Scotland where distilleries flourished and if he is to blame it is because he has not quite caught up to the trend of the times—being some hundred years behind them! If he offers a 'nip' to his es-

teemed guest before breakfast, that is also his way, that of a hundred years ago, of being hospitable and he will certainly not be offended if the guest refuses, for that is the latter's sacred privilege also. Certainly the guest cannot be blamed for a breach of etiquette in refusing to swallow a fiery draught which has the temperature of hot lead and will shake him to his very depths.

So, as *no one* makes blockade liquor in the Smokies, the National Park authorities will have no trouble in enforcing the federal dictum. Even a sufficient forewarning is not necessary, for all men shall be considered gentlemen until found to be otherwise. It might be useful to know that, generally speaking, practically all mountain women are against 'blockading.' In this they are probably a century ahead of their liege-lords.

The man of the mountains is 'overlord' of his premises. Though the woman is greatly neglected, and performs a tremendous amount of hard labor, yet she does not occupy the place of a 'squaw' exactly. If she does not bear children, she is 'weak'; if she cannot hoe corn, or plough, or hold her side of the crosscut saw, she is merely 'not good help to her man'! But she is ashamed to be discovered working in the fields, it may be said to her credit. Secretly she recognizes there is something amiss and lays it to poverty and 'lack of hands.' She is rarely mistreated, except through ignorance, and if she is suffering she finds ready sympathy from her 'man.' There seems to be a deep regard between the two and divorce is rarely known. They may 'separate,' but rarely are the courts required to make the separation legal.

The spinning wheel, brought into the valleys of the Blue Ridge and the Appalachians by those fine guardsmen who battled on the fighting line of civilization with the Indian, the French, and the English, has all but disappeared with the now dust-covered loom. The smoke of the flintlock has faded into the mists of the past; there is nothing left but the cabin with its fine memories of these things. Will it too disappear? Will only the fine specimen of Anglo-Saxon of a hundred years ago be left, or will he also become a tale of yesterday?

The writer was deeply impressed with the solitary grave of a fine sharpshooter of the Argonne by the side of a little chapel in a picturesque cove of the Smokies, upon which lay some brightly colored bits of paper representing flowers, laid there in reverence and respect by loving members of his mountain family. This loose-limbed, stalwart lad of the big mountains, like many others of his acquaintance, had blazed his way on September 29, 1918, through the line established by von Hindenburg as impregnable, shooting with his American rifle as his fathers, who defended forts back in the frontier days of the Smokies against the murderous redskin, had shot their way to glory. He had accomplished the thing for the world instead of the country of his adoption; and for history.

He was a member of the Thirtieth Division, composed of the National Guard of Tennessee and North Carolina, and was now laid to rest in the ground for which he had fought and for which his fathers had struggled so nobly. His father, now more feeble than before, cherished little brightly colored bits of bunting clasped by medals of honor given to the boy by

foreign nations and his own. The writer could not help wondering whether of all this fine Anglo-Saxon race of a hundred years ago there would finally remain only some brightly colored bits of history here and there to speak of his deeds, his heroism, and his sacrifice for his country.

CHAPTER X

OLD-TIME SMOKY MOUNTAIN RIFLES AND RIFLEMEN

IN every cabin of the backwoods republic of the Great Smoky Mountains from the early part of the eighteenth century up to only a few years ago, the slender and artistically modeled flintlock rifle with its 'bird's-eye' maple or ash stock of graceful lines, its unwieldy long barrel of soft iron and longer ram-rod of straight hickory, its shot pouch and powder horn, hung upon pegs of buck horn above the 'fire-board' or mantel. This quaint old flintlock — later many of them were altered to the cap-and-ball type — epitomized the very existence and survival of the old Anglo-Saxon who had moved to a new country to mend his fortunes and to establish the freedom which he desired and did not possess in the boiling political caldron of Europe.

Even back to the first settlement of the English in America at James Town in 1607, the original American was a rifleman in every sense of the word. He had used the Broad Arrow and Crown musket or the Queen Anne musketoon and even the British navy blunderbuss against the enemies who were endeavoring to seek a foothold in his new country. His forbears, many of them, had loaded the old fire-and match-locks against the Catholics and Episcopalians in the Grampian Hills or the rough country of Ulster County, Ireland. So gunpowder made a pleasant incense in his nostrils when he alighted at

the Delaware Breakwater and the Charles Town Capes seeking new country and even Indians, if they disputed his way. He was determined to have elbow room and peace on this globe even if he had to fight for them!

His many descendants who filled the Virginia valleys and the beautiful big blue hills of North Carolina and spilled over the high dam of the Smokies were almost literally born with long rifles upon their shoulders. For that matter, a great many settler women of early America were no molly-coddles. They could shoot straight with the rifles of their men as well as broil deer- or bear-meat or whirl a spinning wheel. Almost from the time a boy was able to shoulder one of these deadly, heavy shooting weapons of the Decherd, or Leaman—of Charlottesville, North Carolina—or of the Bean or Duncan type, he was learning how to fire with 'p'in'-blank' (point-blank) aim or being taught how to load it so it did not 'cut its patchin', or to mould a perfect, spherical bullet so that it did not pitch or 'sail' or drift.

Daniel Boon was only ten years old when his father presented the proud boy with a light type of rifle which he used until he was able to swing one of the big Decherds like his father, only with a great deal better effect. Dan's father was of the fighting Quaker blood and believed also in shooting his way to peace.

The real active warfare against the Indian had its direct inception in the backwoodsman's confidence in the Decherd and Leaman type of rifle. These fire-arms were radically different from the old-smoke-belching, noise-raising, clumsy matchlocks and musketoons of French and English origin which al-

ways kept the triggerman guessing what he was going to hit, if anything, and burned his eyebrows off in the bargain.

The Dechard or Leaman was a small-bore, hard-hitting, long rifle — some of them attaining a length of six feet two inches — of soft iron mined from American hills, drilled by skillful American gunsmiths. It used the minimum of American powder and lead which exactly suited our Saxon-Scotch taste for frugality as well as accuracy. It had a report like a whip—quoting Audubon's description of Boon's Yaddin rifle—and the lash of its missiles cut deep and keen. The British lion had a touch of its sting in 1776 and the Smoky Mountain Cherokees were never without its hot reminder until the Removal in 1838. The French at Fort Duquesne also felt it and even Braddock too when Washington's Colonials, accustomed to Indian warfare, sheltered themselves against the hailstorm of bullets behind trees, spurning the doubtful protection of the British hollow square.

Every cabin of the Smokies possessed this valuable weapon which meant everything in the establishment of a home in a wilderness full of game and prowling Cherokees, Creeks, and Shawanos; to these may be added their allies, French, English, and Spanish invaders. This long rifle was as necessary to the primitive American's home as was the axe, or the salt gourd, or—for that matter—a wife! For, without the rifle, there could be no enduring use for an axe, a salt gourd, or a mistress to reign over an humble cabin in a wilderness surcharged with danger. The more effective the weapon and the surer the woodsman's aim, the greater the stability of all

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things, including even governments that chose to dispute with parental authority across the seas and to stand alone.

It can be truthfully stated that the mountaineer's 'woman' never disputed the supreme place of the rifle in the consideration of every well-regulated backwoods home. She never pouted when her 'man' was required to shoulder it and venture forth into the wilderness in the quest of sustenance or to uphold the rights of a republic. If he did not come home, very well. Such were the mysteries of God. If he was opulent enough to leave a light type of rifle with her for the protection of the household during his absence, she felt safe enough and with mute acquiescence she bade him go. She and the bairns could manage somehow. And they usually did; this was the hard lot of our colonial women. If he returned safely, so much the better, although there was rarely a kiss at the loved one's return; outside of a momentary gleam in his eye, he, too, betrayed no joy in the meeting after months of separation.

Such were the hard days which bred hard men — and women — to all outward appearances, but let it not be mistakenly supposed that they did not love with a fierce and intense passion every minute possession animate or inanimate, even what would be to others the most unimportant knick-knacks. Woe to anyone who interfered with their property. The most disconcerting enmity is that which betrays very little outward sign and these people to-day do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves. They furnish the most dependable and sweetly enduring friendships, and, when it is earned and deserved, the most lasting disregard.

So was the rifle loved, along with all it accompanied or personified, by these stalwart knights of fustian, jeans, and deerskin. The Smoky Mountain rifleman of a few years hence made his own gun from iron dug from his very hills. He was acquainted with every eccentricity of his created weapon, knew its every whim, and shot accordingly. Only the steel, which he could not make, was imported from New England and from Birmingham and Swedish and Belgian factories, 'in Charles Town ship bottoms, or bought from traders along the old Indian Traces. This was paid for in pelts, since currency was scarce. Smoky Mountain settlers were skilled workers with tools. Boon's father was a blacksmith, his grandfather a weaver, and the mighty hunter himself was a wagoner. Many of these backwoods colonials were adepts in many crafts; indeed one man boasted of fourteen separate professions and was in addition skilled in medicine.

So there naturally sprang up many expert gun-makers who showed their talent in the manufacture of these more scientific types of long rifles. They proclaimed their own right to fame in the letters of gold or silver bands set in the long iron barrels of famous flintlocks of their fashioning. Among such we find names to conjure with, such as 'Baxter Bean,' the gun of 'Uncle' George Powell, of Cade's Cove, 'James Bean,' the flintlock of 'Uncle' Sammy Burchfield — Powell's brother-in-law, 'Alfred Duncan,' the famous Marcellus Armstrong gun, 'Dick Strutton,' the old 'Petersburg,' and the 'Gibson,' made by two brothers, Ike and Bill Gibson, of Walden's Creek, in Sevier County. These were best-known among old backwoodsmen. There were many

unnamed guns equally deserving of fame, as artistic and effective, which were entitled to as much honorable consideration, with which their maker-owners shot their way through the wilderness.

They, however, proudly and justly related incidents of exceptional performance and stood ready at any time to prove them, provided they had 'good luck,' as Boon remarked to Audubon on the occasion of exhibiting his marksmanship. And this 'luck' was a fortunate loophole for any adverse case of nerves or faulty 'patchin'! They never deserted their guns at any time, though they suffered the severest hardships. Boon went without bread, sugar, and salt for months while in the Kentucky wilderness, and Crockett likewise while fighting the battles of the irascible Jackson, the Indian hater, or while on a bear-hunting electioneering expedition for Congress.

The rifle of the old Smoky Mountain backwoodsman was his fighting shadow. He never stepped beyond the confines of the deep wilderness without it, and, a significant index of custom, he never does so to this day. When one meets a stalwart mountain man of the present time, one sees the inevitable rifle carried easily and gracefully in the hollow of his arm even as were those of our ancestral deerslayers. It matters not if it be an 'automatic,' a 'pump' gun, a breech- or muzzle-loader; there is the same easy, swinging, alert tread of silence, a frowning at unnecessary noise or the inadvertent snapping of a twig — if hunting — and not the least betrayal of surprise at the most unexpected occurrence; the keen eye, the unerring aim, the firm pressure of finger upon trigger.

The gun of the backwoods settler of the Great



'UNCLE SAMMY' BURCHFIELD AND HIS JAMES BEAN
FLINTLOCK

Note leather cover to keep rain out of the firing-pan

Smokies was as unique and as characteristic as the Anglo-Saxon himself. He had enough individuality in his make-up to fashion a rifle with original lines decidedly artistic as well as effective. It is probably true that Jacob Decherd, Leaman, and others created the rifle which found most general use throughout the southern mid-colonies before and after 1753 but not one of these rifles showed the graceful lines of the so-called 'Kentucky' pattern made at Charlottesville and on the Watauga Settlements which was so much sought after by backwoods riflemen. None of the Pennsylvania gun-maker's masterpieces had that beautifully hollowed and curved butt that is found in Boon's gun or other famous guns, such as the 'Bean' and 'Duncan' and 'Gibson.' Boon carried his famous 'Kentucky' type of gun from North Carolina and it should be more truly called the 'Old Smoky' brand rather than the 'Kentucky,' for this gracefully modelled gun was quite common among the famous hunter's kinsmen and other famous Indian fighters in North Carolina and Tennessee. The Kentucky type was very probably made at Charlottesville, North Carolina, after the Leaman model in Pennsylvania.

The Baxter Bean gun belonging to Powell of Cade's Cove is a splendid example of the Old Smoky flintlock. It was the claim of Uncle George Powell that his gun was made after the Boon pattern and he did Boon the honor of naming his favorite 'Old Betsy' in memory of the noted Yadkin hunter who fought Cherokees all over the Smokies with Sevier.

Previous to the French War and the American Revolution, however, there was, to quote Charles Winthrop Sawyer's 'Firearms in American History':

at this time evolving a distinctively American fire-arm — the long rifle — which, of all firearms . . . had the greatest influence upon history, both American and foreign. Up to this time the world had been content with missile weapons which were not accurate. Each generation had perfected its kind of weapons and believed them to be the best possible. Each generation had produced men so endowed physically and mentally as to be able to get from their weapons all the accuracy of which they were capable. But that did not mean that the weapons were weapons of precision. The bow could send an occasional arrow to the mark, circumstances abetting, but the bowman could never guarantee his shot in advance. . . . *Before the advent of the American rifle there never had been such a thing as even an approach to precision in a weapon of offence*, and, strictly speaking, precision is yet ungained; but, there is, and long has been, a close approach to it. The designers of the American flintlock took the first firm step, and *to American ingenuity and science about every succeeding advance is due*.

It was about 1700, 1710, when the Colonial period was more than half passed, that there came to the eastern part of Pennsylvania and its borders an advance guard of a host of Germans and Palatine Swiss who at home were artisans and many of them gun-makers. Central Europe, which included their home country, was then the only place in the world where rifles were made and used in considerable quantities.

Rifles having either straight or spiral grooving had been constantly in use there since Gaspard Kollner of Vienna became celebrated for rifled guns as early as 1500. And rifles were in the same stage of undevelopment in 1700 as they were two centuries before. They were short, heavy, clumsy, an inch or

so in bore, terrific in recoil, spiralled and deep grooved by guess and not by knowledge of cause and effect, slow to load, more powerful but only a little more accurate than a good smooth bore. The bare lead ball was driven down the barrel by blows of a mallet or hammer upon an iron ramrod, and after the first shot had fouled the barrel the loading of a rifle frequently occupied fifteen minutes or more. The immigrant gunsmiths began in America an immediate output of their wares for use upon the abundant game of their country.

To this might be added, 'including Indians'!

But the shooting conditions in Europe and in America were very different. . . . But in America the pioneer traveled the immense wilderness, dependent upon his weapon for food and life. The weapon must be accurate, and must waste none of its powder charge, hence a long barrel was necessary. Ammunition sufficient for a long period must be carried on the person; hence a small-bore weapon, that charges might weigh little. *It was important that the sound of the shot should be the least possible, that it might not reach the ears of the distant savages;* therefore the barrel needed to contain the greatest possible amount of metal, to absorb sound vibrations, and yet be manageable. Speedy repetition of fire was absolutely necessary if the rifle was to be a competitor of the murderous Indian's bow; hence there must be improvement in seating the ball.

All these changes did not occur at once. Pioneers and gunsmiths consulted and experimented and changed and improved a little at a time here and there until, perhaps as early as 1750, a new form of weapon had come into general use. *This was the long, slender, graceful, heavy, small-bore rifle,* using a ball of an ounce in weight, and in Kentucky times of

half-ounce weight, which could be fired in rapid sequence because the ball was lubricated. Who invented a greased "patch" is now unknown, but it was a stroke of genius, and was the perfect adaptation of means to an end. No heavy iron ramrod, deforming both the ball and the grooves, and no cumbersome mallet was now needed. No great amount of time was used in loading the pioneer's rifle. In the stock of the gun there was a little box with a hinged cover. In it were kept a lot of circular pieces of greased linen or leather, all the same size and cut with a die. The powder being poured into the barrel and the rifle held perpendicular with the butt on the ground, one of the greased patches was laid on the muzzle, concentrically, the ball placed on it, and pressed into the bore with the thumb. Then the light wooden ramrod was drawn from the thimbles, the head put to the ball, and with one long sweep of the arm the lubricated ball slid down the barrel until it stopped upon the powder. A few whangs of the ramrod expanded the ball by flattening it so that it held its position. The powder was fine of grain and quick of ignition; therefore when the rifle was fired the impact of the explosion acting against the inertia of the lead caused the ball to expand circumferentially and, with its cover, fill the grooves, preventing the escape of gas and receiving rotation. Upon exit from the muzzle the unfastened patch became detached from the ball, which flew toward the mark. And so patiently and ingeniously had the pioneers and the gunsmiths experimented, some little idea of the relation of the velocity of flight had dawned upon the new American riflemakers, and, allowing that the distance was under one hundred yards and the area of the mark ten square inches or more, a ball directed by an experienced marksman was *almost sure to find the mark.*

Indeed, a company of Virginians, under command of Captain Crescap, gave an exhibition at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1775, of the straight shooting qualities of the new long rifle. One man held between his knees a board measuring five inches wide by seven inches long on which was placed a bull's-eye of paper the size of a dollar; and his brother, at sixty yards, without rest, planted eight one-ounce bullets in succession through the bull's-eye! This was quite the usual thing for Smoky Mountain riflemen, who potted Cherokees with the same precision or shot wild turkeys by 'braining' them in order to prevent injury to the meat.

To quote Mr. Sawyer further (and what he says here is very important):

Now for the first time there was a weapon which was capable of repeating consecutively for a large number of times its first performance. Now for the first time could an intelligent man be sure of the limits bounding his own capabilities and those of his weapon, and by brains and experience get to know the limits within which he and his weapon could do the same thing time after time, unvaryingly, like a machine. And now, *for the first time in the history of the world* was there a community of men with absolute power of life and death over all others; an aggregation of men without leadership, without realization of their terrific and unconquerable power, living their simple lives and doing their daily duties without ambition for conquest and supremacy. But, unintentionally, unrealizingly, *they were the power that made possible a new nation.*

So much for the invincible gun of our valiant backwoodsmen who, 'without realization of their uncon-

querable power,' stood for independence and 'elbow room' in the mountain fighting against French, English, Spanish, and their Indian allies. American colonial destinies were not materially influenced by these remarkable weapons until the war with England but American rifles and riflemen did quite a bit of execution in the French wars and among the Indian allies of the French — the Iroquois and Shawanos — for some of which they have not properly received recognition, culminating in the tremendous slaughter which Smoky Mountain riflemen inflicted upon their enemies in the Southern Colonies of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. Many of these backwoods gunmen stripped with their rifles the French forts from the Saint Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, although they were practically only one tenth as strong as both their French and English enemies. The enemy savages were always abundantly supplied with French or English muskets as the occasion arose, but these large-bored, clumsy, inaccurate pieces were no match for the slender-barreled, straight-shooting, hard-hitting rifle of the mountain frontiersman.

It was very rare that the wilderness man could ever see more than a part of his adversary, but he made the most of that, and either maimed or killed his enemy who hid behind tree, bush, or rock. One of the Brunswick and Hessian officers, who were fighting the Southern highlanders at that time, wrote that 'the American riflemen are terrible'! Another diary confessed from observation that 'the American riflemen could, in a good light and with no wind, hit a man's head at two hundred yards and his body at three hundred.' General Howe, cooped up in Bos-

ton, wrote to England about the 'terrible guns of the rebels'! He offered a reward among his Britishers for the capture of one of these terrible guns, and very soon one was captured, accouterment and all. He, however, did not count upon curtailing the appropriations for war expenditures in the Colonies when he sent a marksman back to his home country to exhibit the effects of this direful weapon.

In the case of Braddock an officer wrote that his men rarely saw an enemy during hours of fighting! His thirteen hundred soldiers were as helpless as sheep, fighting Indians in the bush where they could not be seen. It was the training which the American received in the Southern Colonies which was so valuable when the time came to shake off the unwise government across the seas. And the bushwhacking American riflemen under Washington were the only things which saved Braddock from utter annihilation. It was the same with the French at Quebec.

To quote Mr. Sawyer further:

It was not New England and New York gun and musket users who did the brunt of the fighting . . . it was mid-colonial riflemen. . . . Great Britain, for one, let the lesson go unheeded. America, naturally, kept on making rifles in proportion to her rapidly increasing population, and their influence upon economics, politics, government, and history, instead of diminishing after the Colonial period, increased with the country's progress and future wars.

There were several primary reasons as we see, beyond possessing a good gun, and besides an iron nerve tempered by a vigorous outdoor life for the old-time Southern mountaineer's unerring marksmanship.

One of course, was his absolute knowledge of his equipment, which he had made with his own hands; another, scarcity of ammunition which trained him to make every shot tell; and last, but not least, was the shooting-match, dealt with in a following chapter.

The first national notice of the Smoky Mountain shooting-match, which thereafter became famous the world over, was when Ferguson, ensconced at King's Mountain, invited some Tennesseans who were engaged in their favorite practice to disperse immediately. The answer of this small company of Tennessean and North Carolinian frontiersmen was the terrible one-hour battle of King's Mountain and the bragging British general's humiliating defeat, his twenty-six hundred trained troops overcome by the galling fire of only nine hundred mountain riflemen shooting the long rifled flintlock.

These famous shooting-matches, conducted up to — and after — the Civil War, were events of the most picturesque and interesting character at which all mountain clansmen gathered. Until such matches were prohibited by modern laws against gambling, they were not only a test of eye and trigger-finger, but a proof of gunmaking ability as well; for it was very often the case that each shooter also made his own weapon. Of course the individual gunmaker's pattern was fashioned after famed shooting weapons of the time, but in the main his marksmanship proclaimed his skill at guncraft too.

The very fact that the Southern mountain frontier gunsmith and marksman could manufacture, at his crude forge, with its scanty, home-made equipment, a short-range firearm of comparatively unvarying

accuracy and hard-hitting qualities, is extraordinary, and no feat to rival it is found anywhere in history. It seems all the more remarkable when one is thoroughly conversant with the circumstances of his environment and his lack of scientific tools.

Considering the infinite expert care with which modern firearms are created, with all the necessary complicated machinery involved, it strains credulity to conceive of the wilderness mountain man not only shaping his rifle barrel and mountings at his crude smithy's shop of logs, but also actually producing the ingots of metal from which they were made. Yet he did it, and did it well.

In his case Necessity was the actual progenitor of a gun, that absolute thing by which he must live and maintain his daily safety. The literal wolf at the door of his cabin supplied sufficient incentive, if any were lacking, after the figurative one was annihilated. Incidentally it might be stated that the figurative wolf has never left his doorway.

The Southern mountaineer gunmaker of colonial times, on up to the Civil War, could not produce steel with his crude blast furnaces. These were fired by gigantic bellows of leather operated by the most primitive, lumbering machinery, driven by the water power of the tumultuous mountain streams. Such smithies as these were found at Pigeon Forge on the Little Pigeon River and in Union County, Tennessee, between Loiston and Paulette, and on Hesse's Creek of the Hurricane country. He was compelled to depend on the stage road from Baltimore and Philadelphia and the great Indian Trace from Charles Town for the small amount of steel which he used.

The blast furnaces at which he smelted the iron ore dug from the mountains were great, ungainly truncated cones of mica conglomerate sometimes measuring sixteen to twenty feet across the base and towering thirty feet high. The necessary air blast was furnished by great leather bellows operated by giant wooden wheels in which were thrust at intervals iron pegs, which in turn moved the bellows levers. The accompanying noise was awesome and echoed from the sides of the mountain gorges often through the long hours of the night when a 'run' of metal was being made from the blast tower. It was from pigs of soft iron thus poured and cast that the resourceful mountain craftsman made his rifle barrel. Mountain men with whom the author has talked about this primitive machinery were inclined to be amused at its appalling clamor.

The immense hammer descending with repeated blows upon a gigantic anvil to hammer into shape the red-hot metal was moved by the same method of wheels and pegs. Said 'Black Bill' Walker, of Walker's Valley, in speaking of the forge: 'I never heerd sech a rackity-rack! Ye'd think the heavens was fallin' down! Them fellers aworkin' thar in the sweat an' gaum reeminded me more of the gate to the bad place! And at night, ye c'd see the red light of hit acrost the mount'ins fer miles an' hear thet hammer thumpin' tell hit seemed to jar the earth into a quake; but thar 's whar I got the metal fer my gun "Ole Death"' — 'Black Bill's' six-foot flintlock that shot a two-ounce ball.

With infinite patience the mountain gunsmith shaped the embryo barrel into the desired octagon, either by welding together the folded edges of a

'scab' of iron a half inch by four inches by four feet, with a cavity left through the center protected by an iron rod, or by boring the entire length of the octagonal piece to the proper caliber for a half-ounce ball or for a No. 1 or No. 2 'buckshot,' using a finely tempered drill — and using it very carefully, be sure of that! The welding of the 'scab' edges to produce a barrel was not a very popular method among mountain gunsmiths, however, for it required too much labor to smooth the inside bore sufficiently to rid it of the ridge caused by welding. In the former operation two bits were used to ream out the crude interior cavity thus formed; these were the 'rag-bit' and the 'long-bit.' Then began the real work; cutting the rifling. This was done skillfully or not, according to the workman's ability.

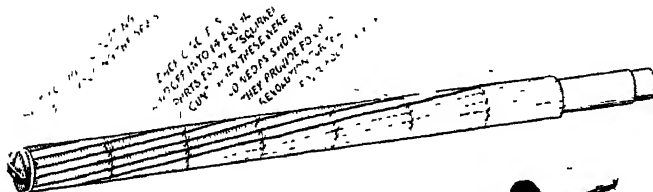
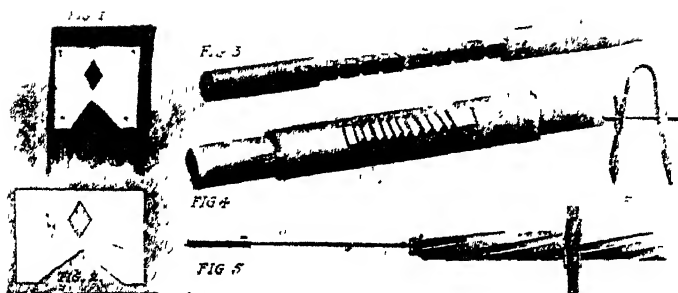
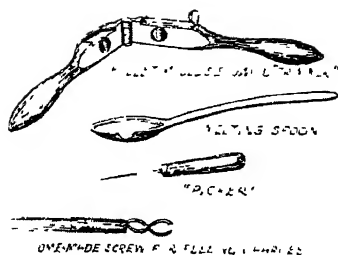
The spiral grooves of the rifling were cut with a very crude but very ingenious makeshift of his own. This machine consisted of a spiral cylinder, or guide, of hard wood accurately planned with home-made calipers as shown in Figure 6 of the illustration opposite page 152; a stiff wooden, or steel, rod; a head-block; some small steel saws and a little ground-hog, or bear, oil. The wooden spiral shown in the photograph was used, only a few days before it was set up for its picture, by 'Uncle' Henry Stinnett, of Spruce Flats, for rifling a light squirrel gun, the barrel of which was as long as the cylinder shown. The 'twist' of this particular gun was only one half revolution to the length and was made to carry a No. 2 buckshot. Obviously enough, according to old-time gun-making methods, the larger the bore — say a half-ounce ball — the longer the barrel in order not to get too sudden and violent a 'twist' for the missile.

For a longer barrel, naturally, there was required a longer cylinder or screw.

By increasing the number of longitudinal circles in planning the spiral, as shown in Figure 6, in proportion to the length, a more violent or a quicker twist to the ball was obtained. Thus, for the larger-sized missiles — such as the half-ounce ball — the length of the barrel often attained to six feet and over, and the revolution was one and one half times the total length. Any greater percentage of twist in the larger rifles, or even in the smaller ones mentioned, would — according to gunmakers of former days — cause the ball to 'sail,' drift, or curve as a pitched ball from a leaguer's hands. Five lands and five furrows were the usual number for the smaller, or what is known as the 'squirrel' rifle, while seven of each was the usual number for larger bores.

The wooden spiral shown in the photograph of an old screw guide is five feet long and three inches in diameter. Into it are cut five lands — 'landings' in mountain dialect — and five furrows. Five corresponding stiff pieces of leather can be seen projecting into the furrows; these serve as guides and are on both sides of the headblock, ten in all. The heavy piece of wood is called a 'headblock' because it is shaped like a head — simple! The grooves of this cylinder were measured by a pair of wooden calipers such as are shown in Figure 6, and laboriously cut by hand.

After the crude barrel was pierced from end to end by the proper drill, and an iron slot affixed to the end of the spiral, into this slot was inserted a stiff, square-ended wooden or steel rod in the manner shown in Figure 5 for the cutting rod. About two



PLAN OF WOODEN SPIRAL AS LAID OFF BY THE SMOKE MOUNTAIN GANG WITH
(LENGTH OF WOODEN CYLINDER INCLUDING 32 RAILS
ONLY, FOUR FEET)



74 AS42ET-1204 HOLSTABLE 5047-CL-2
W TH A FISHHOLE 4 CENTER OF L 7 EQ 1
USED BY OLD T. ME NARASHEN AS WA. 3 TO 408E-11-74

IMPLEMENTS OF THE SMOKY MOUNTAIN GUNSMITHS,
USED FOR MAKING BULLETS, RIFLING GUNS, ETC.

In the middle cut Figs. 1 and 2 are targets used in old-time shooting-matches, Figs. 3-5 are rifling implements, and Fig. 6 is a pair of calipers

inches from the opposite end of this rod was fixed a leaden sheath moulded in the smooth bore of the gun before any rifling was cut, so as to give snug-fitting qualities, and made permanent on such a foundation as shown in Figure 3. Into the leaden sheath thus formed were sunk longitudinal slots to fit one or more flat steel bands at equal distances compatible with the number of furrows desired. In these steel bands sharp transverse teeth were filed as shown in exaggerated size, Figure 4. The teeth of these saws were square. Later, when the rifling was accomplished and it was desired to dress the lands to a curved surface better to fit the spherical perimeter of the missile, saws with the desired curve on their outer edges were guided by a slug of lead moulded into the furrows and attached to the boring rod. The edges of the lands were then beveled slightly by the best gunmakers, such as the Gibsons, Bean, and Duncan, in order to prevent the gun from shredding its patching.

The usual depth of the furrows was one half the width of the lands. Anything deeper than this caused the gun to cut its patching in a different way; that is, by the undue escape of gas around the expelled bullet. As the operation of cutting advanced, the saws were raised in their leaden sheaths from time to time by inserting a thickness of paper under them.

The general working position of this crude rifle-cutting machine is well shown in Figure 5. Both the gun barrel and the machine were immovably wedged and the spiral cylinder was carefully manipulated by hand. When two or more furrows were cut, the saws were turned to a new position and the opera-

tion renewed. Saws of excellent temper and tough steel only were used. Both the saws and the frictional surface of the leather slugs working in their spiralled grooves of the wooden guide were liberally lubricated with ground-hog oil or bear grease. The guide itself was pushed carefully back and forth by hand.

The breech of the gun was closed with a screw plug, the free end of which was lengthened and flattened so as to form a tang which was finally firmly screwed to the stock of the completed gun. Then came the mountings.

These were also laboriously prepared and represented patient skill with the hammer. They consisted of trigger, trigger-guard, flint-chop, firing-pan, sights, ramrod sheath and thimbles, 'taller' (tallow) box, butt-plate, and such extra fittings and decorations as the fond gunmaker might choose to clothe the iron child of his brain and patience. Lastly came the stock of the gun. Sometimes the mountings consisted largely of brass, but usually they were of wrought iron in the earlier days, as skilled workers in brass were few and far between.

Front sights very often were made of gold or silver; gold in the case of the Armstrong rifle shown in the illustration of Levi Trentham. The barrel of this famous weapon also had three threads of gold embedded between the fore sight and the muzzle by way of expressing an idea of ornamentation of its creator, Alfred Duncan, whose name plate appears on the barrel near the rear sight, engraved in a strip of thin gold also. The stock of this gun is handsomely ornamented with carved brass showing scenes of big-game hunting, fish, etc., but there is

no striking resemblance of the carvings to the life-like characteristics of Nature's originals.

Often the professional marksman, who made a regular business of shooting for beeves at the mountain shooting matches, had made for his sights a thin sheet-iron cover, in the upper middle arch of which was a pin-hole letting through a tiny bit of light upon the 'bead' which was accentuated thereby and was supposed to lend an advantage to the ingenious shooter.

Alfred Duncan received one hundred dollars in gold for making the Armstrong gun in the year 1828 for D. P. Armstrong, who lived in a two-story log cabin near a Cherokee Indian settlement on the old Indian Trace from Virginia. Mr. Armstrong presented this valuable gun to his son, Marcellus Murat Armstrong, when the gunsmith completed his masterpiece and right proudly was it received by the aspiring young rifleman. The gun's original stock of curly cherry was, however, the unfortunate victim of the old saltpeter 'contraband' McSpadden powder, made near Newport, which literally ate the wood and metal to such an extent that both had to be replaced by those of latter-day manufacture. For this reason the fine gun had to be shortened six inches in repairing, although its original length was over six feet; it weighed thirty-six pounds and shot a two-ounce ball with splendid and consistent accuracy in spite of the gold decorations!

The stock of the frontier gunmaker's production is famous for its graceful lines and its gunner-made fitness. It was fashioned of beautifully grained, well-seasoned woods, generally of 'bird's-eye' maple, ash, 'curly' cherry, or black walnut, and this part of

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the gun was the recipient of the gunner's best art. In the right side of the slender stock was usually placed a receptacle with a spring lid, called a 'taller' box, which held a lump of deer or mutton tallow for patching-grease and some finely cut patching — slightly used cloth preferred. Frequently there was an additional cavity in the butt, with a lid also, for the reception of flints and an extra flint-chop and screw, perhaps. Trigger, flint-chop, thimbles, sights, butt-plates, and firing-pan, all received the most delicate modeling possible under the circumstances. Lastly, the ramrod itself was fashioned with equal care and of even straight and selected wood. This was to push the ball with its greased patching firmly down upon the powder.

The weapon's shot pouch was made of the softest deerskin or calfskin and contained a bag of flints, a gourd for bullets, called a 'sugin,' a 'picker' or sharp-pointed instrument resembling an ice-pick for priming the touch-hole to the firing-pan, and bullet moulds. Attached to the upper side of the latter and convenient to the thumb was a 'trimmer,' which acted as a knife to smooth the nib on the ball left by the vent, leaving the cast missile perfectly round. Often in the old flintlock's shot pouch might be found flint and steel for starting camp-fires, but usually the owner lighted his fire in the woods by a flash from the firing-pan after temporarily plugging the touch hole, or if powder was scarce — which it usually was — by the old Indian fire-bow method aided by oily strippings of birch bark.

By the side of the shot pouch hung the artistically curved powder horn, always a prolific field for the hunter-decorator's carving. Also a charger for



CLARINDY STINNETT, BILL STINNETT'S 'WOMAN'

consistently measuring an equal amount of powder when loading; the latter was usually the tip of a buck's antler.

'Uncle' George Powell, of Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, who up to only a few years ago used his old flintlock to shoot hogs at killing time, was very particular about a certain kind of 'grease' flint which was found in plentiful quantities near the old 'Equanulty' Trace — now corrupted to 'Ekanetalee' — originally termed 'Eta Natuli' ('Old Spicewoods') by the Cherokees. These flints were also much sought after by Uncle George's neighbors, the Cherokees, in the famous days of old Junialuska and Younaguska (Drowning Bear). In fact, Uncle George and his 'woman,' 'Aunt Ann' Powell, remembered well that when Younaguska came to die, his braves carried him to the turnip patch, as was the Indian custom, so that the illustrious red warrior might be plentifully supplied with eatables in the happy hunting ground whither he was bound. The mighty old Cherokee hunter's main concern seemed to be regarding a plentiful supply of these same greasy flints for his gun, which, of course, was to be buried with him. To the writer, these particular flints had the appearance of having been oiled, and when struck in the pan of Powell's gun 'Old Betsy' gave off a live, fat spark. This famous gun of the old deerslayer is now owned by John Oliver, of Cade's Cove.

The rifleman of frontier days in the Smokies liked slightly used cloth for his patching better than he did leather; usually the cloth was six hundred thread linen, and a bit of this was carefully cut to proper size for the bore of his gun, greased with tallow, and

laid upon the muzzle under the bullet, making the missile fit the bore snugly, so that, when rammed down firmly upon the powder, the ball flattened slightly with light taps of the ramrod and stayed put ready for a record shot, which was not uncommon by any means. Besides holding the bullet in place, the patch served in lieu of wadding to seal the gun when the discharge occurred and the full force of the powder was exerted behind the expelled missile. If the rifleman suddenly discovered in the heat of the chase that he had no more patching, he quickly moistened the ball with his tongue and dropped it upon the dry powder charge in the barrel, where, if the gun was carefully carried, it clung until fired, the wet powder around the ball forming its own emergency patching.

The ancient guns shown in the illustrations, of course, are outlandish compared to the heaviest, hardest-hitting rifles of present times, where the rifle of to-day sublimely overshadows even less modern rifles of yesterday; yet one must remember that the ancient firearms herein described represent the first confident steps that American rifle-makers made in any form of firearm, that carried with it any certainty of performance whatsoever in either marksmanship or firing and were as far superior to their predecessors, the old snaphance, firelock, and blunderbuss as these in turn were an advance over the old arquebus. Many times, too, the old flintlockman had to watch his eyesight or he would have it irreparably ruined by the flareback of the powder pan when firing against a stiff wind. The guns of the present interpose a solid wall of steel between firer and exploding cartridge.

The Smoky Mountaineer's flintlock rifle, hammered from an ingot of metal forged from iron ore dug from his mountains, in the natural order of things gradually gave way to the 'store-bought' barrel and rough-cast mountings for which the would-be gunmaker paid twelve dollars (later eight dollars), the barrel alone — ready for rifling — costing but four dollars. This type was succeeded by the more modern percussion cap-lock which sold for practically the same amount. It is suspected by the author that many connoisseurs of guns would at the present time like to be able to procure these guns for the same price! But, as time advances, enhancing the value of old things always, these two types of guns were replaced by the lever-action rifle, just as this in turn was partly supplanted by a sprinkling of automatics, although the latter type is practically unknown in the Smokies and the big hill hunters are prejudiced against them. Only 'city sportsmen' carry them, and they are looked on askance by the backwoodsman because he believes that such intricate mechanism will fail him and 'hang' in an emergency.

When the store-bought gun could be purchased in rough-cast form more readily by the mountain gunmakers, guncraftsmen sprang up like grasshoppers in every mountain cove and cabin, and the old-time armorer, who proudly placed his name-plate in silver in the barrel of his brain-child, stored his headblock and screw-guide away forever. His trade was gone, but not his reputation, for he had forged a republic at his backwoods anvil.

CHAPTER XI

THE OLD 'SMOKY' SHOOTING-MATCH

It is a curious anomaly of human nature that it will, under the greatest duress, seek the most whimsical pastimes. Aside from the terrific tension of the human mind under stress, there seems to be a part of us that is always at rest — and sane. Smoky Mountaineers, amusing themselves at a shooting-match at Gilbert Town, near Rutherfordton, North Carolina, in the autumn of 1780, were more anxious about who was going to win the prize than they were at the time concerned about the destinies of the American Republic. But when the English general at King's Mountain thrust his saber into this potential hornet's nest, very soon the fiery 'varmints' were buzzing about his ears and stinging his trained soldiery.

A paroled prisoner by the name of Samuel Philips was sent from the British camp to remind these roisterers that they should have other things more important than shooting-matches and barbecues to think about. The Americans accepted the gage and straightway went after the red-coated general, their long, graceful rifles primed and cocked, pans flashing fire, and muzzles spitting death.

Forty years before this, after American gun-makers had finally produced the accurate, long-barreled, hard-hitting flintlock which seemed to fulfill all the demands of backwoodsmen for their necessary rifle requirements, the latter began to be fascinated



THE 'LONG HUNTER', AND THE KING'S MOUNTAIN RIFLEMAN ARE HERE IN
THESE CABINS

with its excellent shooting qualities. The old firelocks, matchlocks, snaphances, and wheel-locks of English and French gunmakers were such blundering affairs, and consumed such an unbelievable amount of powder and lead, that American gunners quickly fell in love with this new rifle and its graceful ways. More than that, they were actually able to shoot twice in the same place! Still further, it was not so dangerous to the shooter as it was to the intended victim. Formerly, a marksman never knew whether he or his prey would expire when he pulled the trigger.

Even if it did not prove deadly to him, he might perhaps have his eyes burned out by the backfire, or be discovered trying to maneuver his burning rope around to the powder pan and be shot with a poisoned arrow before he could let loose the terrible explosion in the general direction of his enemy. The guns of that time had no sights whatsoever. In firing the old matchlocks and firelocks he was compelled to roll the gun over on its side to prevent spilling precious powder from the pan.

So, having a gun which accomplished what it was supposed to do, accuracy in marksmanship began to be the enviable result of skill, and was no longer based on guess work. Now it sharpened down to a matter of the keenest eye, the steadiest trigger-finger, and the best judgment. So there arose the most intense rivalry, not only between guns, but also among marksmen. This or that type of weapon was advocated warmly, but in the end the shooting-match settled all claims. It also definitely rated the shooter in the public eye. For many years after the momentous advent of the great American rifle,

shooting-matches were very popular all over the country. Davy Crockett, the famous deerslayer Congressman of 1834, was a famous shot and admitted it.

Said he in speaking of his trip to New York City at that date when his name was being mentioned for the Presidency as a candidate against Jackson: 'I now started to Jersey City, where I found a great many gentlemen shooting rifles, at a distance of one hundred yards, with a rest. One gentleman gave me his gun, and asked me to shoot. I raised up, offhand, and cut within two inches of the center. I told him my distance was forty yards, offhand. He loaded his gun, and we walked to within forty yards, when I fired, and was deep in the paper. I shot a second time, and did the same. Colonel Mapes then put up a quarter of a dollar in the middle of the black spot, and asked me to shoot at it. I told him he had better mark the size of it, and put his money in his pocket. He said, "Fire away." I did so, and made a sleight-of-hand work with his quarter.'

The shooting-matches of the Great Smokies, where Crockett got his training along with some of his predecessors, such as Boon and Sevier, were attended by all mountain clansmen and, even in times of stress, they were rollicksome affairs. Many were the rough and good-humored jokes bandied about, claims disputed and differences tried. Braggarts were stilled and the modest marksman was often proclaimed the Knight of the Ramrod to his own embarrassed pleasure. And the winnings were not to be sneezed at in those times. Reckoning that silver itself was a scarce commodity and that peltries were often the only means of currency, to purchase a beef and dole

it out with its ratings at so much a shot — even this economical method was not without its difficulties among men who had no money to jingle in their pockets.

Beef tasted different, anyway, after deer meat, buffalo steaks, and bear ribs! So the lonely cow that chewed her cud out under the beeches was queen supreme, even though she was to be finally quartered and carried to the four quarters of the wilderness to feed hungry mouths. Perhaps — and let us hope so — she was led away by some supreme knight of the ramrod who vanquished all comers ‘handrunnin’! If she had been endowed with the supreme human intelligence while awaiting execution, she might have had the rare pleasure of wagering to herself upon the marksmanship of this, or that, contestant and of wondering into how many pieces she was finally to be cut!

So, after the price of beef was ‘made up’ — that is, sold at so much per shot in advance by the promoter — the shooting-match date was set. It was at just such a barbecue and match that Ferguson figured so prominently — and unintentionally! The barbecue itself was merely a free guarantee attraction during the important ceremonies and is equivalent to giving away an automobile at real estate sales. The barbecue was a buck — or doe — roast spitted before an immense fire to satisfy the gastronomic demands of lusty backwoodsmen, who were accustomed to deer meat. There were, no doubt, roast potatoes — Indian tubers — Indian corn-maize cakes, Virginia tobacco, and last but not least plain corn liquor with a sprinkling of Jamaica rum.

But the shooters did not for one moment think of

imbibing fire-water during the competition, as they knew that they might as well relinquish the prize to teetotalers from the very beginning. Fire-water was no insipid thing in those days and included rum from Charleston, or gin from the East Indies, brought over in English, French, and Spanish ship bottoms.

A few friendly Indians were no doubt present, not tasting of the rum, however, for rum and Indian never mixed well. Parenthetically, it might be added that Indians were absolutely innocent of fire-water before the advent of the paleface and to the latter's questionable inventive talents may be attributed the downfall of the red man. At least he was directly charged with the iniquity by Younaguska, the great chief of the temperance ribbon among the ancient Cherokees. It can be stated with absolute historic truth that the Indians knew nothing of fermented juice except a vile mess of sour, decaying mulberries which they gave De Soto in 1539 and which the explorer's followers declared the 'best they ever had.' These mulberries were brought from a high mountain in the Smokies called Kuwa'hi — 'the mulberry place' — probably Clingman's Dome.

But the Indians watched with some jealous concern and envy these remarkable rifles that did such unusual execution. The fine knights of the flintlock were very careful that the Indian did not get into his mischievous hands any of these guns with which they practiced and went barbecuing in the very midst of national ferment and distrust. But he made his sportsmanship pay, which accords with all usual customs of proverbial Scot frugality and economy. He sold enough shares in advance for the shooting-match to pay for the beef. Deer meat at that time

cost only a lonesome shot in the wilderness and the effort of carrying it home; but beef was different; it was valuable and tasteful to appetites satiated with venison. But powder and lead were also valuable and scarce.

The price of a shot at a target for beef — according to old frontier custom — was a shilling. A cow or steer was worth from twenty to thirty dollars in their money, which, allowing for decrease in purchasing power, nowadays would amount to about two hundred to three hundred dollars. The price of a shot for mutton was twelve and one half cents, a wether selling then for seven dollars. Beef or mutton was worth considerably more than venison. When enough shareholders had entered, the promoter announced the great event far and wide, and all mountain clansmen gathered forthwith at the date set, provided there was no unusual Indian uprising. Crops were negligible and therefore not an obstacle to attendance; a house-raising or a dance might interfere, or a brush with the British or French, but these were comparatively ordinary events; the great event was the shooting-match. It may be said to their credit that preachers also attended these affairs with much gusto. What a rattling of flintlocks and accouterment as every candidate cleaned and oiled for days before the eventful hour! What feverish and careful casting of bullets; what search for fat flint for the chop, good firm patching, and what a skirmish for good powder!

Lean, lank Bill Swaggerty, of Sevier County, said of these occasions — and Bill's quaint version was merely a modern rehearsal of a century past:

'We all planned fornent the day. Thar was many

a feller thet come with a "piggin' full o' expectation," as the sayin' goes, and went away empty-handed. I'd throw by a leetle canch ² o' corn fer my nag an' put out too.

'Thar'd be that, or tharabouts, over fifty on 'em as'd shoot, regular and straight th'ugh, ontell they was up-ended by a better man. More'n thet'd be the mixin' crowd lookin' on, plaguein', devillin' t'others and takin' on ginrally. An' they all hed rifles too, but many o' them wa'n't wuth shucks — nairy rifle ner man. The lookers'd bet some on the shooters, what leetle they had *to* bet.

'Yes, some fellers'd wear them coonskin caps jest fer show; a few on 'em black mink. In my time a few'd wear the soft deer or doe skin shirts their women'd cut fer 'em. Only Injuns'd wear britches made thet away. An' some on 'em'd wear rawhide cut inter moccasins, but them fellers 'z kind o' shif'less and never minded gittin' their feet wet, fer a moccasin'd never keep a feller's feet dry on th' yearth; they'd slip mighty, goin' downhill too ef the ha'r wa'n't turned forrerd to ketch a holt. We allus wore brogans cut square out er tanned hides an' ye couldn't tell which foot belonged to which until atter ye wore 'em a leetle. They'd soon wear t' shape.

'Jeans wuz thar a plenty. They shore was rough to a feller's hide! But I reckon anybody kin git used ter anything in time. I'd ruther wore the deerskin, though hit wa'n't waterproof none; they was some, too, when a feller made a extry cape to come over his shoulders, sometime two capes, but them was too onhandy and soggy to hunt in.

'Ye'd see all kind o' sights thar. Shooters'd come

² 'Chance' or bit.

from fur an' nigh totin' guns thet was wu'thless and guns 'th gold and silver in th' barr'ls. Guns thet'd shoot right whar ye'd hold 'em and t'others y' couldn't hold when they was shot, they'd pitch their balls so crooked. Me and some others shootin' the old Bill or Ike Gibson guns they'd rule out fer experts er they'd set a handicap thet wuz mighty hard to jump. We'd either have to shoot a crooked barr'l er fire a slut of a gun thet'd strip her patchin' 'r some slow-firer 'at 'd never go off 'till y' 'd lay her down! I jest plumb quit when th' rulers'd begin to handicap onless a pa'cel of us'd git mad and beat 'em anyhow. 'Twa'n't no fun firin' a crazy gun. I was lucky onc't and driv off the cow-brute * on her own hoofs, hide, taller, an' meat!

According to the old chroniclers there were plenty of partisan spectators in those fine days. News travels with extraordinary rapidity in the backwoods. Any event above the ordinary speeds from tongue to tongue by trail, field, and wood; as a result, the bleachers were full. But the spectators were not allowed to hector the contestants. This rare privilege was alone accorded to the latter, and even they indulged only when the score was close and the interest hot. But many were the boasts and banterings before the event. Wagers were exchanged, some of them grotesque and impossible of fulfillment; others remind one of modern inane collegiate agreements. One of this kind was entered into between a big, black-skinned backwoodsman and a primitive Baptist preacher, who was wiry and 'mimicky' and 'a antic feller,' as Black Bill Walker puts it. The wager was that either would faithfully

* Cow.

imitate the prize-cow's offspring securing its morning's meal at the mother's teats if the other won in target shooting. The loser was also to 'beller' loudly like a calf that was hungry.

'I won,' said Black Bill, laughing uproariously, 'but d'ye know that preacher wouldn't pay his score? No, sir! Why, them fellers'd 'a' made me do it ef I lost. I'd 'a' died laffin' ef he had, 'cause he was kinder tetchy and anticky anyhow and he'd been a sight fer the world! And they'd never ceased to call him "Sooky" and "Calfy." As hit was, they done it some anyways. Hit'd bin a heap sight funnier ef that cow had been a steer!'

Such was the rough fun of the backwoods.

Applejack and cider flowed freely, however, stimulating the spirits of rivalry and frolic. Drinking was indulged in very rarely by the contestants themselves, who refrained wisely on account of the stake and their own reputations. But it cannot be doubted that imbibing was the long suit of the romping spectators, who had nothing to lose in the outcome except some small cash or a few skins at the most, perhaps a 'bastard' rifle made up of various authenticated and unauthenticated parts. But the stalwart marksmen with their beautiful masterpieces of the gunmaker's art in their hands were the princes of the occasion; they were the cynosure and envy of all backwoodsmen's eyes.

The most honorable in the assembly of marksmen would not heckle an opponent during actual shooting, as this was considered a breach of etiquette, rough as backwoods 'etiquette' might otherwise seem. But many were the sly means taken to shake a rival's nerve, and these were considered legitimate. Never

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was a man's gun tampered with, or bad powder or faulty patching served to him. Unwritten courtesy of this nature was accorded every contestant, high or low.

Said 'Black Bill' Walker, of Tuckaleechee Cove, naively admitting to the writer that a bushel of raw turnips placed within easy eating distance of his competitors always turned the trick: 'They'd never think about raw turnips breakin' their aim, but I've allus noticed that a man full o' green turnips couldn't hit a barn ef he was fastened up in hit, much less a small dot the size of a dollar at sixty yards! He'd shoot like he had the buck aguer an' thet's the wust thing I c'd imagine a feller bein' plagued with! Sometimes I'd banter a leetle,' he confessed, with a humorous twinkle, "'specially arter they brashly ruled me out as a expert an' t'others bemeaned me fer all they c'd think. I paid 'em back a talkin' 'round. Y' see I'd got so lucky at shootin' I'd ginrally drive off the cow-brute by her halter an' there wa'n't no chanct fer nobody elst.'

Before the war of the Revolution both English and French powder was of fine grain and quick of ignition, but afterwards these imports ceased for the most part unless smuggled through Charleston or the Capes, and the famous — rather infamous — McSpadden powder came into general use among the Smoky Mountain colonists because there was no other to be had. This powder was manufactured by John McSpadden a few miles west of what is now known as Newport, Tennessee, on the rim of the upper Smokies and it was so filled with raw saltpeter that it destroyed many an historic gun by eating out its stock, firing-pan, flint-chop, and barrel. This powder

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was also shipped to New Orleans by river boat during the Mexican War.

Later, when the Civil War was beginning and guns of civilians were proclaimed contraband by the military authorities of the contending armies, many fine rifles were ruined forever by being concealed in caves and hollow logs in the Smoky Mountains by 'scoutin'' refugees fleeing from conscription. It is interesting to note in this connection that backwoods colonials so despised war and its interference with their liberties that they very often waylaid parties of foraging soldiers who came into their coves, whether they were Northern or Southern. One of these parties of foragers was thus ambushed by a force of backwoodsmen near a graveyard in 'old Tuckaleech.'

Dan Headrick, a 'Dutchman,' was a member of such a bushwhacking force and fired on one of the foragers who rode a gray horse. It was just after dark and Headrick was concealed behind a tombstone. The soldiers, supposing themselves to be outnumbered, hastily departed by the way they came.

Like the riflemen of 1780, they were at a shooting-match also when they received the news of the arrival of the foragers. 'Black Bill,' in his rare, imitative way, described the incident thus:

'A pa'cel of us was scoutin' t' keep outen the armies an' we was havin' a shootin'-match 'r some such er matter to pass the time in th' woods and Dan Headrick's leetle gel come runnin' cryin', "Soldiers! Pap! Soldiers!" She was all out er breath an' we hurried down.

'We had our guns already an' we made to waylay 'em in a old graveyard. We knowed they hed to go

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by thar ter get out. But old Dutch Dan Headrick he got all in a swivet and he fired to kill, while we was only aimin' to skeer 'em. We hadn't nothin' agin th' governmint, neither No'th ner South. We was tryin' to live peaceable and mindin' our own business. The upshot of it wuz that Dannel hit his man.

'I says, "Dannel, what *hev* you done?"

'Dannel was all nerveous like. He sez sezsee, "I ist done a plenty to them blasted furriners! They ist come by my tombstun an' I ist seed a dark thing thar a horst-back an' I ist then up 'th my gun an' let him have damnation plenty! Fire flew out er my barr'l ten foot an' he ist fell off a grabbin' his horse's bridle. He kep' up with it ontell they was all out o' sight down the trail!"'

Lead was so scarce that the frontiersmen sought it far and wide, by fair means and foul. Following the saying, 'All's fair in love and war,' two men by the name of Neely and Roberts nearly came to a tragic end in an attempt to discover the source of the Cherokee Indian lead supply which seemed inexhaustible. The Indians would trade none of it during the perilous days of the Civil War, although the mine was known to be somewhere in the Hurricane River country.

The two lead-seekers bribed a young Cherokee buck with liquor and gold to reveal the location of the Indian supply. Walker also told of this in his inimitable way. Said he:

'Ben Partridge, a Injun friend of mine I'd got neighborly with to learn Injun huntin' ways some, come excited to my cabin door one mornin' at sun-up. He kep' sayin', "Um! Injun hurt. Injun say

Oom! Oom! Big hurt heap! Fire burn Injun. Die by Injun law!"

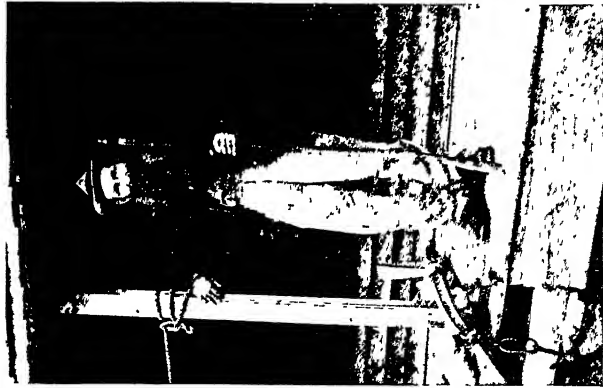
'I said, "What's the matter with ye, Ben?"

"Neely. Thomas. Big Chief. Thomas. Little Will. Injun say Ooh! Big hurt much! Injun burn big heap! Die by Injun law!"

'I was much intrusted then in Ben's tale, so, to git the straight of it, I went right to Colonel Thomas, who was buildin' the Indian Gap road then ter keep the Indians busy an' keep them out er war an' he told me th' hull tale thet'd jest happened.

'As I reecollect, Neely had bribed this young Cherokee thet was burnt to tell whar the Injun lead mine was. They was a man by the name o' Roberts mixed in it. The Indians at Yaller Hill hed tortured the young feller tell he told who got him drunk and give him the money. So they an' their Injun women had all three tied and was heatin' a rock to torture them all with. They hed put up the young Injun on the red hot rock and he had told all he knowed with awful sufferin' 'th splinters aflame and stuck in him, the meat comin' off his feet on the rock, an' the squaws was pickin' up splinters ter stick in Neely an' was goin' to roast him when a friendly Injun tore out to Colonel Thomas an' he come down thar from whar he was buildin' the road at Indian Gap an' he come thirty mile quick a horse-back an' saved Neely.

'Thomas had a council of some sort er other and Neely agreed not to tell whar the lead was so long as he lived and the penalty if he did tell was death and tommyhawkin' to him an' his fambly. He never told. He knowed better'n to! So nobody has ever knowed. Roberts wa'n't along with Neely at the



UNCLE LEVI TRENTHAM WITH
HIS BEAR-TRAP AND FAMOUS
ARMSTRONG RIFLE



'BLACK BILL' WALKER AND HIS
SIX-FOOT RIFLE 'OLE DEATH'

mine, but later Neely started to lead the way an' show Roberts at dead o' night, but turned back at the creetical time. Hit was only knowed thet them Injuns waded in the Harricane up to their waists, fer they was watched an' their jerkins was wet thet fur. Thet was all thet people discivered thet follered the trail. They'll never nobody know, to my mind!'

In speaking of powder difficulties, Walker said in another conversation: 'Thet old McSpadden powder was shore a disapp'intment! Hit'd fizzle and smoke like a fuse an' many's the time I could win a silver dollar a bettin' I could load a gun with it, lay her down, grab her up again and fire at a target afore she went off!'

Such faulty guns were the usual handicaps which were set against such 'experts' as 'Black Bill' Walker, Swaggerty, 'Preacher John' Stinnett, his brothers Bill and Henry, 'Uncle George' Powell, 'Uncle' Sammy Burchfield, of Cade's Cove, and 'Devil Sam' Walker. For the most part, such famous guns as the Decherds, Beans, Gibsons, Duncans, Leamans, 'Old Petersburgs,' Dick Struttons, etc., were almost ruined when hidden in damp places in the woods and in caves to escape confiscation, but as the 'scouters' usually went along with their weapons, these received jealous attention during their concealment in mountain fastnesses.

They were brought to the shooting-match, cleaned, oiled, and tested to see if rust patches had formed in them during their exile. Many of the rifle 'experts' aforementioned were among the 'scouts' and 'bee-hunters' who roamed the woods to escape conscription in a war which they claimed was unjust and of no concern to them. The slave law was un-

known; negroes in their community were conspicuous by their absence; and Lincoln and Grant might have been governors at the North Pole so far as they were concerned.² But these same experts were often hired to shoot for prizes by men whose sportsmanship was much keener than their marksmanship.

The distance of the target at these affairs was at first sixty yards. The company of Virginia riflemen under Captain Crescap in 1775, who gave an exhibition of shooting at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, used this distance. Later, it was reduced to fifty yards. Every one shot from a 'rest' except when some violent braggart interrupted the peaceful ceremonies with boasts that he could vanquish all comers hand-runnin', shootin' offhand, or layin' down. Then all contestants concentrated on the agitator until he was sufficiently squelched and proceeded with the exercises. The claimant was usually so full of the 'spirit' of the occasion that he was not wholly aware of the disturbance he provoked.

The prize beef, when won by several contestants, was forthwith butchered with hunting knives — 'butcher knives' — and dismembered into the following portions according to the backwoods standard of value:

First Prize.....	Hide and tallow.
Second and Third Prizes.....	Hind quarters.
Fourth and Fifth Prizes.....	Fore quarters.
Sixth Prize	Remaining parts and lead from the targets (which was never wasted).

² Tuckaleechee Cove 'scouts,' however, did secretly furnish contraband provisions to Burnside's starving troops bottled up in Fort Sanders by Longstreet's artillery on the Cherokee Bluffs.

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The targets were clapboards charred black. Upon each of these was placed a white spot of the contestant's own selection which served as a bull's-eye. Every marksman had his own method of 'centering' his shots; that is, he chose his center upon the first shot if it was satisfactory. The main idea was to hit it thereafter.

A favorite style of bull's-eye used by Smoky Mountain marksmen is shown in Figures 1 and 2. It consisted of a soiled slip of paper — preferred to new — in the lower edge of which was cut an inverted V with a one-inch diamond one half inch directly above the V. The marksman aimed at the apex of the inverted V and at fifty yards the trajectory of his missile would, if the weapon was truly aimed, place it in the center of the diamond.

When the marksman had chosen his center, a cross was made through the center of the shot with a knife by one of the judges, who was generally a reputable man of the community. The shooter then proceeded with his allotment, whereupon the board was laid aside for future reference. All bullet holes were filled with cornstalk pith as they were made. If a tie resulted during the shooting, the wagering grew correspondingly spirited according to the popularity of gun and gunner.

It was not an uncommon thing for an entrant to deposit his dollar and at the finish drive off all the prize, beef, hide, and 'taller' upon its own hoofs with the target lead to boot stowed safely away in his shot pouch. However, if he did this many times, he was outlawed into the 'expert' class and was not allowed to participate again except under a severe handicap, which usually consisted of being com-

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pelled to shoot a faulty rifle which had a rust pit in its bore, or a crooked barrel, or cut its patching.

As it was then conducted, this fine sport was not considered gambling. But the wagering grew so heated and liquor became so rampant, and civilization — which is a curious thing — grew so meticulous that this honored pastime was cast into limbo here in the Great Smokies. Indeed, some fine primitive church members had their reserved-seat tickets in Paradise revoked by gargoylic deacons, stewards, and elders, who formerly indulged in the same innocent pastime, but who had their puritanical ears to the ground and heard the rumble of the chariots of Zion!

The more effete man becomes, it seems, the less thoughtful he waxes in regard to Nature's children and Things. So vanished the famous shooting-match which bred men who made our country safe for vandals of the wilderness, who sell scenery acreage and primitive customs for bungalow front-foot lots — a flivver thrown in.

Would that the old-time shooting-match of the frontier Smoky Mountaineer could come back to its own! Would that Americans could see the giants of the old woodsman's days confidently treading the turf of some leafy clearing again, the pungent smoke of his old flintlock arising like a magic incense out of the alchemy of the past to honor the shrine of the Chief of the Forest, and to make us dream of our sturdy forefathers!

CHAPTER XII

SADDLE-BAGS, FIRE-WATER, AND WITCHES

THE log castles of the Smokies shelter the Dissenters of yesterday. Here are the Calvin Huguenots of France, the fighting Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of North Ireland Plantations, the Scotch of John Knox, Netherlanders from the valiant armies of William of Orange, the Bohemians of John Huss, Baptists of Roger Williams of the Puritan colonies, English Dissenters of Wycliffe, Germans of Martin Luther's Ninety-nine Theses, Methodists of Calvin and Whitefield — the valiant soldiers of a turbulent religious Renaissance of Europe and America.

They have laid aside their bloody rifles, but their well-worn Bibles bespeak other battles just as vital and as faithful. Tear-stained are many of these mute volumes, and dog-eared with age, but their spiritual conflicts are written deeply within their eloquent pages.

It is a significant fact that not a rosary nor an Episcopalian prayer-book can be found in the whole rugged sixty-five-mile length of the Smokies. Anything that can be construed as 'form' or liturgy, or a prescribed method of worship is looked upon with suspicion here; as something foreign and strange by these simple folk who demand absolute personal liberty in their faith; the abolition of any man-made obstruction to their direct approach to their Creator. With them, the veil of the temple was rent in twain ages ago, and any self-styled priest, prelate, bishop,

cardinal, or what-not is merely blocking the way with some covert scheme of his own, or of his organization, to monopolize the Holy of Holies to which they have as much right as he.

It is evident that America was peopled by the iniquities of Europe and the terrible persecution of Protestantism in England, France, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Germany, and the Netherlands for two centuries beginning with the seventeenth. The non-conformist Episcopalian congregations as we know them to-day were not instituted until 1789, two years after the Virginia State law against Dissenters was repealed, giving the rights of free speech and a non-taxed religion to all instead of a few.

Thousands of these war-ridden and desperate people came to America seeking relief. A hundred thousand Scotch Presbyterians arrived in one year in Pennsylvania and moved onward into the great Indian traces, populating the Southern colonies across the Unakas and the great arched back of the Smokies.

Huguenot Calvinists, such as John Sevier (Xavier), the de Lanets, Le Quires, Crocketts, Stinnetts, Pilleaux (French refugees in England), Brokees, Millards, and Waddells; Baptists like Mulkey, at Watauga, Isaac Lane who fought with Boon under Sevier at King's Mountain, Jubael Stearnes, the Connors, the 'Murphey Brothers,' Ireland, Waller, and Hillsman; Quakers like Boon, Hicks, and Dodd; the Welsh families of Reese, Thomas, Davies, Richards, and Cumings; Scotch-Presbyterian Covenanters by the score with such outstanding names as Ross, Walker, McGill, Bracken, Vann, Campbell, Renfrew, McIntosh, McClung, McGillivray,



JOHN ROSS (GÚWISGUWÍ)



SEQUOYA (SIKÁWYÍ)

McCarter, Powell, Grayson, McCormack, McDonald, Duncan, McGoldrick, McGlamerie, and McAllister; such Irish fighting Calvinists as Adair, Roddye, Shiels, Doak, Dougherty, Barten, Galpin, Duggan, Dungan, and Durroon; Netherlanders, such as Myers, Hedrick, Womack, Gambold; English followers of Wycliffe and John Whitefield — Manning, Hall, Robertson, Shelby, Bell, Trentham, Hightower, Houghton, Hillsman, Johnstone, Cooper, Calvit, Siler, Hughes, Morris, Tipton, Reeve, Greer, Burchfield, Rose, Bryson; German Lutherans such as Esslinger, Wagner, Weisgarber, Lingenfelter, Naumann, Ryehoff, and Schultz.

John Ross, the Cherokee statesman and peer of Jackson; and Sequoya — George Geist — the German half-breed inventor of the Cherokee alphabet which preserves much of the interesting history of this outstanding Indian nation, were descendants of such settlers by intermarriage with Cherokees. The families that have made Cherokee history were nearly all of this mixed descent as distinct from the usual 'squaw man'; they are the Doughertys, the Galpins, the Adairs of Ireland; the Rosses, Vanns, and McIntoshes of Scotland. With this accession of white blood these Indians maintained a conservatism of statesmanship which dominated their national councils. From such white blood came the famous chief and orator Younaguska.

The Church of England in America continued to harass the former Dissenters of England who had fled to America for relief. Not many free-born Americans of to-day realize that evangelistic Dissenters, whether Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, Quaker, Congregational, Moravian, or Calvinist, were baited by

Virginia sheriffs, magistrates, and the courts in the eighteenth century. They were thrown into prison, persecuted, whipped at the post, mobbed by the drunken, lawless element, and publicly attacked without redress. The harrying that had been the fad in northwestern Europe became the fashion in cavalier Virginia. It may be popularly sung that Virginia was the 'Mother State' of the Southland, but the husband of her first marriage was exceedingly cruel to her children.

In 1643 it was ordered by the Governor of Virginia, who was the appointed champion of the Church of England, that 'no minister should preach, or teach, publicly or privately, except in conformity to the Constitutions of the Church of England, and non-conformists were to be banished from the Colony,' and this noxious law was not repealed until 1776. A little Congregational Church of one hundred and eighteen members, established by a Mr. Harrison, was enjoined by the Episcopate Governor 'to depart from the country'! Every taxpayer within the Commonwealth of Virginia was compelled to contribute to the support of the State Church and all non-conformists who absented themselves from religious services were punished by severe fines, which were collected by State sheriffs and bailiffs and the rich were obliged to pay the fines of their poorer brethren. Shipmasters were punished if they 'brought Dissenters into the Episcopate Colony of Virginia.'

Especially upon the New Lights, or Separates (Baptists), Methodists, and Free Quakers, however, fell the ire of the State-Episcopate union. Some thoroughly Calvinistic Presbyterians who endeav-

ored to kick over the traces of their synods were as promptly rehitched by a public averment of allegiance to the Scotch Covenant churches and the Westminster Confession; this action by church authorities had a tendency to cool the ardor of any prevailing evangelistic tendencies on the part of the Blue Stockings. For the most part, the fighting Presbyterians — the Scotch and Irish — did not dwell long in quarrelsome Virginia. They had seen real fighting in the Irish Plantations and they wanted genuine diversion; polemic discussion was too tame; this they left to their more scholarly exponents who remained to parry doctrinal swords with the Episcopates. What stomach the North-Scot and Irishman had for fighting they carried to the back wilderness of North Carolina and Tennessee. Upon these valiant souls rests much of the glory of Smoky Mountain border warfare. Baptists and Methodists followed in their turbulent wake to Tennessee. Before the American Revolution, both of these denominations on this continent had only a superficial knowledge of their brethren, though there was continual correspondence with England's churches. But before the war with England, the Baptists, among them such firebrands as Jubael Stearnes, John Weatherford, John Ireland, Tidings Lane, Lewis Conner, chaplain in the American army, the 'Murphey Brothers' — William and Joseph — and William Marshall, uncle of Chief Justice John Marshall, stood hitched to fight the Church of England in Virginia. Patrick Henry, the great liberalist, did his honorable part toward religious as well as political freedom.

The great Baptist, Roger Williams, carpenter and farmer, second only to William Penn in the red man's

confidence, who preached to the Indians after being driven from the Plymouth Colony, had many converts who trekked to the Southland and became the tenacious foes of State religion. George Whitefield, whose bones now repose in a crypt under the pulpit of his old Federal Street Presbyterian Church in Boston together with his well-thumbed Bible, and his saddle-bags, led the cause by an astounding oratory which swayed the masses at that time. Baptists and Methodists alike, claiming their evangelistic authority from God only and the open Book, did not hesitate to attack the sins of the Church of England, public and private, and thereby drew the fire of its authorities.

For their temerity they were thrown into prison, mobbed, and beaten; then arrested for 'turning the world upside down and disturbing the benign peace of the Commonwealth'! Arrested, they were given the choice of desisting from their preachments or spending a season in jail on bread and water. They chose the latter to a man.

Crowds to whom they preached gathered before their prison gratings. When the authorities erected a wall before their prison windows to prevent meetings — as in the case of John Weatherford — the congregations gathered beyond the wall and raised a handkerchief on a pole to signal to the martyr when they were ready. Weatherford, possessed of a stentorian voice, preached successfully thus in spite of the obstructions and 'many were blessed of the Lord of the martyrs as were those who heard the apostle Paul in chains.' Many other preachers met a like fate, enduring all sorts of public and private indignities.

A few were publicly whipped, then freed. John Weatherford, in 1775, brought before magistrates for 'inciting religious rebellion against the Commonwealth of Episcopate Virginia,' was freed upon the insistence of Patrick Henry, lover of liberty, and we suspect his famed utterance, 'Give me liberty or give me death,' had as much religious significance as political. Another arraigned man was actually defended by the State attorney who exclaimed at the trial, 'Let them alone! You will only further their cause by persecution!'

His prediction was true. The disciples of Wesley, Calvin, Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Knox, and Roger Williams were scattered to the farthestmost reaches of the Southern colonies and into the wilderness of North Carolina and Tennessee, carrying their gospel of freedom as expounded from their open and well-thumbed Bibles.

Everywhere these messengers went they were heard by immense throngs of wilderness folk. From garrison to garrison they traveled, horseback, afoot, and by boat, carrying the news of the martyrs. Thus began the reign of the saddle-bags. No trail was too steep, or too icy; no streams too turbulent or too angry to bar their response to the call of distress. They buried the dead in the wilderness, and attended the sick and dying. George Whitefield had preached sixty-five hundred sermons when he finally climbed the stairs of the Presbyterian parsonage at Newburyport and, with his candle sputtering to its socket, delivered his last one to a mass of people gathered in the village lanes. John Asplund, a Swedish backwoods preacher, in 1782, traveled seven thousand miles in eighteen months visiting two hundred and

fifteen 'congregations.' Many eager settlers had not heard the gospel for years. Often they stood in snow to their knees before some backwoods 'tabernacle' and listened with rapt attention for hours to these far-famed expounders, or sweltered in the close confines of a mountain cabin or log schoolhouse.

The inspired prophet of God was always welcome. His home was where he hung his saddle-bags. An aura of glory hung about his head as did the halo of the olden saints. He never received a cent in remuneration for his services, nothing except his board and lodgings — perhaps a horse was loaned him to make his next post. Living out-of-doors almost constantly, he was not only robust but possessed of a good appetite, and the homesteaders always gave him the best of Southern hospitality. In return he gave them spiritual comfort and, often, having medical knowledge, he gave them pills as well.

A story is told of one of these tireless itinerants who had called unexpectedly at the noon hour at a backwoods cabin when the men of the house were absent. His hostess, however, welcomed him and proceeded to prepare a chicken dinner — catering to the visitor's well-known failing. Try as she could, the fowls all seemed unusually skittish — perhaps they had witnessed the preacher's arrival! — the frontier woman could not capture one. In despair she repaired exhausted to the barn where lay the minister's saddle-bags. Combining faith with works, she knelt to pray for Divine help.

While upon her knees in her desperation, she was startled to hear an agonized, muffled squawk and lifting her eyes caught sight of a tousled feathered head protruding from one of the saddle-bags — a

possible gift from a previous host. Quickly she arose and, with a prayer for forgiveness, she put the chicken in the pot and served it, to the gastronomic satisfaction of her guest who unctuously praised her skill.

Repairing to the barn to be on his way, he discovered his loss. Slyly guessing as to the source of his dinner, he lifted his head reverently and there came upon the startled ears of the guilty woman waiting outside to beg forgiveness, the divine pronouncement: 'The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!'

Although the success of border fighting around the Great Smokies was mainly due to Irish and Scotch Presbyterians, yet very few, strange to say, are found there to-day. This is explained by a president of a prominent Southern Presbyterian college as being due mainly to the fact that these frontier fighters sought the ultimate peace of the plains and the valleys. Their obsession was 'out' and 'back of beyond.' Again, although they were a very religious people, they were not given to 'stump speaking.' The primitive Baptists and Methodists would always address an audience wherever they found it and were decidedly evangelistic. The Presbyterian synods demanded restraint and erudition.

The lack of erudition did not seriously hamper the Baptist or Methodist backwoods primitive. If he felt 'called' and under examination by his elders passed doctrinally, he was usually 'ordained' to preach. Doctrinal differences, moreover, bothered denominations very little in those times. Disputes over 'predestination and election,' 'salvation by grace,' 'infant baptism' and its form, 'confirmation,'

'falling from grace,' and 'backsliding' were lightly touched upon when two or three denominations were preaching from the same log school-house! It was only after the cog wheels of civilization began to run more smoothly that the emery wheels of argument began to flash fire as the tools of polemic discussion were sharpened. Because of their superior training, in the main, Presbyterian saddle-baggers were more than a match for their Episcopate brethren. For that matter all denominations gave the latter several boxing bouts of Scriptural interpretation on faith and works.

The natural spontaneity, the familiar dialect, and glib wit of the followers of Roger Williams and Wesley, 'testifying from experience,' captured the fancy of the backwoods hunters and trappers. Then, too, many backwoods Calvinists joined these two denominations because there was no other conveniently at hand. Plainsmen Calvinists neglected their opportunities too long. To-day, many Smoky Mountain coves boast of two, sometimes three, small churches, usually Baptist or Methodist, or both.

Very often one finds two of Baptist persuasion, Primitives, or 'Hardshell' and 'Missionary'; the latter more modern. Often there may be a third which is usually Methodist and 'shoutin' Methodis' at that! For that matter, no restriction exists to-day against 'shoutin'' anywhere, if one feels in the mood. In fact, this is almost a certain guarantee that the preacher's Biblical exhortation has scored a bull's-eye.

The writer once attended a 'shoutin' service' in one of these mountain coves which, oddly enough, was presided over by a fine scholarly Presbyterian

gentleman, president of a prominent college accomplishing a fine work among the mountaineers — not 'mountain whites,' as there are no 'mountain blacks' — a negro is unknown. The congregation was to be addressed by a Primitive or 'Hardshell' Baptist preacher of mountain persuasion.

Naturally, the preacher's doctrinal discussion was rather loose and 'disj'inted,' but what he lacked in Baptistic erudition was more than supplied by his exhortative powers on 'salvation by grace' which rang true enough, vociferously rang, through the valleys. His century-old form, dating back to border days, was quaintly in place among his people. So was the singing.

The women quavered a plaintive, hesitant tenor, gaining strength with a breathless rhythm of unbridled 'sopranner.' The older men accompanied with a tremulous bass suggestive of husky-reeded bassoons swinging with alarming crescendo into the next stanza without the customary pause for breath. All kept time, even the preacher — with heavy feet clamping on the hard puncheons of the log school-house.

The younger women never forsook the snuff brushes with which they massaged their gums, spitting out the doorway when within spitting reach. If it was not, they usually arose, carrying a baby always, and went to the doorway to bridge the distance. The drinking bucket was handy for all and mothers dribbled their babies' gingham and bare legs with an over-solicitous sloshing of the gourd-dipper and retired abashed at having interrupted the services by their awkwardness. But in spite of all these accompaniments the old-fashioned hymns

were sung with a wild, sweet sadness which reminded one somehow of long ago Scotland or England, and of the old longing for rest free from tribulation.

The preacher took his text from a familiar passage. With all of his shortcomings, his delivery never lacked candor and sincerity, and, though halting at first, gathered momentum with much approval on the part of swaying older members who voiced their assent with deep 'amens' and 'yes, yes!' Reaching an exhortative climax, he broke into the singing of a very old and familiar tune — to them. Quavering and quaintly touching, it was joined in with fervor by all:

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies;
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

They chanted with a tearful fervor which had its climax in such pent-up emotion that some of the elder women in Israel arose and began to walk about in their joy, singing, weeping, clapping and shaking hands with every one, and exclaiming that they 'loved everybody.' There was such a chorus of emotional response that it must have warmed the preacher's simple heart; his meeting was a success! But an odd thing happened.

As though a water tap had been turned off, the commotion ceased. While all were on their feet the meeting subsided suddenly to ominous quiet. It was as if a chorus had received invisible command to instant silence. Where the whole mountain had rung with the stridency of shouting, now all was deathly still. In the interim of silence an aged sis-

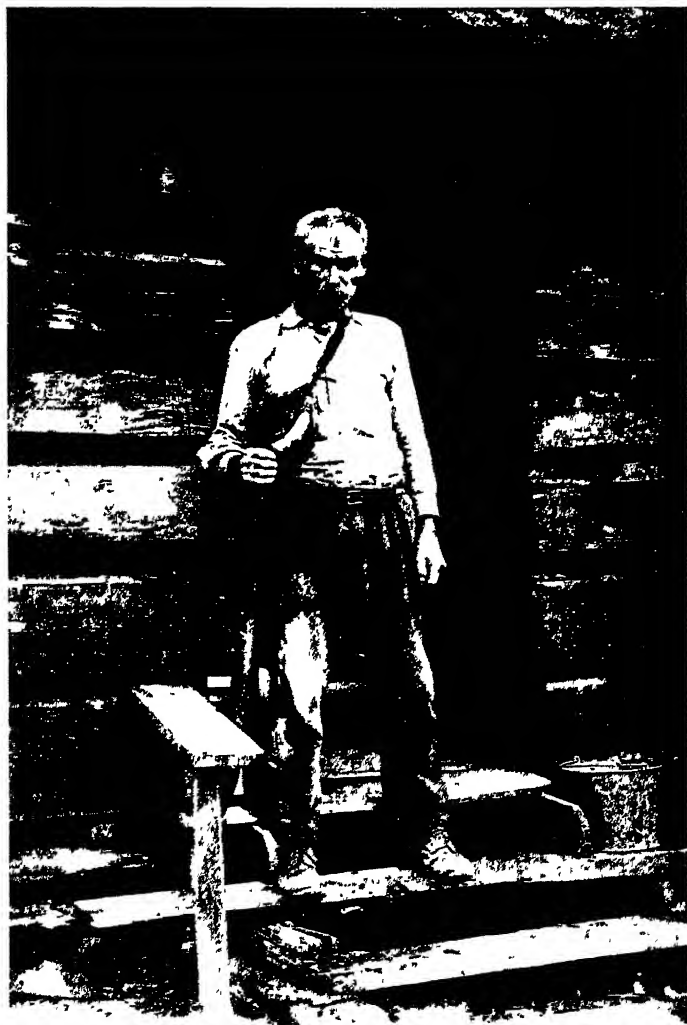
ter was heard to remark in a stage whisper to one of the men: 'Jim, gimme a chaw er terbaccer. I hain't nary a bit!' It was true backwoods, but it was also an anticlimax. The fine, quiet gentleman of the synods was not asked what he thought of this bit of ancient Calvinism, a variant from modern repression.

The persecution of the saints in Virginia had its direct effect in a great 'revival' which broke over the Southland in a startling manner. Everywhere people talked of the 'baptism of fire' the equal of which could only be recalled in the Welsh 'visitation' of nearly a century ago. Conviction of sin stalked abroad and the 'Devil was arrested in his high-handedness.' 'Licker-makin', horse-thievery, dishonesty of weights and measures, immoral practises, 'dancin', fiddlin', and gamblin', with deceptions of all sorts received their quota of blistering fire from the pulpits of the backwoods with their predicted punishment of 'hell and damnation.' Many hardened old sinners of the copper worm and flake-stand — untouched by former preaching — came weeping to the meetings and surrendered their stills to be chopped up by the parson. Intended disturbers, urged on by fire-water courage, went away trembling, pierced by the keen and barbed shafts of backwoods oratory. Indeed, some of the quaking converts had merely to be looked upon by these terrible oracles of the gospel to be 'pierced by the arrow of conviction' and become 'so burdened by the weight of their transgressions that many thought them deranged' until they won the fight 'and come through.'

Occasionally these meetings were blocked by some

stalwart evildoer. A backwoods blacksmith had sworn that he would 'thrash the saddle-bags off'n any preacher that commenced any gawspel rantin' 'round hyar!' and had his gang of followers. But the preacher, somewhat of a man himself, promptly pommeled the blacksmith into submission then and there. With such excellent advance advertising, the meeting flourished, with the obstructionist among the first converts.

The wilderness saddle-bagger never received any remuneration for his service. Matthew Hillsman, son of the Amelia County Virginian, John Hillsman — one of the first converts of the State of Franklin, and one of the first to erect a settler's cabin on the present site of the city of Knoxville in 1803 — paints an excellent picture of the early colonial knights of the saddle-bags. Said he: 'Among the settlers were many excellent people, a fair proportion of them being professors of religion, the larger part being Presbyterians. But there was no church organization or minister of any sort in the place or near it. The citizens had built a good-sized log schoolhouse, and occasionally visiting ministers would occupy it as a preaching place. Although I had been preaching three or four years, I had never received a cent for preaching . . . no Baptist preacher in Tennessee at that time, so far as I know, received anything for preaching, *or ever expected to*. With the Baptist preacher of that day' (it was also true of other denominations) 'the first thing to do was to make a living, then preach all he could. . . . The first gift I ever received for preaching was a bag of flour and a dressed hog and these were from a good Presbyterian brother!'



PREACHER JOHN ON WEEKDAYS

In glancing over the annals of that time we find that many of these noble and unselfish souls were wagoners, wheelwrights, carpenters, blacksmiths, farmers, soldiers, weavers, gunsmiths, barrel and 'piggin'-makers. Spending their spare hours poring over the Scriptures under the meager rays of the pine torch or firelight of their cabins, they tried in their humble way to interpret them. Their worn and weathered books attest to their unselfish efforts in behalf of erring humanity.

Often, ploughing their fields, these wilderness preachers conned the sacred Book. One backwoods expounder, 'Preacher John' Stinnett, of Little Greenbriar Cove, admitted that 'one of the best sarmints he was ever permitted to utter in behalf of the Kingdom was giv' to him whilst he ploughed the furrers of his leetle corn patch.' Said he: 'I jest toted my Bible in a tow sack at the handle of my bull-tongue' (single-bladed plough) 'and I steddied hit at the turn o' the furrer and conseedered hit through therows. Come a Sunday mornin' at Meigs's Mountain I deelivered hit with great liberty and I am confeedent thet many war moved to compassion and prevoked t' tears of repentance to cry out like Paul's jailer, "what must I do to be saved?"' This confidence, pathetic in its simplicity, is characteristic of all Smoky Mountain preachers of the old school, who, though handicapped by 'lack o' l'arnin', in spite of it 'stand on the walls of Zion to proclaim His truths' accomplishing more with what they possess than many 'with l'arnin'! Even if they could, 'with l'arnin', split orthodox hairs, in a threatening wilderness they would have refused, reckoning religious bedfellows as mutual sufferers

and guaranteeing to them only the most hospitable of intentions. While there were outside foes, there was no time for internal dissensions. The purveyors of backwoods gospel suffered just as much as any at the bloody hands of savages and had often come home from distant appointments to scenes of bloodshed and murder at their own hearthstones. The families of some were foully murdered on the way to worship and their bodies mutilated.

Though congregating under the constant threat of danger, audiences were never lacking, and never grew tired, although the preacher was often compelled to carry a rifle to his pulpit. It was very evident that the Indian needed a little missionary work. There is no record of any missionizing among the Smoky Mountain Cherokees earlier than 1732, when Christian Priber, a Jesuit, driven out of France a few years previous, established himself in their villages. Priber spoke six languages, English fluently. Jealous of his growing power among the Cherokees, the English threw him in prison on a pretext, at Fredricka, Georgia, where he died.

The preaching of Government Agent Joseph Martin, of Tennessee, was evidently not received by the Cherokees at their peace capital, Eschota, with any degree of satisfaction according to an account left by Timberlake in his 'Memoirs,' published in 1769. Says that English gentleman (on a peace parley with the Cherokees), in his quaint account with *s*'s like *f*'s: 'As to religion' (Cherokees) 'every one is at liberty to think for himself' (even the Indians were Dissenters!) 'whence flows a diversity of opinion. . . . They generally concur, however, in the belief of a Superior Being. . . . They

believe in rewards and punishment, as may be evidenced by their answer to Mr. Martin, who, having preached Scripture till both he and his audience were heartily tired, was told at last, that they knew very well that, if they were good, they would go UP; if bad, DOWN; that he could tell them no more; that he had long plagued them with what in no ways they could understand, and, that they desired him to depart the country!' Another rebellion in Israel!

The Moravians established a mission on the Yadkin, Boon's country, in 1752, where they were friendly to the Indians. The Reverend Jonathan Mulkey was probably the first Baptist preacher in Tennessee at Sevier's fort at Watauga. Other ministers fought with the soldiers in the Indian wars, such as Chaplain Hall, who shot the negro slave of a trader by mistake in a raid on the Cherokees. Scarcely any other denominations except the Presbyterian entered Tennessee until after the war with England. Tidene Lane addressed the first congregation as a regular paid minister in Tennessee. The Reverend Gideon Blackburn, a Presbyterian clergyman of Tennessee, opened a school among the Cherokees in 1804 which failed from lack of funds. 'Lack of funds' was the middle name of all preachers of that time.

The Cherokees also had a 'revival.' Synchronous with the great colonial Pentecost was an odd tribal disturbance among these Indians about 1812. It can only be explained by mass psychology. It was a religious fanaticism similar to that which breaks out sporadically in various parts of America to-day in mountain-top meetings where scantily clad adherents, divested of all worldly possessions, await translation in a 'second Coming' of the Messiah.

It seems that an alarming revelation was brought to the Cherokees by the Creeks at Coosewata, as 'the only hope of the Indian race.' Cherokee priests and medicine men began at once to preach a return to the old life, in which they were to forsake the white man's ways and be real Indians again. A great medicine dance was appointed at Utsanali during which the doctrine was expounded. At this great tribal meeting it was explained that the Cherokees were at fault for having broken the road which had been given to them by their fathers from the very beginning of the world. They had taken on the white man's ways, and even some of them had books and cats! The gods were angry and the game was leaving their country.

They were to return to their old way of living, to put on paint and buckskin, throw away their mills and looms, kill their cats, and be Indians again; otherwise swift destruction would follow. A terrible storm was to destroy all but the true believers, who must repair to the tops of the Smokies there to await the day. Forthwith the true believers toiled up the steep slopes, abandoning their homes, orchards, books and cats, but they waited in vain for the Creek prophecy to be fulfilled and again filed down to their villages under the big hills sadder but wiser Cherokees.

Whether the Creeks and the Cherokees were unconsciously imitating the great revival in spiritual matters in the colony is not known, but at any rate that of the colonies counteracted to a great extent the disastrous aftermath of the wars in which the bloody pendulum swung to its farthest reach. The fiery eloquence of the martyrs all but effectually

stemmed the alarming increase of social evils which daily threatened to undermine the success won at arms.

The paleface's fire-water had always been a source of much concern to those who kept a hand on the pulse of the frontier. All governments had prohibited the sale of whiskey or rum to their wards, the Indians, because of its disastrous effects. But when the tide began to turn against England, her renegade Tories, such as the 'squaw man' Cameron, made deadly use of it to stir up trouble for the settlers.

The younger Michaux in 1800, following the botanical studies begun by his illustrious father, was forced to promise his Cherokee guides 'as much whiskey as they could hold' before he could induce them to take a step toward leading him out of the trackless forests at the foot of the Smokies. From this it seems that the white man's concoction was even then getting a deadly hold. One of the most tender romances of the old deerslayer days between the white man and his erring red brother, later weakened by drink, is contained in the rare attachment between Colonel W. H. Thomas, 'Little Will,' as he was affectionately termed by his adopted father, old Younaguska — one of the counselor chiefs of the Cherokees, who is supposed to have discovered Alum Cave when he trailed a bear to its den.

'Little Will' was only five feet four, while his red champion stood six feet three in his moccasins, a handsome Cherokee of athletic build and a great orator among his people. A true Southerner of Revolutionary stock, born in 1805, Thomas was a posthumous only child and lived with his widowed

mother on Raccoon Creek, two miles from Waynesville, North Carolina. His father was a relative of President Zachary Taylor and of Welsh lineage. While 'tending store' at the Indian trading post, 'Little Will' attracted the attention of the old chief by his unusual brightness and aptitude in learning the Cherokee language; informed of the boy's destitute circumstances, the big Indian adopted him. After the brutal removal of the Cherokees by Jackson in 1838, Younaguska had no cause to regret this act of kindness, for Thomas took care of him by securing, as government agent, a home for his benefactor.

Thomas also assisted remaining members of the tribe — about twelve hundred — who had rebelled against the removal under the leadership of old Tsali (Charlie), their martyr who faced a military firing squad; they were permitted to reside in five towns of the reservation which Thomas laid out and named Bird Town, Paint Town, Wolf Town, Yellow Hill, and Big Cove. These remained under the supervision of Thomas as long as his adopted father lived. Disgusted by the brutal methods of the removal, in which the soldiery under General Scott hunted down the Indians like beasts in the fastnesses of the Smokies, Thomas resigned his government post during the Civil War, and, in order to keep his charges free from the vagaries of war, employed all the fighting men — about six hundred — in building the only road that has ever spanned the arched back of the Smokies, that at Indian Gap which for fifty years has been in disuse.

Younaguska, like most great orators, was a great reformer and prophet. To him may be accorded the

unique honor of having organized the only temperance society that was formed among Indians. His own failing was whiskey. He had repeatedly tried to conquer it. Once, after listening to a translation of the Book of Matthew brought from the peace capital, he dryly remarked: 'It seems to be a good book — strange that the white people are not better, having had it so long.' But there is no record that the old chief's temperance organization had its origin in any adopted faith of the white man; it seemed to be his own inspiration.

At the age of sixty, after a serious debauch, he fell into a trance lasting twenty-four hours. Upon regaining consciousness, he called a great council at which he explained in an eloquent sermon which melted even the stoical Indians to tears, that God had permitted him to return to earth for a short time to warn his people of the evils of intemperance, and that they must banish whiskey from among them. He had his friend Thomas write a pledge and every Indian of his tribe signed it and until the day of his death in 1839, at the age of eighty, whiskey was unknown among the Cherokees.

An unexpected corroboration of this event was given the writer by 'Aunt Anne,' the wife of 'Uncle' George Powell, in her cabin on the Great Tellasse Trace, or the old Toll Gate Road, at the lower end of Cade's Cove. Told in her quaint and forcible English, it made an impression never to be forgotten.

Upwards of ninety, but still very active and alert, 'Aunt Anne' was knitting socks for 'George' who was 'the beatin'est man to wear 'em out she ever seed!' An accident several years previous had de-

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prived her of one eye, but the remaining one, glancing shrewdly over her brass-rimmed spectacles, riveted the beholder with its sinister glance. The subject of the old Indian chief had been mentioned. At once she was interested. She laid her knitting aside.

'I seed ole Younygusky die the *first* time!' she announced with the finality of one imparting momentous information. 'He was right out thar in th' turnip patch! But he come to! He lay thar two days, hand-runnin', dead — and dead drunk betwixt it. Anyways, them Injuns had jest p'in'blank figured he was dead an' they was fixin' ter bury him, Injun style, in the turnip patch so he c'd have a chanct to bait on whar he was goin' — ter the happy huntin' ground, I reckon.

'I was jest a young un er some sech a matter, wa'n't sca'cely able t' recollect nothin'. But who'd fergit sech a thing? Them Injuns was all bedecked in sech finery as'd feather any fool's eye! Somebuddy hed found the pore ole feller in th' fence corner. He'd drunk too much o' this ole popskull and white lightnin' lick these wuthless men dabble in 'round hyar. An' I reckon some o' my folks' (Burchfields) 'was kittered up in hit some.

'I ain't no linkister,¹ but them Injuns was dronin' over some fangled bald-dashery² but them as knowed c'd figger out an' was takin' on somep'n patherish³ and quare. They'd h'ist thur hands an' look to th' sky and chanty⁴ sad-like. Made me feel plumb skittish. Thar was his grave dug. Thar was his gun, dog, an' a few arrers an' a jug o' water frum the spring. An' I, leetle minx, was a wonderin'

¹ Interpreter.

² Baldachin?

³ Simple.

⁴ Sing.



THE WELL-THUMBED BIBLE OF THE
MOUNTAINEER: UNCLE HENRY STINNETT



BLACK BILL'S FATHER AND MOTHER
He was a Covenanter Saddlebag Preacher; she was of the McGill
Clan of Scotland

what'd happen next; hangin' 'round 'th my fly-trap ' open!

'All of a suddent, jest as they was goin' to put him in, up he sot! Straight! An' they all fell back much afeered. I run! But my folks tell me't he preached somep'n alarmin' an' hit was all about lick'er too; that they sh'd be beminded not to tech it. I wisht many times some o' my men-folks c'd 'a' larnt thet sarmint! Mebbe they wouldn't be so much onder-handed meanness in this cove!

'Well, the short and long of hit was thet ole Younygusky hed them Injuns *all* givin' up lick'er. He had 'em all signin' some sort o' *agreement* to quit drinkin'. An' when a Injun sets his hand in writin' — with all his *devilment* — he's a-goin' ter keep his promise.

'Arterward when George come to live 'th me an' showed int'rust to dabble in it and caddle 'round 'th his cronies, I jest th'owed it up ter him to p'in'blank copy arter the Injuns an' quit makin' lick'er but my words 'as jest like rain on a gander's back. He made it, an' he made it good, as lick'er is, but whar's any lick'er 'at's good? Hit's all *devilment* an' tribulation ter women. That's what all these hyar peach trees an' apples is planted 'round hyar fur, to make lick'er. A sight has been made 'round this place. Been a sight better ef all these trees hed perished fur the want o' rain, er had the blast!³

'I'll tell ye p'in'blank, thet ef Eve *ever* giv' ole Adam a apple, he had it fust a-makin' whiskey outer it! 'Tain't her doin's. They hain't *no* good in lick'er, fust an' last. Not a drap! The pore ole 'Injun was right!

* Mouth.

² Contend or dispute.

³ Blight.

Shortly before his death, the splendid old chieftain called his tribe about him and, commending that they depart not from their country, folded his blanket about him for the last time and entered the spirit world.

Not all the primitive backwoods preachers had such a faithful following as this grand old warrior. 'Preacher John' Stinnett's 'Hardshell' Baptist Church in Little Greenbriar had some diplomatic exchanges with a secret order that persisted in holding lodge on prayer-meeting night. 'They war axed to desist and change their meetin' time,' said the honest old preacher in speaking of the incident, 'but they war willful and determined on their downroad an' we churched 'em an' withdrewed the hand o' fellowship.'

Swearing received its quota of attention. The famous Daniel Boon was before his church council for 'using outrageous oaths' toward a neighbor. Such was the usual treatment — and is yet — accorded to those members who persisted in going counter to local church discipline. Those who were not willing to deny themselves attendance at 'dancin', fiddlin' parties, and gamblin' at spot-cyards' met a like fate if they were not also disposed to attend a 'discipline meetin'' and there apologize for their waywardness. Habitual users and sellers of 'moonshine' who publicly flouted and disgraced mountain churches were usually allowed a term of probation if any regret for their actions was shown, otherwise they were also dismissed 'without the hand of fellowship.'

The 'old trapper of Tuckaleech,' 'Black Bill' Walker, humorously recounted how he attended 'a church meetin' onct, unbeknownst.'

'Me an' Devil Sam Walker took a notion to visit the Injuns over at Yaller Hill before the War' (Civil). 'We was made welcome at a old chief's cabin over thar that Devil Sam knowed. We was axed to have some o' their "tomfoolery"' — tamfuli (kanahena) — as they offered to all visitors; but I begged off. I couldn't stand none o' their sour meal. We went in, sot about tellin' tales; the old Injun speakin' a manner of our talk. I was afeered an' I slep' in a bed by a winder, but Sam, he slep' by the fire, at least he made to.

'Long in the evenin' another tall Injun come in an' the two of 'em got inter an awful argyment 'bout somep'n or t'other. They'd switch about in the'r cheers, argy an' turn the'r backs on t'other tell long in th' night. Now we both tho'ght they was fussin' 'bout which was goin' ter git to stob² us fust while we was asleep — which we wasn't. I got much afeered an' slid out th' winder fergittin' my gun. I hollered like a hoot-owl outside an' Sam made as if ter git a drink o' water an' he come out too. I retched back an' got my gun, but I reckon Sam's gun is thar yit, fer he never went back. The joke on us was thet them Injuns was deacons in th' Baptis' Church over thar an' they was arguin' as to whether they was goin' t' church a man fer drinkin' er not. Y'see they was talkin' Cherokee!'

Very few mountain 'stills' can flourish long within sight of a church spire if the organization is active. Many of these tiny churches are visited only periodically by a minister as their small membership cannot support a preacher alone. In primitive communities he still comes a-horseback with his sad-

² Stab.

dle-bags; in more modern districts he arrives with much chug-chugging in a flivver. Nearly all conduct a 'footwashing' service at least once a year, and where there are two contending factions, with their preachers, one hears the expression, 'Some washes with Gregory and some with Hatcher,' that is, the two leaders. During the interim when the meeting-houses are vacant, 'old harp singings' — with shaped-note song-books — occur, which are very popular, the leader catching the pitch with a 'tuning fork.'

Immorality and superstition of the most mischievous sort crept into the colonial wilderness as an aftermath to war, together with the ease of prosperity, front porches, rocking-chairs — and cats! If Nature abhors a vacuum, the Devil uses it for a romping ground. In isolated instances men 'took up' with women not their wives, living in apparent defiance of laws and better backwoods standards. Children born to such unions were invariably called by the name of the misguided woman. One community, commanded by a frontier estate holder, sustained the doubtful reputation of being entirely populated by illegitimates, forty-five children and grandchildren by five different 'wives.' Many of the male progeny became outlaws for indiscriminate murder and 'moonshine' activities. A few negro descendants among these went by the racial name of 'Spanish.' In every case the descendants, whether white or black, assumed the family name of the mother; the title of 'Mrs.,' which was slurred to 'Miss,' was, in many cases, misleading. In one instance only the 'super' wife occupied the same house with the regular family, but in this case, the

child was spirited over the mountains by other mountaineers to hide evidence from the sheriff.

This was an unusual and sordid case, but many of the feminine heirs of these unions were not only beautiful but accomplished — thanks to Presbyterian aid! Such cases are very rare and due to ignorance. Mountain people, as a rule, possess an inherent modesty that invariably inhibits such waywardness.

But superstition rivaling Salem and old England witch tales traced its shivery trail. Mountain communities previous to the Civil War cannot be condemned unequivocally for this when London itself was shaken with the exorcism of an epileptic youth by seven ministers in Temple Church in the year 1788. Salem executed nineteen unfortunates and imprisoned a hundred and fifty for witch practice under the misguided Cotton Mather in 1692. Similar instances occurred in Scotland. Why should we condemn her fugitive citizens of our back hills who are actually a century in the wake of civilization? These mountain witch tales rival those of Meg Merrilies in Scott's 'Guy Mannering.'

A whole mountain settlement in the early fifties was upset by the doings of two witches, Anne Cameron and 'Vice' Borden and their families, who possessed the 'evil eye.' They were charged with every queer and odd misfortune that had occurred or was about to occur in the upland cove under the shimmering blue of the Great Smokies. They were avoided as if they were reeking with a scrofulous poison and their families suffered from want because of the forced isolation from their community. If met upon the trail in the woods, they were given

the undisputed right of way, for, woe betide whatsoever they fastened their malevolent eyes upon; that creature or thing immediately became bewitched.

If a cow had the 'lump jaw,' Vice Borden did it. If a baby died of convulsions caused by neglect, Anne Cameron was the cause of it. If a woman fell and broke her leg; if a cow 'went dry,' or cream wouldn't churn; a hound chased deer in his sleep; or a yoke of oxen were poisoned by eating 'bubby' (burbage) seed; or if people were 'taken down with summer complaint' (dysentery) — it was the fault of one of these two or both, or their families. Every unexplained phenomenon was charged to their devilish machinations. Children of the neighborhood, overhearing mysterious whispers, were afraid of their very shadows and shivered with dread until bedtime, or cried out in their sleep. Even grown-ups walked apprehensively when they were compelled to be abroad after dark. A hunter shot a bewitched bear that had a white spot in its forehead, a white doe seen upon a mountain-side after dark was one of these sorceresses upon a hellish prow; a were-wolf, shot at repeatedly by two marksmen that were never known to fail, vanished unhurt until a gun was loaded with a silver bullet, whereupon the wolf was found dead the next morning at daybreak in the Devil's Court-House — an impenetrable tangle of laurel at the top of the Smokies. In fact, there was no end of trouble that these two witches were causing. All sorts of primitive remedies were resorted to, but the favorite was the usual silver bullet with a cross cut in it, fired into the witch's effigy carved in the bark of a beech tree 'nigh runnin' water,' where-

upon the guilty sorceress fell and broke an arm or a leg, or 'jest p'in'blank drapped dead!' and the spell was broken. It is best told in the archaic English of the mountains.

The 'old trapper of Tuckaleech,' as 'Black Bill' Walker termed himself, played the part of host in his cabin back up under the big blue wall of the Smokies. His 'woman' busied herself about 'vittles' as guest and host sat at table, not deigning to eat until her lord and master and his visitor were first served.

The old trapper had seated his friend with the remark: 'Jest retch in an' take out fer yer needs. Them as brings manners hyar takes 'em away with 'em when they go!' With that seeming lack of convention is immediately imparted the ease that exists between gentlemen of the old school. Artificial 'manners' are dispensable with these fine courtiers of the woods, yet their attention is quickly alert to attend to any want and to urge upon the guest to 'eat what ye are a mind to an' don't be backward none. Our eatin' ain't nothin' to brag on, but thar's more whar this come from!'

The host, of giant frame, sipped milk. He disdained 'baccar,' coffee, and 'licker.' Said he: 'A leetle sperrits is good *ef* they are good, but the sort I usually come acrost in these parts I wouldn't feed to my hog!'

After the preliminaries, the subject was skillfully switched to witchcraft. 'My ole woman believes in witches!' the old trapper laughingly responded. 'But I don't believe in no sech foolishness!' But there was instant dissent from the head of the table where stood his 'woman' with arms akimbo.

'He does believe in witches, but he jest p'in'blank won't say so! He believes in 'em worse'n I do.'

The shaggy old trapper leaned forward with fork poised. 'Let me tell ye a leetle sarcumstance 'at shows jest how much I believe in 'em,' he warned.

'Now, Will. Ye can't make fun thet a way 'th a seerious matter! You can reecollect how ——'

'Now,' he interrupted, 'ole woman, you can jest let me tell my tale an' then if they's any time left, why, you can tell your'n. I am goin' ter tell how I feel toward 'em by reelatin' a leetle sarcumstance as happened to me.' He looked teasingly at his 'woman.' 'And it consarns her a leetle too!'

Appearing a trifle abashed, the old trapper's wife sat down in a split-bottomed chair. Evidently it was to be a long tale. The Tolstoy of the big hills lifted his shaggy head, grizzled slightly at the temples, and was soon adrift in reminiscence.

'You've heerd o' people bein' rid to death by witches while they was asleep? No? These doctors lay it to nightmare as turns the trick, but I say hit's witches! They're rid t' death and can't help their-selves. Thet was the sarcumstance 'th me!

'Every night, fer a spell, a purty lady, all dressed in black velvet, ridin' boots, an' shiny silk hat, come to my bedside, put a bridle on me, changed me to a pony, an' rid me off. I was a pony. That I c'd see when I looked down at my spotted hide an' hairy legs an' hoofs. She rid me to a place in the woods whar thar was a big cave, an' sech purty music an' dancin' as went on in thet cave! Romm-ity romm-ity rom! Squeedle-de-deedle de dee! I c'd hear them fiddles an' the dancin'! They danced an' they played all night an' then she come out, mounted, an'

rid me back afore the peek o' day an' turned me loose at the bed an' thar I was; my nateral body. Next mornin' I'd be so tired I c'd sca'cely lift my head frum my piller!

'Well, that happened so many times I jest 'lowed I'd hunt thet cave. I was tired o' bein' rid to death, too, 'thout ever gittin' to dance none. So I hunted these hills over, fur an' nigh. I even went up inter the Devil's Court-House, as these happenin's was as nigh the Devil's doin's as anythin' I c'd figger. But I never found no place like hit nowhares. So I jest tho'ght I'd trick my rider an' find out. I jest made up my mind the next time she rid me I'd leave some sign. I'd jest bite the bark o' thet tree I was hitched to an' paw the log by the side o' hit an' let fall some drappin's so I c'd find hit in the daytime. Purty cute, hey?

'Well, hit wasn't long before she come agin. As usual, she bridled an' saddled me an' rid me off. Thar I was, a pony, standin' by the cave, hitched. The music started an' she lit an' went in. I begun to gnaw the bush an' paw the log somep'n treemenjious; an' the drappin's too. I pawed thunder out o' that log, but somebuddy started yellin', 'Will! Will! What on airth air ye doin'? Tryin' ter kill me?'

'An' right thar I woke up. I was pawin' my ole woman out o' bed an' was tryin' to gnaw the head-board off the bed! An' I was a awful fix! Now! Thet ought 'a' cured me o' witches, oughtn't hit? I ain't had no faith in witches sence!'

'Yes, you have!' interposed his spouse, objecting. 'You shore do believe in 'em onless you have changed mightily. How about the time when yore Uncle Danny shot Vice Borden's picter in th' beech

an' she drapped crippled thet very minnit? And how about the time Anne Cameron, that t'other witch as lived on the Harricane, said as how Danny's likely gal'd be a 'purty'n afore the year was up, 'an' how her mouth 'as all drawed t' one side ontell her beauty was plum' sp'iled? An' ye'll remember the very minnit you an' Danny moulded a silver bullet an' cut a cross on hit an' cut Anne's picter in the beech down by the river and Danny stepped back nine paces an' said, 'In the name o' the Father, an' the Son, an' the Holy Sperrit,' an' fired the silver bullet inter the picter, thet very minnit she drapped crippled t' th' ground an' thet pore gal's mouth straightened. Ye know ye believe in witches!'

'Yes. I reecollect, ole woman, the time that Anne's picter was shot. She *was* crippled as you say, but she claimed she fell over her piggin' while she was carryin' hot water to her churn when she done it!'

'Yes, but ye reecollect, Will, when you an' Danny went down thar t' th' beech an' pulled thet bullet out o' the tree, Anne drapped dead?'

'Yes,' admitted the old trapper, shaking his shaggy head, 'I do reecollect now. But I am gettin' old an' that was long ago. My gels an' boys has all left me, gone everywhar an' got gels an' boys o' the'r own. I wouldn't 'a' got old so quick ef the wild game had kep' up; but when that begun t' git sca'ce, I begun to fall off. That's what keeps a man young an' makes him strong; hit's wild game an' the likes o' hit without backer, an' bad licker. Thet's when men was big an' strong an' hearty like my pap; he was a saddle-bag Virginny Covenanter. I ain't follered his footsteps none like I oughter 'r I'd be better nor what I am! They churched me fer

drinkin' when I was a young buck an' full o' life, but I hain't teched a drap sence!

'I'm better off'n some o' the fellers thet lives down in the coves nigh town. I live betwixt two fogs up hyar. The upper fog lies high on the mountain tips an' don't shet me out from the Almighty; but the lower fog shets me out from the disputes preachers is havin' 'bout which way is right; this an' t'other. An' after all I may be better off'n what I think!'

CHAPTER XIII

FAMOUS HUNTERS OF THE GREAT SMOKIES

*Ha'wiye'-hyuwe', Ha'wiye'-hyuwe',
Yu'we-yuwehe', Ha'wiyehyu'-uwe'—
Ya'nu une'guhi' tsana'seha';
E'ti une'guhi' tsana'seha';
Ya'nu nudunnehu' tsa'nadiska'.*

HA'WIYE'-HYUWE', HA'WIYE'-HYUWE',
YU'-WE-YUWEHE', HA'WIEHYU'-UWE'—
The Bear is very bad, so they say;
Long time ago he was very bad, so they say;
The Bear did so and so, they say.

Cherokee song to please the children

FEW hunters can rival the feats of Daniel Boon, or those of Davy Crockett, one of the five survivors of the Alamo, or of the powerful old Cherokee, You-naguska, who drowned his bear fighting with it in midstream. The deep, worn, sinuous trails of the Big Smokies felt the moccasin tread of a number of such stalwart hunters, to whose unerring aim many bears, deer, and turkey succumbed. Crockett slew in all about a hundred and fifty bears in his lifetime, and Boon had to his credit a greater number of buffaloes, many of which were slain with the hunting knife around the Salt Licks of Kentucky where Boon lay concealed. Leaping upon their hairy foreflanks, he rode and stabbed them to death for fear that his rifle shots might be overheard by the omnipresent Shawanos by whom he was captured several times.

The achievements of numerous other Smoky Mountain riflemen, equally notable, have remained unknown and unsung because of their natural



BEAR-HUNTERS AT 'BLOW-DOWN' IN THE SMOKIES
UNDER THE 'DEVIL'S COURTHOUSE'



JOE COLE AND HIS 'BEAR-PEN' AT INDIAN GAP
A deadfall weighted with stones, with a baited figure-4 trigger

modesty. This is the case with the most outstanding, such as 'Black Bill' Walker, the Stinnetts, Ben Parton, Levi Trentham, who slew a two-hundred-pound bear with a pine knot, and many others. One cannot enter their fort-like cabins without hearing extraordinary accounts of bear-hunting and deer-hunting that stir even the most sluggish blood; tales of backwoods sagacity and steady trigger-fingers that beat even the red man on his own ground. And, these present-day hunters of the Smokies, up to a few years ago, used the old flintlock with which to kill their game!

'I allus was somewhat of a fool about the woods,' smilingly reflected 'Black Bill' Walker, the 'old trapper of Tuckaleech' as he termed himself, as he lovingly fingered the trigger of his huge-bored, muzzle-loading rifle, 'Old Death,' which fired a two-ounce ball. 'I live in 'em jest because I love 'em. When I was young they wasn't nothin' about the mountains I didn't want to l'arn, an' they wasn't no resky thing I didn't want ter do!'

The old hunter sat in his favorite split-bottomed chair inside the doorway of his cabin on the Middle Prong of Little River in Tennessee, just up under the high blue wall of the Smokies. 'I never had no b'ar t' run me but onct,' he added, 'but I reckon that was onbeknownst ter him. But hit wasn't onbeknownst ter me!' Black Bill laughed heartily at the recollection of his discomfiture during the episode.

Of a figure decidedly Tolstoyan, with simple habits of living to match, head handsomely grizzled with a mass of heavy, iron-gray hair, Black Bill of 'Old Tuckaleech' breathed the vigorous atmosphere of the mighty Nimrods of the old flintlock days when

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Boon and Crockett trod the mountain trails of the vast wilderness then known as the State of Franklin. His cabin, a relic of Indian times, with its broad-hewn logs, puncheons, and hand-riven boards, with its single window like a porthole near the middle, seemed to typify the old frontier.

Although the direct descendant of a Covenanter Presbyterian saddle-bag preacher, of the Walker and McGill clans of old Scotland, and of a position above his environment, Black Bill lapsed into the easy vernacular of the Southern mountaineer when vividly recounting his experiences. Seventy years of age, still alert of mind and body, his greatest pleasure indoors consisted in perusing the 'Life of Grant,' the Bible, and the Almanac. When conversing, he shot his words through closed teeth as one would discharge a bullet from a gun. The firing-pan of his humor was always well-primed.

He squinted his keen black eyes for a moment across the valley at the fast-crimsoning mountain landscape shimmering in autumn glory. 'Hit was jest sech a day as this,' he recounted, 'when I had the tussle with the crazy b'ar. I was up in the spice-woods yander where ye see thet leetle gap in the mountains. I was standin' behind a chestnut watchin' th' trail fer a big buck 'at was usin' 'round thar when I seed this big b'ar come a-shamblin' along down the trail lookin' this way an' t'other. He sorter stopped 'th his hind parts up on a log. But I was afraid to resk shootin' him in them. So I pulled up Old Death an' shot him in the eye.

'Well! He tuk straight toward me with some power afore I c'd load my gun, which was a flint-lock then. I racked suddent an' terr'ble 'round thet

tree 'th thet b'ar atter me. I run so swift thet I c'd a-cotched him by the tail ef it hadn't been so short! I wasn't thinkin' o' doin' that, however. I was more int'rusted in t'other end!

'How d'ye reckon I got outer sech a tight place? Well, I jest kep' runnin' tell somethin' else happened! Soon I seed the b'ar was crazy from the shot in the eye. He blowed blood all over me, "Sw-oo-of!" an' shammacked off inter the bushes suddent an' begun to butt inter everything. I mighty soon got off outer the way o' trouble an' loaded agin. Hit didn't take but one shot ter finish him.'

The old hunter shook with hearty amusement, and then added with a more thoughtful air: 'I was shore resky them days. I was jest a plain fool in many ree-specks. I remember Jeff Wear one time offered me a hide of a b'ar ef I'd go inter a cave an' git it, so ter speak. He made a spear t' stick her t' death with. I stuck at her, but she splintered thet spear-handle the fust pass she made. An' then I crawled in close to shoot her, but she smacked the gun outer my hand onct. See thar whar the marks of her claws is too. She splintered the stock thar some. Thar wasn't room fer both on us hardly in thet cave, but I'd pull up close 'an shoot an' then duck fer her t' run by ef she wanted to. I killed her an' captured th' leetle cubs, but Jeff, he plum' fergot about the hide in the frustration. Fool? I was jest plain resky!'

Black Bill's 'reskiness' was generally attested to by his former hunting companions, the Stinnetts — 'Preacher John,' who probably killed the largest bear ever taken in the Smokies since early days; Henry, a famous still hunter; and Bill, an excellent trapper and guide.

The old black trapper's greatest hunting yarn, told with all the becoming modesty of actual accomplishment, is the vivid account of a bear hunt which occurred under unusual circumstances. Born in the year of the Cherokee Removal in 1838, this frontiersman was a stout young buck of twenty-three at the beginning of the Civil War in which he did not 'jine' until later. He stood six feet two in his woolen socks and weighed in hard muscle just one hundred and ninety pounds. To describe him in his own words, he was mostly muscle 'an' the rest, fool!' It was during the perilous times of actual war that the big hunt occurred.

'Longstreet was 'siegin' Burnside in Knoxville,' said he, 'an' had him pegged up tight in Fort Sanders. The air was tremblin' with cannon. Or hit mought 'a' been me a-tremblin'! Thar was Sel Irwin, Johnnie Walker, Father, Devil Sam Walker, Uncle Dan — we calls 'em "Uncle" when they're older, out of reespect — Sammy Myers, an' myself. We actually seed twenty b'ar thet day an' killed six! Th' woods's swarmin' 'th b'ar. The reason was — I found out arterwards — the mast had failed in all the mountains but thar. I jest tho'ght I'd gone plum' crazy an' was seein' things.

'Them was thoughtful times, anyways, with all o' us wonderin' who next o' our kin'd be shot in the war 'an not knowin' when we'd be tuk up by the soldiers. I pinched my nose an' pulled my ears to see ef it really was me standin' thar in th' woods. Six b'ar in twenty-four hours is the record, sir, so fur as I know fer numbers. For size, Preacher John Stinnett killed the biggest b'ar ever seed in these parts.

'To begin with, I wanted fer to take a hunt. But

I couldn't git nobody ter go with me. Several men thar in Tuckaleech refugeein' from the war vowed they wouldn't go a step. So I jest gits up a chanct fer provisions an' puts out alone one evenin'. I stayed all night on Meigs's Mountain so I c'd be on the b'ar's feedin' grounds agin daybreak next mornin'. I found a power o' sign thar on the mountain.

'I comes suddent on my fust b'ar the next mornin' as I crossed the mountain a leetle arter daylight. My flint failed to fire the pan several times, but I managed to shoot him finally an' he run off. I follered ontell I come to a spring on the Timbered Ridge; thar I looked acrost an' seed on the side of the ridge another b'ar settin' on his hunkers rakin' up leaves in a pile under hisself mighty serious, lookin' fer chestnuts. He was comical. I whipped over the ridge an' come up the knob under him. When I got thar, he'd gone funder down inter the timber whar I discivered him at the same business as before. He appeared to be of a very solemn turn o' mind. I looked about me an' seed six or seven b'ar thar doin' the same thing!

'Well! Right thar I got nerveeous! I thought I'd come to a b'ar convention! But I drops on my knee an' aims, but my flintlock was workin' bad. I pulls the trigger, but the chop goes "che-whillick! che-whillick!" And not a spark! The b'ar raises his head an' blows "Sp-oo-ph" tryin' to wind me, but not knowin' what he's skeered at. I takes out my butcher knife silent an' turns the flint so they's a sharp corner t' hit th' steel. The next time I pulls they's a shower o' sparks to fill a pint cup an' the smoke spurted. I had took rest agin a tree this time. My b'ar drops in his tracks.

'Ye've heerd o' buck aguer? Well, right thar's whar I got *b'ar*-aguer! I shivered an' I shook so I couldn't load my gun an' I reckon I poured powder all over the ground tryin' to hit th' muzzle. I had to set down awhile. I was too eager. My *b'ar* had rolled down a leetle holiur to'ards me, so directly I went over to git hit. When I got thar hit was gone! Not a sign of a *b'ar* anywhere. I had lost my prize. I was in some wise put out. But I follered th' bloody sign an' come to whar my *b'ar* was down agin a hollur tree rollin' from side to side like a pet playin'. I tuk good rest on a stump this time at the bulk o' him. When I fired, he riz up an' made off with great power inter th' bushes an' was gone agin.

'I soon seed that the place whar he was layin' was bloody. Pools o' it. I knowed then I'd hit his vitals. I run up quick an' mighty nigh stumbled over him. This time I was so eager I hadn't primed my pan good, so when I pulled the trigger, the powder jest fizzled, "Ps-sh-sst! — s-sst!!" seemed like a half-minute afore she went off. But when she did go off, the *b'ar* was tryin' to climb over a fallen hemlock an' the bullet jest knocked him in under hit an' he sot up straight under thar jest like a man. He took ter groanin' an' thrashin' about like he had a awful belly-ache. An' I reckon he had. His nose was high in the air.

'The next time I was too eager agin an' shot him in th' nose an' he begun to snort blood an' make a terr'ble noise like he had th' asthma. He looked so nigh gone that I pulled out my butcher knife an' thought I'd save a load by stickin' him. I sorter punched him 'th my gun muzzle to find out whar his ribs was to keep from hittin' a bone. "Che-whollop!"

he smacks the gun between his paws an' his teeth clashed down on hit like a steel trap! Y' c'n see thar whar the marks is yit! So I shot him instead arter all. I made shore he was dead this time, though. He weighed nigh over three hundred.

'I took out his intrals an' lifted him to my shoulders, but I had n't went fifty steps afore I run acrost a leetle cub a shammackin' down a tree back'ards, lookin' fust to one side an' t'other. We used to own a leetle nigger in slave times we called General Logan that'd rack up a tree nerveous jest like thet leetle cub was a-doin'. I was jest takin' a rest to shoot thet leetle b'ar when the bushes shook nigh the tree an' hits mammy come up to a log an' looked over at me. She skinned her lip back an' slathered at the jaws, threatenin'. She was a treemenjeous b'ar! So I turned my gun at her, aimin' right at the white spot in her stickin' place at the throat, an' fired.

'Arter the smoke cl'ared away I run up close to see what'd become o' her. I heerd her some piece off in the bushes bellerin' "Oh Lord!" like that. "Oh Lord!" Now thet might sound cute² to you, but whenever a b'ar bellers "Oh Lord!" she's dyin'! You c'n count on it. I heerd onct of a feller arguin' with a b'ar about that. He jest stood up in front o' th' b'ar an' he said, sez 'e: "You can jist shut up! Ye needn't be a coward. Ef you had got the best o' me, I wouldn't beller like a baby. I'd jest take my medicine like a man an' say nothin'." An' the b'ar *did* shet up!

'But thar was her leetle young un shammackin' down the tree backwards an' I hadn't loaded yit, so I

² Curious.

rushes over to whip him back up the tree agin so I c'd git a shot. As I lit in the bushes around the tree, "Chow! Slosh! Slosh!" a old *he-b'ar* riz right up at me an' spit in my face! I c'd feel the warm breath o' him. As I jumped back, I seed a yearlin' thar with him. Before I c'd load, all three o' them b'ar put off together, Gen'ral Logan an' t'other two.

'So I goes over to whar the old she hollers "Oh Lordy!" an' thar she lays with one paw hangin' over a big hemlock log; she'd died tryin' to climb over. I split her like I done t'other an' th'owed her high up on the log away from the varmints. Arter I had loaded my gun agin I found I'd rammed my last drap o' powder down the barr'l an' hadn't a grain to prime with. So I takes my picker an' picks out some from the tech-hole to fill the pan. Then I rams the ball down tight agin an' hurries on 'th my load o' b'ar meat, fer hit was gittin' late.

'Jest as I turned the top o' the ridge whar I'd camped the night afore, I seed another b'ar rakin' up leaves an' lookin' 'em over very keerful like he was afraid he would miss somep'n very important. He was on t'other side of a log an' I circled 'round to git in below him, keepin' the wind right. I takes very keerful aim, fer hit's my last load. He drapped in his tracks. He moved jest a leetle arterward an' I ain't so sure he's dead, so I steals up with my butcher knife to stick him. I gits clost an' riz up an' stuck quick, springin' back from the slap thet'd come ef he was alive. None come. He was as dead as a pine knot! I had jest p'intedly stuck that knife plum' th'ough him an' inter the ground!

'I splits him like t'others an' th'ows him up on th' log. He weighed nigher three hundred. Hit was

now nigh dark, so I tuck my fust b'ar an' hurried on lickety cut! I left my provisions and gun in a cave at the Forks. I knowed I looked some flustrated when I opened the door at home in Tuckaleech, and Uncle Danny and Sammy settin' thar in th' firelight talkin'.

"What on airth's the matter, Will?" says Uncle Danny.

"I got — a — b'ar —" I staggered out between breaths, "an' — seed — twenty more!"

'Well, that astounded 'em much! That was the beginnin' of the biggest b'ar hunt I ever saw! Next day, Pap an' five of us went back up thar at day-break an' by keerful plannin' an' lots o' shootin' we got six more b'ar an' four of 'em was killed in ten minutes by different ones. Pretty good work fer old flintlocks, hey? Thet's the biggest hunt any green boy ever had, I'll wager!

'Could I 'a' killed more b'ar thet day ef I had owned one o' them "atomic high-powers" as ye call 'em? Well, now, as fer shootin', they hain't nothin' agin the old-time flintlock or cap-an'-ball rifle with me. I'd jest as soon have "Old Death." But as fer quick loadin', thet's another matter. You all would have me beat, b'ilin' an' kittle. But lemme tell ye; ef we'd had yore quick-shootin' guns all this time, they wouldn't be no game left now to tell the tale! An' hit's goin' mighty fast!

'Thar was a cow-brute killed by b'ars up at the Crooked Oak jest t'other day whar I camped, an' they was some pigs thet got tuk up by a big stock-killin' b'ar thet's rangin' 'round the Devil's Court-House up thar. I reckon I'll have ter take the old gun out an' try him a crack.'

'Doesn't constant firing, as in the hunt you spoke of, alarm bears?' Black Bill was asked.

'No. Hit don't seem to. Leastways, they hear a power o' noise about in the woods; trees fallin'; rocks rollin'; lightnin' an' thunder; hit appears like hit don't skeer 'em as much as ye'd think.'

When questioned about deer bleating when shot by hunters, the old Nimrod admitted that, though he had literally shot hundreds of the timid creatures, he had known only two to 'beller' when hit. He stated, however, that they invariably bleated pitifully when caught by dogs.

'B'ars bellers,' he stated laconically, 'sometimes when you shoot another of their kind. They show a great int'ruse in each other. I've seed cubs cry pitiful an' beller jest like children over their dead mother. When I was gittin' thet she-b'ar out o' the cave for Jeff Wear, every time I'd shoot the mother, them cubs would cry somethin' heart-rendin'! I crawled inter a b'ar's trail onct an' shot an old she. Her yearlin' thet was with her run back an' jest fer the space of one breath bowed hits head over her an' cried the most human I ever heerd an' was gone. I raily expected tears to come from the b'ar's eyes! The dead mother was old an' gray.

'Preacher John Stinnett killed the biggest b'ar thet was ever took hyar in these mountains. Thet b'ar was a hoss! He was nine foot high, standin'! 'Dye ever see thet white pine he'd bit on Pine Ridge? Can't quite retch it, can ye? The hide would kiver any bed an' hang down on the sides. Preacher Johnny was a comical hunter when he'd git excited. He allus'd run like a stiff-legged jay-bird an' fire an' fall back 'th regular military tic-tacs!'



THE AUTHOR'S 450-POUND BEAR
Uncle Levi attempting to 'stand under' it

The old hunter arose from his chair and with his own gun as a weapon he acted out the preacher-hunter's maneuvers, prancing nimbly back and forth over the puncheons until he was short of breath. The 'military tic-tacs' were certainly amusing in the extreme — as told by the old hunter. 'Git Johnny to show ye!' he advised as he sat down panting and convulsed with amusement. 'He knows I mock him!'

The writer certainly did not get Preacher John to 'show' him, but he did ask him about the big bear. Ten miles due north from Walker's Valley and the Spicewoods, by way of Spruce Flats — the home of Bill Stinnett — and Buckhorn Gap, is the peaceful and picturesque Little Greenbriar Cove where Preacher John Stinnett lives. Amidst the heavily-laden apple trees of autumn nestled his mountain cabin. Back of it was the preacher-hunter himself, rounding out a section of hollow tree for a 'bee gum.' Tall, wiry, vigorous, with humor flashing from keen gray eyes, the hunter had the genial countenance which makes friends at once. Of the type of colonial preacher who could shoot as well as pray, he was the exponent of old-time Primitive, or 'Hardshell,' Baptists in Greenbriar. He was very modest about his feat in killing the big bear.

Said he, in describing the event of his life: 'Hit wa'n't nothin' to brag on't. Hit jest appears the Lord sont me to thet deer-stand thet mornin'. A whole pa'cel on us was camped at Shet-in lookin' fer deer; Will Walker among us. Black Bill, he riz up from his bed o' leaves thet mornin' an' he says sez 'e: "Johnnie, I drempt about you an' a terrible big hoss a-havin' it last night! He was walkin' on his hind legs atter ye!"'

'Well, I didn't think any more about his dream. We was drivin' Shet-in thet mornin' fer deer. Bein' young an' spry, I was to go to the upper stand at Laurel Gap. Well, I had jest arriv' when hit appears to me like I hears somep'n comin' the contrary way from the Sam's Creek side. I watches clost an' I sees the big varmint come about twenty feet fornent me out o' the fog. He appears to be tryin' to wind me an' was skinnin' back his teeth ontell I c'd see his gums. I jest brings my big gun to my shoulder an' steps quiet 'round tell I c'd see his stickin' place an' lets go. The smoke spurted an' he drapped in his tracks. He was the *biggest* b'ar I ever seed, I reckon.

'That b'ar had been killin' three-year-old cattle an' draggin' them in under the cliffs to eat. I think thet mornin' he'd heerd the tinkle o' sheep bells over on the Shet-in an' he was goin' over t' try a mess o' mutton! I got four dollars and fifty cents for the hide an' the dealer got twenty-five dollars.'

The dimensions of this immense black bear, given by reliable witnesses who were present at the time, are as follows: Total length from root of tail to base of ears, nine feet. Breadth between the ears, eleven inches. Spread of fore paws, tip to tip, nine feet, two inches. The weight of the green hide, eighty-two pounds. The bear was in poor condition and badly mauled by an antagonist equally large but younger. His tusks were well worn with age and broken. He weighed, at a rough estimate, six hundred pounds. If he had been in the excellent condition usual before hibernation he would have tipped the scales at nearly half a ton! A good bear, even for a grizzly. And he was slain with a home-made flint-lock fashioned by the hands of Preacher John!

The bore of the rifle which slew the big bear was an exact duplicate of Walker's 'Old Death.' It pitched a two-ounce ball. After making and testing out many guns of various bores and sizes, the preacher capitulated in favor of the excellent shooting qualities of the heavy Walker gun. The latter was 'fotched' from North Carolina during colonial days and no doubt figured prominently in the battle against Patrick Ferguson at King's Mountain. It had probably punctured a few red coats while its younger brother slew the biggest bear in the Smokies. Black Bill's father slew many deer and bears with his flintlock, back 'in ole Virginny,' whence he removed to the banks of Little River, called 'Canot' by the Cherokees, lured by land grants and tales of extraordinary game, and — being a good old Scotch Covenanter preacher — by the alluring chance of trying its deadly ability on the red Indian.

Although Black Bill's ancestors were Scotch, the Stinnetts came from England where they were refugees from the Huguenot persecutions, and were compelled against their will to fight with the soldiers of George III. Coming to America previous to the Revolution, with a full stomach of hate, they were ripe for America's fight in the War of Independence. They now call themselves 'English' — with American persuasion! Many of them were fighters as well as preachers. 'Preacher John's' father was also a 'Preacher John'!

Preacher John's eldest brother, 'Uncle' Henry, was present at the demise of the 'biggest bear.' Within hallooing distance of the monster's 'biting tree' with its tusk abrasions nine feet up, he also

'had a tussle with a big hoss onct.' Contrary to the usual North Carolina practice of running down bears with 'Plott hounds'—a cross-breed of Mississippi bear dog with Smoky Mountain foxhound—the Tennessee hunters usually stalk their game, a method which requires more finesse and skill. Tennessee hunters will usually fasten their dogs at night to prevent them from chasing deer 'without leave.'

Uncle Henry did his stalking early in the morning or 'late of a evenin'.' 'I heerd a awful racket,' said he, 'one evenin' jest at dusk, a blowin' like a forge bellows. A puffin' and a blowin'. I snuck up within a few feet of a big feller' (bear) 'at was pawin' out a yeller jacket's nest in th' ground. *He'd* paw *an'* he'd blow. When the yeller jackets'd git too thick fer him and master him, he'd go over to a bank and slide down headforemost a-wrigglin' from side to side to rid hisse'f of 'em. Then he'd come back an' go to work agin great fashion. He'd pawed thar ontell I'd watched him fer some space. Finally, I 'lows I'd try him a crack. I cocked my gun, but he heerd it an' put off toward the roughs.

'My dogs had follered me onbeknownst, an' afore I knowed hit, they was on his trail an' had him cornered in a sink. Hit had got plum dark an' I couldn't see him; so while the dogs was badgerin' him I poked 'round with the muzzle of my gun on-tell I felt his ribs an' let go!'

That was the last of a bear which tipped the scales at over four hundred pounds. Uncle Henry proudly pointed to the spot where the large bear met his Nemesis. 'Thar hit was,' said he, 'an' hyar's whar I stood.'

The writer was with a party of mountaineer bear

hunters returning from an irksome hunt among the yellow beeches under Thunderhead when two 'year-lin's' ploughed out of a wet pokeberry patch and into the river like two railroad trains running amuck. 'Uncle Bill' Stinnett was much amused at the unexpected turn of events. Said he: 'It wa'n't more than fifty yards o' this place last week that I got their mammy! She was a hoss too!

'I'd hung up a beef bone on a bush an' put some scent on hit an' I come up over the ridge early one mornin' in the rain, lookin' fer my two-horse buggy' (double-springed bear trap) 'when I heerd her snuffin' th' wind an' blowin'. I seed her fust an' her skin's hangin' down yander under the shed at my cabin now.'

Uncle Henry was asked about panthers. 'Painters?' he queried with interest. 'They is a few as uses about here. They's one, I heerd, uses in Marks' Cove now. One of the Jake Creek hunters seed his hinderparts goin' th'ough the laurel t'other day. Dogs won't hunt none thar. Thet painter's the reason, I reckon. They'll all turn tail.

'I was comin' over ol' Smoky with my woman and Ben, our oldest boy, a baby then. She was carryin' him. A painter drapped down right in th' path in front o' us. I didn't have nairy a gun, so I jest tuk up a pole an' driv' him off!'

Preacher John showed interest in the query about 'painters.' 'I've cotched many a painter,' said he, 'in a b'ar pen on Blanket Mountain whar that varmint is seed now. I've ketched black foxes thar too. George Rayfield an' me was huntin' at the Blow Down whar we was camped onct an' was bothered some thar with a old she-painter an' her cats. We

had barbecued a wild turkey an' some b'ar meat an' I reckon the smell o' hit, as well as some thiglum² we'd mixed with water and wild honey we'd got out o' a tree drewed 'em thar. They shore was hongry. When our fires'd go down, they'd draw nigh, so we cut the night inter watches t' keep th' fire up so they wouldn't attackt us. We could plainly see their red eyes glarin' an' hear 'em blunder inter the laurel when we'd throw fire-brands at 'em to skeer 'em.

'My fust deer? Hit was a spike buck. I was shore proud o' hit. I killt hit runnin' with a flintlock. I had ter hold on him fer a spell, fer hit didn't fire prompt, but I got him.'

Preacher John was asked about modern firearms. 'Hit's the city fellers with their high-powers 'at's the ruination o' game. They don't stop when they git enough an' game laws ain't nothin' to them. We was a law unto ourselves an' we never shot a doe beknownst. As fer turkey, hit was allus the gobblers thet got took up. We'd never shoot a fawn. As fer b'ar; they was jest varmints, but if we c'd ketch a cub without bein' scratched ter death, we'd save hit. As fer them high-power, quick-loadin' guns, I don't keer fer 'em. But hit's mighty onhandy 'th a muzzle-loader when ye've wounded yer game an' he's dangerous. But ye're liable to overkill yerself ef you use them fast shooters. With muzzle-loaders, we'd never shoot more'n we c'd tote; that is, after we'd become hunters an' the newness hed wore off some.'

In regard to timber wolves in the Smokies, Black Bill said he had killed several. All of his relatives had heard them howl, but he had never heard one. Said he:

² Metheglin is meant.

'Nigh-sighted Bill Hitch an' me watched fer a wolf at a doe's cyarcass where he'd slayed her onct an' we shot him, but thet wolf run ten miles to the top o' the Devil's Court-House afore he drapped. One of the t'others was ha'nted, so they said, an' was shot with a silver bullet hyar when we was all skeered to death 'th witches in these parts.

'Ye speak o' high-power rifles. I can't say thet I'd ruther have your'n than my ol' flintlock. They go with dynamite an' sech. They're plumb dangerous an' ye might kill somebody on t'other side o' the mountain! Old Death's good at two hundred yards, an' ye don't want ter git any further away from yer game, do ye? As fer fast loadin'; thet's a different matter. But lemme tell ye. These fellers 'at's dynamitin' the fish an' shootin' each other in th' bushes is the ones thet's doin' the damage. We didn't have no game laws in our time an' we didn't need 'em. We did have some principle, tho', an' didn't shoot any more'n we c'd eat or give to desirin' neighbors.'

'What did you think of the war in Europe and the big guns that shot projectiles weighing two tons?'

'Two tons! Why thet's more'n a hoss can pull! Hey, hey! Don't know what they all meant! But I reckon them as loves to fight, why, hit's better that they kill each other all out an' git hit over with. Do ye know I've figgered this war business all out this way; now I might make ye laugh, and I might start ye to thinkin'—all them kings and high fellers has got t'gether and says: "Look hyar! We're all gittin' too pore 'th so many to keep up. Le's have a war an' kill out a few!" So they jest stuck a stick inter the hornet's nest an' let her b'ile! But she b'iled over

inter our country! Ef them fellers hate each other, let 'em settle their own differences. We had enough o' thet when my pap was livin'. We ain't fightin' nobody's quarrel in furrin countries!'

Preacher John was of the opinion that in the next war everybody should be compelled to use flintlocks; 'then they wouldn't kill out so many. Thar's my boy,' his voice broke, 'he come back all buggered up, ain't wuth much now. He got the German's pizen gas an' hit 'pears like he ain't the same. 'Course I hain't complainin' none, but war is a awful thing an' hit oughtent ter be! If them people over thar want ter sucker out, let 'em do their own weedin' ef they've got too many. But they ought ter remember thet the Book says thet them as takes the sword must perish by hit.

'Now as fer spillin' the blood o' animiles, I ain't got no conscience agin hit. That's a diff'rent matter. I don't hunt as much as I use ter, beca'se the Lord wanted me fer to be a hunter an' fisher o' men. I was a expert, ye mought say, at both huntin' an' fishin', but now my ammunition is the powder of the Word an' the bullet o' faith, an' ef I shoot straight, as I used ter, I mought bring down game a heap sight more vallyble, mebbe!'

Good old honest Preacher John! If pot-hunters were as trustworthy and simple-hearted as he, there would be no reason for the Weeks-MacLean game protection law, neither would there be any need for game wardens and forest rangers threshing the bushes of the wilderness to drive out willful and unprincipled violators, scattering from cover. Such true and honest sportsmen, Black Bill, 'Uncle' Henry, Preacher John, and his brother Bill, Trentham and

Parton, would have classed these outlaws among 'varmint' to be exterminated without quarter unless they could adopt in their moral decalogue the command: 'Don't kill any more than ye can tote!'

'Uncle' Levi Trentham's views in regard to 'high-power' rifles were very similar. He was engaged in the usual habit of mountaineers after the day's activities: that of toasting his feet by a warm wood fire in his cabin in the Sugarlands. The cool of autumn made his fire a very hospitable accessory to a genuine welcome. He was not loath to discuss his exploit of slaying the 'two-year-old' bear with a pine knot.

'Throw away yer high-powers!' he laughed. 'What d' ye want 'em fer? Jest git ye a good, heavy, pine knot an' git to work! That thar b'ar was a pesterin' me a good deal a-killin' my shotes up thar in th' edge of the pasture. I jest 'lowed I'd git rid o' him. I sot a big b'ar trap up thar whar the stock couldn't git to hit an' whar nobody'd git cotched an' I waited. One cold mornin' I went up thar t' look arter my hogs. A leetle skift o' snow hed fell an' I wa'n't lookin' fer my ole b'ar so soon. But thar he was; in the trap, a-snarlin' an' a-snappin' an' layin' back his tushes at me.

'I didn't have no gun, but the thoughts o' them pigs I was losin' jest went all over me an' I flew inter a temper. Thar was a heavy pine knot layin' thar an' afore I thought I had snatched hit up an' was belaborin' thet b'ar an' he was boxin' 'th me tryin' to slap thet weepoon outer my hand. We fit up an' down fer a spell. Arter a while I giv' him a crack 't seemed to daze him an' seein' my chanct I run in an' let him have a good un on the ear an' down he went.

I had finished him. The hook o' the trap was cotched on a leetle root no bigger 'n my leetle finger an' ef he'd made a lunge, I wouldn't a been hyar to tell this tale!

Uncle Levi hunted over the Sugarlands with the famous Alfred Duncan gun with the gold stripes in the barrel. It had been altered to a 'cap-and-ball' years before. 'That gun belongs ter Joe Armstrong and was made fer Marcellus Armstrong in 1828 and cost two hundred dollars in gold. Hit's all et up with that ole McSpadden powder thet was made out o' saltpeter durin' the Civil War an' I ain't hunted so much with it of late on account o' hit. But I've killed many a b'ar an' deer with hit. But as fer me; give me a good, heavy pine knot any day!' That was Uncle Levi's favorite joke and he chuckled as he slyly observed its effect. 'I think you hunters c'n find thet same pine knot up thar whar I used it ef ye'll take the trouble to look fer it as ye go out to find yer b'ar!'

'Uncle' Ben Parton, a slight, wiry man with a deep, sonorous fog horn of a voice and a prominent Adam's-apple was feeding two great bear dogs — Plotts — near an ancient corn crib of quaint pattern in his back yard.

'Don't tech them dogs!' he warned. 'Ye don't never know what a damned Plott is goin' ter do! They'll wag the'r tails while they're tearin' ye to pieces! They're downright quare. What's more; them dogs is got the quarest names I ever heerd o' dogs havin'! Who in the hell ever heerd o' dogs named John an' Charlie? Them's no names fer dogs! They ought ter be named Lead, an' Rover an' Ranger. Them's dogs' names. Them dogs got lost over hyar.



A SPIKE-HORN BUCK KILLED AT THE LOWER END OF
THE SMOKIES WHEN DEER-HUNTING WAS LEGAL



BEN PARTON AND THE TWO PLOTT BEAR DOGS 'JOHN'
AND 'CHARLIE'

The dogs are cross-bred from Mississippi bear dogs and Smoky
Mountain hounds

They belong in No'th C'aliny. Them No'th C'aliny fellers allus uses dogs. Dogs ain't fit fer nuthin' but runnin' deer an' killin' sheep. I keep mine penned up on that account.

'Still huntin' is the best way an' ef a man can't still hunt a b'ar, he ain't much hand to hunt. Traps'll git ye in trouble too. I sot a trap up yander on that ridge whar ye see that gap — Laurel Gap, I call it. I was goin' up thar 'tendin' traps late last fall an' I ain't thinkin' I'm anywhar nigh a trap when "che-whop!" went a b'ar's teeth jest like a steel trap within a inch o' my leg! He didn't miss me fur! The hair jest riz up all over me! That's the only time I was ever good an' skeered in these mount'ins an' I've hunted a heap, fur an' nigh, too! That b'ar weighed over four hundred 'th his socks on!

'I never did tell ye about b'ars dennin' up in winter? Levi Trentham an' me was out amblin' about one heavy snow an' steddysin' tracks an' we seed whar b'ars was comin' out o' a cave gittin' water. Y' didn't know b'ar drunk water all winter, did ye? Y' thought they jest holed up somewhar an' stayed. Well, that ain't hit. We follered them tracks to a cave an' arter plannin' a leetle, Levi, he ventures in an' come out with the biggest yarn ye ever heerd. "Thar's nineteen b'ar in thar ef they's a one!" sezze.

'Well, that cave was too narrer to do any shootin' in, so Levi, he says sezze, "I'll jest go in an' club 'em." He cut him a good healthy stick all right, but it wa'n't long afore he come out faster'n he went in! They was a awful tussle in thar o' some kind, fer Levi, he didn't look the same when he come out! His clothes was tore an' he was scratched up con-

siderable. I had to laugh. But Levi, he got mad. He's got plenty o' temper anyhow an' he says, sezze, "Ef you think you are so damned smart, jest you go in!" With that dare, I went in. An', gentlemen! B'ar was everywhar! Layin' around asleep. Nothin' *but* b'ar! Hit smelled worse'n any skunk den you was ever in. So I come out too; more than satisfied with what I seed.

"Didn't ye bring nairy 'n with ye?" said Levi.

"No. An' I hain't lookin' fer no b'ar fight *nuther!*" I says, sez I.

'With that Levi put in with a bigger club an' a butcher. "I'm a-goin' ter git me a b'ar er know the reason why!" he says. I heard a scrimmage an' a scramble an' I never expects to see Levi agin, alive. The dust must 'a' flew, fer Levi come out o' thar directly, draggin' his b'ar, an' ef he was tore up before, he was wuss ner that now. He jest p'intedly didn't have anything decent on him. That b'ar was big all right, an' he'd stuck him an' was all bloody. Ef them b'ar hadn't been sleepy an' doby they would 'a' et him alive.

"Le's git another!" says I.

"Hell! Git ye one yer own self!" sezze. "I'm a-goin' home! I know when I've got enough." With that we shouldered our b'ar an' come away. B'ars holes up in winter thet away. They'll sometimes choose a hollur tree as one done when I seed b'ar tracks in the snow leadin' to a tall sycamore. Up in th' top o' that sycamore was a hollur lim' an' I seed thet b'ar's head stickin' out o' thar one early snow arter a skift had fell. I says ter myself, "I'll git you, ole 'oman, come warm weather, an' yore cub too!"

'Well, I waited tell time an' slips down thar an'

what d'ye reckon had happened? Thet tree had blowed down in a heavy storm an' thar was the mother, under thet heavy limb dead as a doornail, an' thet pore leetle cub whimperin' as ef hits heart would break! An' mouthin' over hits dead mammy! I jest picked the pore leetle thing up an' fotched hit along home 'th me an' the children played with hit. But hit never seemed right. Hit died afore hit was growed to any size. B'ars is awful fond o' one another thet away, an' show a great feelin' fer the'r kind.

'Would I ruther hev a fast-shootin' rifle? Wal, I dunno. Mebbe I would an' mebbe I wouldn't. Ef I was like ol' Sut Lovin'good, I'd jest carry a knife. Old Sut carried two, one to fell th' b'ar with ef the b'ar cotched the other in the tussle. That's jest too p'in'blank resky! I'd rather have a good muzzle-loader 'cause I'm used to thet. Ye can't shoot so fast, but y' won't overkill yerse'f. The hardest time I have hyar is ter keep what deer they is left in th' mount'ins. I keeps my dogs fastened up so they won't run 'em, but these city fellers comes in hyar an' they persuades our boys ter show them whar th' deer is an' then that's the last o' th' deer!

'Why, them dirty rascals come in hyar not long ago an' killed thirteen head; all they was in a drove in the Sugarlands! Them devils had high-power guns an' high-power whiskey an' they played hell. Now what d' y' think o' sech a mess?

'No. I'm sorter like Uncle Levi an' t'other fellers. Don't kill more'n ye can tote an' don't drink no more'n y' can walk under nuther with a gun. Thet's the way ter hev game a-plenty fer all an' safety too!'

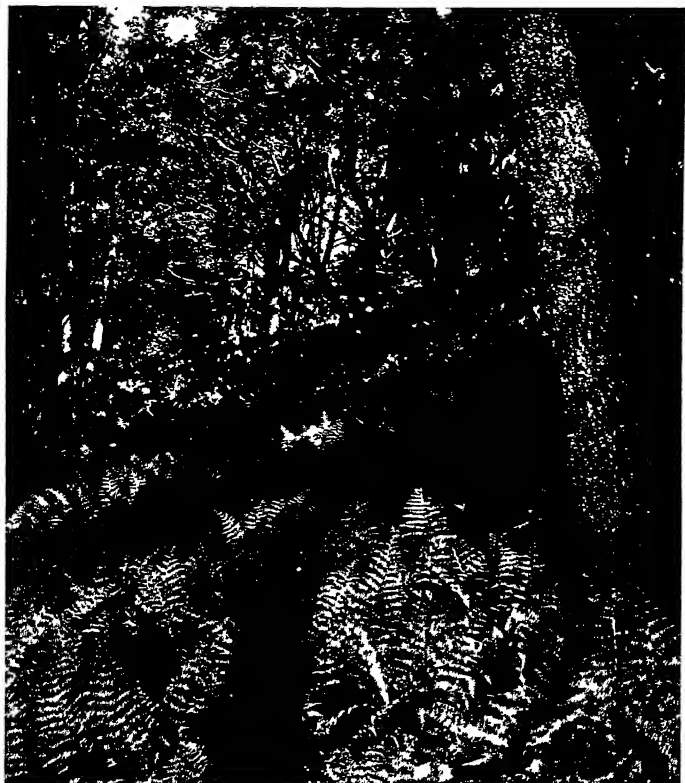
CHAPTER XIV

ABE COGGLE'S TARIFF

HOW THE LUMBER TRUST IS WIPING OUT THE
REMAINDER OF WHAT 'UNCLE JOE' CANNON
SNEERINGLY TERMED THE 'SCENERY' OF THE
APPALACHIANS AND WHAT IT IS LEAVING BEHIND

WHEN the Great Smoky Mountains are added to the fine list of our proposed National Parks, there may be many things to which visitors may object. One of these is that no one will be permitted to pluck so much as a galax leaf or a bud from the area. Rhododendron, laurel, and azalea blossoms will be expressly protected. A lady tourist visiting one of our Western National Parks desired very much to secure some exceptionally fine blossoms that were within reach. She had read the sign FOLIAGE AND SHRUBS NOT TO BE MUTILATED, but the more she looked at the beautiful buds, the more she desired them.

She mentioned the matter to her husband. Instantly he demanded who would be so foolish as to think that a citizen of this grand and glorious Republic could not so much as pick a bouquet. He was warned by a quiet and courteous khaki-clad gentleman standing near that it was against the rules. But he persisted, and thirty-five bluets cost him a dollar apiece! The Commissioner in charge, who imposed the penalty, stated that the fine was unusually light and said to him, 'Suppose we let everybody in the United States pick a handful of bluets, how many



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TALL MOUNTAIN FERNS

do you reckon would be left in the whole park system of our country?' This was a pertinent question and the citizen saw the force of the argument — PLUS the dollar per blossom.

But that is the least possible of dangers that are imperiling our forests daily. This same man would have stood aghast at the idea of touching a flaming match to the dry landscape and jeopardizing millions of feet of standing timber, besides many handsome cottages and hotels. Yet the principle is precisely the same. Aside from that, a patch of bluets is far more enhancing filling a shady dell than wilting in some visitor's sweaty fist. Suppose, for instance, that a tourist should take a fancy to a likely tree? Or two trees? Or that he organized a corporation and they took a fancy to several acres of trees, and this corporation, combined with other firms, took a fancy to a whole mountain range and began to bore, burrow, cut, batter, and blast with sawmills, pulp-mills, axes, crosscuts, fire, drouth, flood, heat, and reckless destruction, and suppose there was no sign of a quiet, khaki-clad gentleman with a badge of the United States under his coat to say nay, and to jerk the whole corporative gang up before a judge of the Federal Court who could banish the batch to the penitentiary in Atlanta and fine them a dollar for every splinter dislodged from a tree or bush, and every pebble displaced with dynamite and powder.

That is the Great Smoky Mountain National Park idea in a nutshell.

Aloft on the very tips of the Great Smokies, sixty-eight hundred feet above the sea level, with clouds filming only a few feet overhead or spilling like foamy cataracts over the low, parapetted gaps, one

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may cast a glance in any direction and with his field glasses see the tragedy of the Woods — great tracts of land bared of their mighty trees.

A towering hemlock, spreading its feathery tresses to every breeze; a giant oak, hundreds of years old, clasping deep the age-old rocks; a rare tulip with its perennial effervescence of spring; the locust with its dropping blossoms of honey; the autumn beech with its yellow sheen; the fiery crimson sourwood, gum, and sassafras; the birch springing like a crystal fountain from the woodland sod; the rare cottonwood with its jeweled center — all, all are now often regarded as so many board feet and macerated sawdust for the bizarre, jarring, greasy pulpmill.

It does not matter whether Daniel Boon actually hunted over this trail, or that. Or whether Davy Crockett killed a bear here, or there. Or whether old Younaguska drowned his bear in Eagle Creek or Professor Guyot discovered or measured this peak or the other. It does not matter if the ancient Timberlake visited this Indian village, or that, or even that an eminent French scientist by the name of Michaux or Audubon — or even Bartram, ever set foot among the trees of the Great Smokies which have stood since the creation of man.

North Carolina has heretofore had the enviable protection of sane timber-cutting in her flanking Smoky Mountain forest reserve areas, such as Pisgah and Nantahala, but the Tennessee side of the Smokies has suffered irrevocably from the lack of it. According to the ideas of the author, even 'sane' timber-cutting should never have touched a part of the Great Smoky Mountain natural museum. It should always have been preserved as it originally

stood, absolutely untouched by modern civilization. But the uninjured territory will undoubtedly form a splendid nucleus for reclamation and for the preservation of water power against erosion in its worst form in fire-scalds and areas stripped even to the stump by pulpmills, such as are seen on the Middle Prong of Little Pigeon and in the Laurel Creek section of the West Prong of Little River above Cade's Cove. Here not even the whitened bones of the age-old forest are left to show what once existed. The gaunt contours remind one of the Bad Lands of the Rockies.

Having 'Uncle Joe' Cannon's now famous remark in mind, I asked Abe Coggle if he thought the new tariff would have any accelerating effect — or words meaning that — upon the cutting of timber. Abe was standing at the head of the oiled 'slide' in the deep timber of the Smokies with his foot resting upon a broken 'peavey.' After a few thoughtful, preparatory puffs on his clay pipe, Abe said: 'I don't know as it would, fer they're cuttin' the timber fast enough now! Them new-fangled machines fer cuttin' timber ain't what they're cracked up ter be nohow; they'll give out an' break sooner n'r later. The old-fashioned axe and crosscut is too durned fast annyhow as it is. The timber is goin' like the wind hed tuk hit! They're skinnin' the hills. Look at 'em!'

Abe waved his hand expressively toward the bleaching bones of the forest strewn the mountain-sides in every direction. 'Now you wouldn't know them hills,' he complained. 'I tried to foller the B'ar Waller Branch trail up to whar I killt a big black critter' (bear) 'only last fall come September, that

weighed nigh onto over four hundred, and, dern my hide, ef I c'd make heads n'r tails out o' thet trail, hit was so kittered up with bresh! An' thet bresh is p'inted hell when she takes fire, fer hit jest sweeps everything!'

A softened, almost tearful, look came into the lank mountaineer's eyes.

'They usened to be nobody hyar but me an' my woman. We settled hyar. We come from Nawth Ca'liny an' all this was ourn th'ough hyar. We hed children an' was happy, as happy as mo'tals gits on this yuth, I reckon. I sot my traps an' ketched most any kind o' game an' shot a heap too. We lived as well as common; they wa'n't nobody 'thin twenty 'r thirty mild o' hyar. I paid a dollar a acre for this hyar land' — the mountaineer waved his hand to the skeletons of the forest whitening the hills. 'Now!' he concluded, 'jest look at hit! Hit's jest a all-fired mess an' these public works is doin' hit!'

Once, too, I had met Bruin and slain him up there in a deep, cool ravine clad in the varied colors of autumn, but now, although the landscape was decked in full verdure, it had passed its autumn forever and was, with its decaying branches and underbrush strewn the ground, a most abject sight. Lizards hurried with scurrying feet over the bone-like, dismembered cadavers of trees, and green scum covered the once pure waters of Bear Wallow Branch; tadpoles wriggled to the surface of the scum and then down again at my approach.

Where was the once quiet seclusion and cool retreat? The oasis had become a desert; worse than a desert, it was filth. The home of the bear, the deer,



'ABE' AND HIS 'HOSSES'



WORKING ON THE 'PUBLIC WORKS'

the catamount, and the turkey had vanished. The blight of the tin can and the tariff had arrived.

I went in quest of my friend, the giant tulip, that once stood twelve feet thick in a bed of ferns; a big-hearted friend he was. Now, only charred and broken stumps piled high with rubbish greeted me everywhere; the gaunt, decayed frames of trees pierced the sky and the points of dead hemlocks were lifted in mute surrender like the spears of a conquered race. My every step startled blue scorpions into activity among the parched and rotting underbrush. A yellow diamond rattler, aroused from his sun-bath, sang a brief warning and crawled lazily off; even he had lost his spirit.

Searching very diligently among the ruins for the remains of my friend, I approached a clump that looked strangely familiar in the drift of brush and scattered pieces of bark. A twenty-foot section of splintered wood, apparently once a tree of immense proportions, lay fallen to the eastward. I mounted the prostrate sides and came — upon the bier of my friend. The great torso of the giant was sundered in three mighty sections; his heart had literally burst with his death. The remaining stump was vast enough to mount a quartette of Abe's horses — for Abe was in the logging business now, driven to it, like other children of the wilderness, by the force of circumstances.

I saw the scene of my tulip's tragic death; the shiver of the axes and saws; the mighty tremor of the final surrender and the earth-jarring crash with the clutching of mighty arms at other trees in the final agony. Tears — did I say tears? — flooded me and — for remembrance, I stooped and pressed ap-

preciative lips to the mute side of the fallen martyr, my friend.

But, here again the jar of the present banished the past. Abe was busy hitching the block and tackle to another giant poplar, almost a twin to my deposed friend. Moreover, Abe was swearing profoundly at the lead horses, one a blind, wind-broken beast; the other, a thin, yellow 'clay-bank' with a narrow strip of soft leather over his nose in lieu of a bridle, because, as Abe explained, his mouth was 'as tender as a baby's'! Abe readjusted the tackle, and waved his hand to the driver, a boy of overgrown years, who flourished his whip. The blind horse gave a snort, squatted, and from his throat there issued the most uncanny rumblings that ever came from equine inwards.

'Who-ay!' shouted Abe. The horses stopped.

'I jest wanted ter tighten out thet chain an' see ef I had thet grab right in thet stump. That damned hoss *can* pull ef he *does* sound like he's a losin' his dinner!' asserted Abe, pushing the driver boy aside. 'Gimme them lines! Ef I cyan't git thet log out o' hyar I'll jest p'intedly pull the gears offen them hosses! They can p'in'blank beat airy team o' oxen in these yar mountains ef they're driv' right. That off-hoss has jest nachally pulled so damned hard he's pulled his eyes out! Giddap!'

There was a groan, a snap of the block; the clay-bank and the black both lay to the load, squatted trembling; simultaneously there issued the same uncanny rumblings from the inwards of the black and the load rolled over into the slide.

'Who-ay!' shouted Abe. 'I knowed I had thet grab right in thet stump,' he affirmed. 'Fayette said I didn't.'

The overgrown boy grinned sheepishly.

'Don't never try to l'arn yore Uncle Fuller nothin' 'bout grabs, son!'

The big iron-gray teams of the logging company, a splendid contrast to Abe's lank mountain animals, backed up to the train of logs left by the mountaineer at the head of the slide, hitched, and started briskly with them down the gangway, its greasy planes smoking with the friction of swift descent. The giant that had so lately upreared his lofty head among the stars was on his way down an ignominious chute smeared with crude oil.

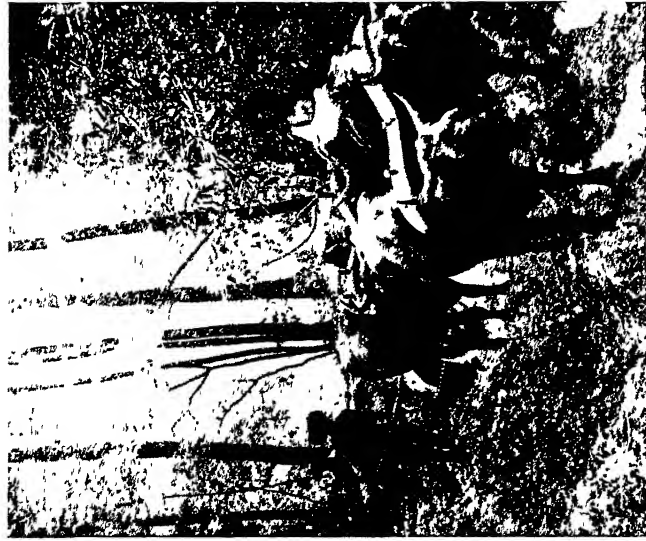
A few moments later Abe's monster poplar and two smaller hemlocks left the slide, and rumbled like distant thunder on the corduroy road which spanned the muddy remnant of the little mountain stream, now teeming with tadpoles. The corduroy was the chain which linked the oasis with the desert. The oasis was the yet untouched timber above; the desert the unmarked graveyard of putrefying masses of rubbish and bark litter which, not only unsightly in themselves, polluted the streams, killed fish with bark acid, and furnished inviting kindling for disastrous 'fire-scalds,' the worst and most effectual effacement of the forest. Behind Abe's giant tree came another train of 'logs' which were of pitiful proportions—less than six inches in diameter.

Beneath these trees sliding on the hollow drum of the corduroy was a vile, ill-smelling slush and mire which slimed their demise until they reached the treacherous descent of the pole-road, where another team took them to the log yard below. Every pole-road, slide, corduroy, 'snake trail,' flume, or tramway became an open artery through which ebbed

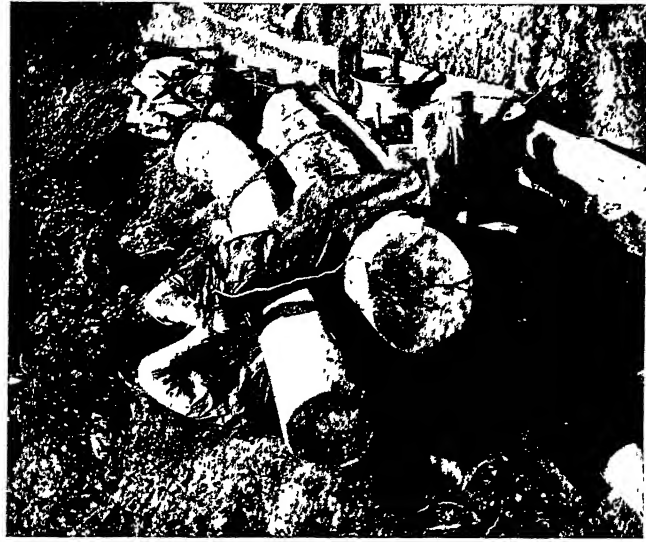
the life-blood of the forest. Coggle's trail above the slide on the bare earth was a 'snake trail' and 'snaking' logs was more or less the recognized duty of the mountaineer with the aid of his oxen and his lank mountain horses. At the head of the first log in the chains sent down by Abe was a 'grab' of malleable steel, 'L'-shaped with an extra thumb or hook, behind which each successive driver on the descent linked his teams. The driver at the pole-road would start the logs down the steep groove worn slippery by constant friction, and then with well-directed spurts, withdrawing adroitly into prepared pockets along the trail, he would dislodge them from each binding curve while the speeding logs would shoot like frightened deer down the poles to the next turn, where the maneuver would be repeated until the log yard by the railway was reached.

A lank individual with squinting eyes, 'Josh' Reagan, was watching at the last turn high above the yard to warn those below of the dangerous descent of log trains. As Coggle's logs shot by with tons of gathering momentum, Reagan shouted: 'See them logs high-ballin'? That hain't nowhars to what they do in winter when the ground's slick! Ruined two fine hosses a snow come last Jinnawary! Ice on th' ground makes 'em slide like all Jeehossyphat!'

Just then there was a sudden, ominous rumble behind us. My lank friend had just time enough to seize my arm and thrust me to the inner side of the trail out of harm's way. He had scarcely done so when he sprang quickly to the trail and shouted a warning to the workmen below. Down came the linked logs into the trail, bumping and jostling one another in frightful velocity. A huge, heavy one —



'SNAKING' LOGS, A MOUNTAINEER'S JOB



A TRAM-CAR

the leader — leaped high into the air, rode the poles sustaining the trail, tore them from their moorings and, with a resounding crash of dusty timbers and crackling underbrush, vaulted high into the air and came down into the ravine below at the edge of the log landing, carrying its companions with it. The log seemed a rebellious leader revolting at the prospective fate of the mangles.

My lank friend's eyes gleamed with satisfaction at the exhibition. His only comment was: 'Hit's mighty dangerous hyar!'

But in a few moments the 'skidder' had seized the recalcitrant in its fateful tentacle and he was jerked willy-nilly across the chasm filled with the corpses of his noble race. This little steam octopus on wheels with its long tentacle also had the duty of yanking other unwilling victims across the churning waters of the larger mountain stream.

Then a diminutive, ant-like contraption, with a tenacious little derrick, picked up the fallen giant where he had been so basely wallowed at the side of the railroad by the great skidder, and, with little velvety puffs of steam, dropped him gently beside other victims on a battered flat car. This little steam ant loaded enough logs to keep the big saws at the mills supplied at the rate of eight hundred logs, or from sixty to four hundred thousand feet of sawed lumber daily! And this was considered only a fair meal for the maw of one machine! Millions of trees, swept from the mountains, where they had stood since the creation of man himself, whisked away into a cyclone of dry sawdust in a twinkling!

Descending to the railroad which furnished the

outlet for all of this activity, I recognized a certain slab of 'curly,' or bird's eye, ash reposing in more select company — the upper social set — than the millions of common logs that were bleaching in the sun. Beside it lay also slabs of curly cherry, black walnut, bird's-eye maple, gum, curly birch, curly poplar, holly, and white walnut. All of these finer woods had been cut into ten-foot slabs and dragged by oxen over trails back from the most primitive growth. These finer woods were brought out by a specialist in wood who bought only 'curly' or 'bird's eye' stock. He was called 'the curly man' by the mountaineers, and he bought trees on the stump offering prices fabulous to the backwoodsman, but many times only a fraction of their real value.

As a background to this more select social group of timber, as far as the eye could reach, were rows of log yards where the common fry were piled like immense toothpicks. When the smallest sprout left will have grown into a tree equal in size to many of the deposed giants, the present generation will have been under six feet of earth for nine hundred years! This magnificent forest, before the advent of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park idea, was being devoured without one particle of regard for the pleasure or needs of future generations.

Valuable watersheds that protect lower streams from excessive floods and successive drouths had become the victims of a dollar-mad pursuit, and if the hand of our Government does not stay such senseless operations at opportune times there will be no water power anywhere worth even an idle consideration. With the ground exposed to the elements, erosion in its worst form will begin to work havoc in

loosening exposed humus which should retard moisture for an economical dispensing. In a great many instances, the stumps of trees were sold and dug, or blasted, leaving nothing behind except a yawning hole for weather wear. Where such inane timber-cutting has occurred, mountain-sides, once beautiful for bountiful verdure, have already fallen into an unbelievable desolation. American scenery of the rarest sort — contrary to Mr. Cannon's derision — literally is sold at so much per square and lineal foot!

With but twenty-seven per cent of the total area of the United States, our Southern States hold forty-two per cent of the total forest area. This forestation is now being used by our forest reserve gradually, however, so that the most can be made of the annual cut in order to save timber for the future; but up to only a few years ago, the half of it was most emphatically not so cut! The National Forest Conservation idea is proving the salvation of the woods. The hookworm of indifference to forest conservation heretofore has not applied to the South alone, but to the whole Nation. The National Parks Commission has undoubtedly aroused the national conscience to the threatened loss of all forests, due to reckless and ungoverned methods of waste.

Where Preacher John Stinnett encountered his big bear in the solitude of the forest were hundreds of acres of curly birch, poplar, cherry, ash, and maple, purchased by lumber interests for five dollars to seven dollars an acre, besides many ordinary trees at as little as seventy-five cents an acre, although each tree in itself was worth from eighty to two hundred times that amount. Indeed, one 'curly' ash of excep-

tionally fine grain was sold as it stood for twelve hundred and eighty dollars to 'the curly man'! In many instances timbered land brought as little as seventy-five cents an acre only a few years ago. And it is for much of this same acreage that the people of North Carolina and Tennessee are now compelled to pay twenty times that amount for sufficient estate to establish their national park control area as a gift to their well-disposed government.

According to the present methods of cutting timber in uncontrolled areas contiguous to, and within, the Smoky Mountain region, it will require from three to four hundred years for trees to attain any appreciable mature growth. This interval will be much longer, in many instances where disastrous fire-scalds have already occurred that have killed prospective tree growth in root, sprout, and seed. As the author writes this, about sixty thousand acres of timber land in the Unakas, to the eastward of the Smokies near Grandfather Mountain, worth in the neighborhood of two millions of dollars, besides much private property, are being destroyed by fire and unless there is rain the losses may exceed a more extravagant estimate.

Only a short time ago, just under the peerless Le Conte, on Brushy Mountain near Grassy Gap, timber fires blazed for many days fanned by the high winds that usually career over the tops of the Great Smokies. The light from these fires, burning like a furnace deep into the peaty turf, and fanned by high winds, cast a volcanic glow over the whole rugged landscape and could be seen for miles disturbing the sleep of many anxious mountaineers. This disastrous fire flared from the usual brush litter. As a



'FIRE ON BRESHY!'



A 'FIRE SCALD,' THE GRAVEYARD OF THE TREES

result, Brushy Mountain is 'brushy' no longer, but is a razor-backed scar of rock ribs and arid grass where erosion is already ploughing gullies into what was once a tract of magnificent pines.

CHAPTER XV

A RAID IN THE SMOKIES

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

OFFICE OF THE DEPUTY COLLECTOR

DISTRICT OF TENNESSEE
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Editor

DEAR SIR:

I have just been shown your letter of the 16th instant addressed to Mr. Robert Lindsay Mason, of this city, relative to his story, and will state that it is based on actual facts. Mr. Mason accompanied Deputy United States Marshal John H. Blankenship, Deputy Collector R. P. Eaton, and myself on the raid described in this story and all of the essential features are made up from actual happenings of this raid. Mr. Mason has accompanied the officers on a number of other raids upon the 'moonshiners' of this section and is well fitted to deal with the real side of this work as he has done in the story mentioned.

Respectfully

GEORGE E. FELKNOR
Deputy Collector, 5th Div. Tenn.

'HAVE you paid your life insurance and made necessary arrangements for your burial in case of such a contingency?' The kindly gray eyes of United States Marshal Dunlap grew suddenly grave. 'Do you fully realize the seriousness of the trip which you are about to make?' he asked.

I managed to croak out something as a depressed

feeling magnified itself in the pit of my stomach and my legs seemed to lose their usual elasticity. Noticing the paleness that must have passed over my features, he added sympathetically:

'It is true that you men are going into one of the worst sections of the Smokies for ambuscades, and forewarned is forearmed. I didn't want you to go into it without full appreciation of its possibilities. Several men have been wounded and killed over in there. I do not want to frighten you, but I warn all of you to be very careful.' Turning to Blankenship, our chief raiding deputy, Mr. Dunlap concluded, as he placed a hand upon my shoulder, 'Run no risks, John, for I don't want any of these men hurt!'

Blankenship merely laughed as he went on fussing with his equipment of guns and lunch. 'No danger!' he cheerfully retorted.

Over in a dark corner of the marshal's office sat a stoop-shouldered man with ferret-like eyes and a hook nose which somehow reminded one of an owl's or a hawk's beak. This man was to pilot us forty miles that night to two 'moonshiner stills' in the 'old tenth' district, one of the most notorious localities for illicit distilling in the foothills of the Great Smokies. He sat in the daylight blinking at us intently.

Raiding was not a new experience to me. Several times before, I had gone with Uncle Sam's men on perilous expeditions to raid moonshine stills in the Tennessee side of the Smokies, though with no unpleasant results aside from heel blisters, fagged muscles, and loss of sleep. One time, three of us traveled thirty miles to see at three in the morning, by chill October moonlight, the unsymmetrical

sides of a stone heap on the craggy slopes of the Cherokee's Enemy Mountains: our informer had mistaken a rock pile for a moonshiner's furnace! Deputies Hill and Brewer had on this occasion combined their deep and profound swearing abilities in a growling duet which would have done credit to any two sailors before or aft the mast.

On another occasion the raid was more successful. Profiting by our recent experience, we took our informer with us. But he proceeded to lose us in the devious and stony crags of the big hills, dotted with abandoned cabins and flourishing 'wild-cat' distilleries. After two hours of recasting, wading in utter darkness across streams and through ooze-filled ravines, we finally reached our destination an hour before daylight, greatly fatigued, having in all covered about forty miles by foot and horse.

As we stood shivering in the cold March starlight behind a dilapidated mountain cabin, our 'Judas,' as he is called by mountain men, grew suddenly querulous with fear.

'Swear to God!' he shiveringly complained, 'this hain't the place!'

But Deputy Lon Hill poked him commiseratingly in the ribs with the muzzle of his Krag. 'Cheer up, old boy!' he said. 'We won't let 'em get you!'

We carefully inspected the empty cabin before we entered, and, building a fire out of an abandoned bedstead and straw from its ragged mattress, we dried out our steaming clothing and boots, ate pie, joked softly, and awaited daylight.

Frost lay over the flakestands, furnace, and mash-sticks as we found our still by starlight just before dawn. Surrounding it completely, with instructions



REVENUEURS WATCHING A MOONSHINERS' TRAIL IN THE
'ENEMY MOUNTAINS' OF THE CHEROKEES
Just after an all-night vigil



'MASH-RAKES,' RETORT, WORM, ETC., EXHIBITED BY
'CEPH' REMINE

The hat with bullet-hole belonged to Bill Heddan, a famous
moonshiner who was killed by an officer

from the chief raiding deputy to fire only when necessary, we captured two young and ambitious moonshiners, one of whom, when commanded to throw up his hands, made a threatening gesture and almost got a bullet from Deputy Wynn's gun for his trouble. When we returned to our rendezvous, our informant had taken refuge in the cabin loft and would not come down until we had sent the prisoners on ahead. He was trembling from head to foot.

The present prospective raid in dangerous 'old tenth,' where several revenue men and moonshiners together had got their fatal dose of lead, promised to be a tonic for jaded nerves. We were all well armed. There were three rifles of .30-.30 caliber in the party one of which, an automatic, was carried by the author; the others were Krag carbines. Deputy Marshal Blankenship, General Collector Roland P. Eaton, Deputy Collectors George Felknor, Ben Bolton, the informant — or 'Judas' — and the writer constituted the party.

It was two hours before daylight when we tied our horses under the concealing brush against the rugged sides of Bluff Mountain; we had ridden thirty miles since starting an hour before midnight. A light frost was crisp under foot. We skulked through ravines and skirted silent cabins to avoid barking dogs, halting cautiously at every unusual noise. Our informant, who was familiar with every stock path and trail, led the way, frowning at every snap of a twig and holding whispered conferences at every decided turn of the path.

As day broke, we stood in a high mountain trace watching the fog-sea spilling over the indented ridges. Up from the depths below us came the bark-

ing of a hound, and then the rattle of a dinner pail carried by some one climbing the trail. Hastily concealing ourselves in the brush, we watched our unsuspecting moonshiner, axe over shoulder, go swinging by in the direction of his still. We waited until the cheerful staccato of his axe rang out in the ravine, then Deputy Blankenship divided his party, sending Eaton, Felknor, and the writer down a steep hill filled with growing corn to cut off the retreat below, while he and Bolton went to the head of 'Zoller Holler' to 'flush' the victim. With some difficulty and fear of discovery the three of us labored down the steep and sliding slopes of the scant corn, far too scant to conceal anything but a rabbit.

'I'll give you plenty of time to get to the trail at the bottom' was our leader's parting injunction. But he didn't, or the General Collector couldn't see his way clear to plunge immediately through a dense patch of briars; for while we hesitated, we heard two shots in rapid succession — our signal — and Blankenship shouting: 'There he comes! Head him!'

A confused vision resembling an animated flying scarecrow — our moonshiner, head back and hair streaming — swept by us through the corn patch on the opposite side of the briar-filled ditch, with feet striking the hard earth like flails. We opened our batteries, but our intended victim vanished unscathed in the waving blades of corn. Blankenship came up excited and justly indignant.

'Boys, why in hell did you let him get away?' he fumed. 'What are you doin' on this side of the ditch?'

It had all happened so quickly that we had no

plausible excuse to offer for not getting squarely in the trail; the writer had thought of this expedient before the incident, but then he was not general revenue collector. We repaired to the still so precipitately vacated by its owner. Its furnace was tossing out ruddy gleams against the delicate tracery of the surrounding bushes and trees; it all seemed as unreal as a scene arranged upon a stage and even the still itself might have been made of *papier-maché*. But it very soon became a stage full of strenuous action.

Quickly placing Eaton and Felknor as guards on the chance of trapping another unwary operator at the still, Blankenship, Bolton, and the writer met the guide by appointment in the ravine above and started on another hunt for 'wild-cat' paraphernalia to be found two miles away by a short cut over the ridges. We made haste to arrive before the news of the first raid had been spread abroad by our escaping moonshiner. Walking for half an hour we stood a short distance above the eventful spot where our guide pointed out the precise place from a mountain gap. 'Right at the foot of that dead chestnut,' said he, indicating the place with his forefinger.

Down we swept anxiously hurrying until we came to a ravine filled with a heavy growth of trees; on one side was a mountain trail through some low bush. Blankenship stationed me under the cover of the bushes on the hillside and in immediate proximity to the trail. 'Now,' said he, 'we are going to run him right out at you and you must stop him if you have to shoot. I ain't goin' to have no more moonshiners gettin' away this time. But be careful and don't shoot us!' he warned.

'The same to you!' I rejoined as I crawled up under the laurel.

The suspense of waiting for that unsuspecting moonshiner was almost unbearable. All revenue men, whether experienced or not, hate this unbearable waiting. They all agree that it plays more havoc with nerves than any real danger of the service. Soldiers before a battle fear it; trenchmen in our recent World War shunned it, and many even committed suicide rather than endure this zero hour before the conflict. At least for me it had its possibility and even probability of personal encounter.

I stood first upon one foot, then upon the other. For the thousandth time I examined the sights of my Krag and cocked my revolver. At inadvertent noises I started. A cricket tried to reassure me with his ill-timed chirping, but I refused to be reassured and wished myself well out of the mess.

But, suddenly, like a thunderbolt leaping out of the sky there trembled upon the air a deep explosion which echoed and reëchoed among the gorges of the mountains; the moonshiner's warning. Dynamite! I heard our chief swear audibly across the ravine and presently there came the sound of frantic footsteps scrambling down the rocky trail in Blankenship's direction and then the hurried pouring of the sour beer from the retort. Our suspect, unaware of the presence of the 'revenuers,' was endeavoring to 'pull' his outfit and get away before their arrival. In this he had miscalculated. He was swearing to himself in the agitation of the moment.

Suddenly I heard Blankenship tersely cry: 'Hands up!' There were three quick sharp reports, and then, 'Look out! Stop him!' It was my signal.

Springing into the trail I was almost immediately run into by a wild-eyed young mountaineer scrambling out of the bushes on his hands and knees. He had fallen and the raiders had mistakenly thought him hit. His countenance was panic-stricken. He stopped abruptly at the muzzle of my revolver and threw up his hands. Over his shoulder I could see Bolton grinning mischievously at the scene we made. Our chief rushed out and quickly searched our man for weapons. Finding none, the victim was ordered to lower his arms. He was deeply panting from excitement, incoherent and acquiescent to our every suggestion.

The splendid fifty-gallon distilling outfit of this young 'blockader,' as he called himself, costing days of painstaking labor and representing an outlay of over a hundred dollars in cash, was soon rolling upward in smoke. The writer also took a hand at still-smashing while the young mountaineer sat dejectedly upon a rock. The sour mash and beer were poured upon the ground, about eight hundred gallons of it, running like so much buttermilk into the mountain stream among the rocks.

Our captive, Jack Pruett, a young mountaineer of twenty years, begged the privilege of passing by his home to divest himself of his 'over-halls' so that he might go to jail in respectability. At first our chief demurred, saying that the request often proved an excuse for strategic delay so that a captive might escape, but was assured by Pruett that he 'done give himself up and wa'n't goin' to cause no trouble.' The note of sincerity in the boy's assertion caused the officer to relent, but he warned Pruett of the consequences.

'I'm not goin' to put up with any foolishness with you fellers!' Blankenship warned. 'You have shot at our men enough 'round here!'

But the young captive gave repeated assurance that he also wanted to see his mother, who was alone.

'Ain't no gal mixed up in this, is there?' the chief queried.

'Wal,' said Pruett, 'I ain't turnin' nobody up, but her gang's done me dirt, I reckon, and I'm goin' to tell ye somethin' afore I leave hyar!'

Blankenship smiled. His ruse was working. Raiders invariably play upon prejudices and jealousies to ferret out other information. He let it bide, and by the time our trio reached Pruett's cabin, the chief had the desired facts. As a result, on the way, we stopped at the cabin of a cousin of Pruett's and arrested Elder and Luther Bales upon the victim's information, who supposed these kinsmen had 'turned him up.'

It was while at the mountain home of Pruett that the writer saw first any evidence of affection shown between mountaineers. The young man, in bidding an affectionate good-bye, put his arm about the shoulders of his mother whose face was grim but whose eyes remained dry of a single tear. Such is the hardihood of the primitive Anglo-Saxon, who has the stoicism of the Indian. Pruett later became the ward of the Judge of the United States District Court in which he was tried, drove a United States mail truck, and later became a 'holy roller' preacher. It was the only instance under the writer's observation where a moonshiner was ordained into the ranks of parsons under a revolver muzzle. He is now one of the writer's best friends.



THE 'SQUIRREL-HUNTERS' PUT TO WORK BY
BLANKENSHIP



A STILL WITH A 'THUMP-KEG,' A MODERN CONTRAPTION
THAT DOUBLE-DISTILLS AT ONE OPERATION
Fred McGill and John Llewellyn, famous moonshiners, posing
for their pictures

'If I had knowed, Bob, thet yore gun wouldn't shoot I'd 'a' run over ye thet time in the woods!' he laughingly told the author some few months ago. I, however, did not know at the time that the gun was defective either. Glad I didn't!

Returning to our first still, we found Felknor and Eaton highly nervous and in possession of one prisoner, John Llewellyn, a middle-aged mountaineer, with many other mountain men swarming in as a result of the dynamite signal; all of them carried guns of various sorts, ostensibly 'squirrel huntin'.' Blankenship realized the danger of the situation at a glance. Finding Collector Eaton's prisoner arrested only on conjectural evidence and as hostage principally, he released the man. This action was not without its palliating effect upon the 'squirrel hunters' whom we all watched for any slight hostile movement.

As another diversion the chief deputy proposed that a photograph of the still be made while under full operation. He put all the squirrel hunters to work; at the same time warning us to keep our firearms within instant reach. These photographs were certainly made under unique circumstances, to say the least. Some of the mountaineers cut wood, others stirred mash, while one well-known and desperate character who had done several jail sentences, Fred McGill, plastered the 'thumper' and the retort ready for business. They were no doubt watching for chances to release the three prisoners as well as we were to prevent them. We remembered our chief's admonition to keep rifles well within reach and did so. The picture-making over, we destroyed every vestige of the still, a hundred-gallon,

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efficient affair with double distillation *via* the 'thumper,' burning everything that could be transformed into smoke and chopping up a ninety-gallon retort. The two boldest of the squirrel hunters, Llewellyn and McGill, dissented with expressive oaths of regret, but we kept steadily to our work, with a keen eye out for any furtive movements on the part of the potential moonshiners hovering threateningly about.

Before our departure, Blankenship and Eaton pumped Pruett dry of all desirable information they could solicit, including the identity of the escaped man for fear that he might later become intimidated by his clansmen. Then we started at a lively gait out of that vicinity taking the shortest trail to our horses, not unaccompanied by the mountain clansmen of our prisoners, however, who clung to our footsteps. One of them sounded out the writer with the question: 'You hain't a reg'lar raider. Would you shoot ef they's anything doin'?'

I professed ignorance as to his meaning, thereby perhaps saving friction which might have led to a serious assault upon the officers in which I should no doubt have found myself heavily involved. The moonshiner was drunk enough to have caused trouble; therefore an evasion was the better reply. Reaching our horses, we started on a brisk jog out of that stewing locality where all the Nimrods of the mountains seemed to be congregating from every point. At every cross-road and trail they swarmed like angry hornets, and it needed only a sting to start a tragedy. The air was as tense as a bow-string. These wayside groups seemed to vanish like a will-o'-the-wisp only to reappear at a distant cross-path to intercept us.

'The weather's too danged good for squirrel huntin' to suit me!' Blankenship dryly remarked as he watched them. Bolton smiled grimly in anticipation of a shooting party. Felknor had trudged ahead on foot with Pruett to meet us at a distant point. Pruett's presence might have caused the gathering storm to break.

The chief deputy had a warrant for a man whom he recognized in one of the threatening groups of mountaineers that was dogging our footsteps, and, in spite of the possible danger of facing them alone, he went boldly back among them, put Jake Wells under arrest, and placed him on the rear seat between himself and me.

Instantly, two men, one of whom carried a sawed-off, small-bore shotgun, began to cling more closely to us, and I caught a signal from one of them to our prisoner indicating that the latter was to 'jump and run for it.' With the gun, they evidently intended to cover his flight. I nudged my friend, the chief deputy, who took out his revolver, meantime keeping up a running fire of pleasant conversation with the would-be rescuers in the roadway. Under his breath the officer muttered to the prisoner: 'I may have to kill a man here directly, egad, and, pardner, it will be you first if anything starts!'

Wells turned white as chalk. 'Don't reckon they'll be anything out o' the way!' he quavered.

The lank mountaineer in the roadway, watched by his half-drunk companion, continued his signals, while Blankenship smilingly fingered the trigger of his .38 special under cover of the back seat. The tension was almost at the breaking point when our lean friends, reaching their mountain cabin by the

wayside, ceased their efforts, and dropped away with a final oath of defeat and a glare of hate.

Such are the daily incidents of the 'revenuer's' life as he plays tag with death. In Tennessee, not long since, an informer, or 'Judas,' was shot while holding his baby in his arms; another, a storekeeper in a mountain community, while innocently carrying a lantern to guide revenue men to a mountain trail, had his neck broken by a bullet; still another, a United States deputy, while leading a handcuffed moonshiner down a mountain trail at night went to examine a package surreptitiously thrown over the fence by his prisoner, and had his brains spattered against a rail fence by a bullet from ambush. The officer's body lay in the roadway for hours before any one had the courage to remove it previous to the arrival of fellow officers.

The aim of the moonshiner is traditionally unerring, as was demonstrated in the Virginia troubles in the same mountain range, and if filled with liquor or galled under an ancient wrong, he does not hesitate to attack from ambush. But the reverse is often true also, and Uncle Sam's men take no chances at the least suspicious show of resistance, with the result that the straight-shooting ambuscader finds himself tripped with a bullet before he can even reach for his gun. One of the chief raiding deputies mentioned in a previous paragraph holds it as the code of his department that any of his men may be 'fired' as quickly for shooting too late as for shooting too soon. In other words, a momentary lapse of time may prove fatal either way. No experienced 'revenuer' fires too late, or too soon, and as his marksmanship is not to be sneezed at, the moonshiner is



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE 'SQUIRREL-HUNTERS' STILL
John Llewellyn stirring hot mash in the retort



THE 'SQUIRREL-HUNTERS' LOOK ON HELPLESSLY WHILE
THEIR STILL GOES UP IN SMOKE

not so ready to shoot as he formerly was. He has learned the bitter lesson that usually right is on the side of law, even in the prohibition question as written into the Constitution of the United States — funny papers, 'booze heads,' and wise vaudeville cracks to the contrary. The revenue man has become the skirmish line scout of our time and gives his life as readily as any soldier in battle without the blare of trumpets or the beat of drums.

Such tragedies are common in the life of the 'revenuer,' who takes them all as a matter of course and who performs acts of bravery daily which would put the dime-novel hero to blush. But it is only in the event of a tragedy that to the outside world is revealed how sturdily he stands in the face of danger and also how truly bad the moonshiner bad man is, particularly when he is full of his own deadly brew.

CHAPTER XVI

OLD CHEROKEE TALES AND LEGENDS

Tsi'stu wuliga'natutun'une'gut satu' gese'i
The Rabbit was the leader of them all in mischief.

Old Cherokee translation from Suyeta the Chosen One

FOR picturesque imagination and wealth of detail, Cherokee myths rank very high; some of their wonder stories rival even those of the Arabian Nights. But the Cherokee Indian, because of his forward-looking characteristic, lost many of his historical traditions; his eyes were always toward the future, never the past. He was progressive and his sacred records suffered because of it. Sections of well-marked cycles, however, indicate undeniably that he possessed tribal antiquities, but owing to lack of interest among his priests these were never perfectly preserved. In that respect he was very like his Southern white neighbors who considered that family records, however notable, were unimportant. It is because of this indifference that many family trees, not only among the Indians, but among the fine cavalier families of the southern mountain and coast districts, have been lost.

The Cherokee Indian's stories of the Rabbit and the Tar Baby were never taken — as is erroneously supposed — from the Uncle Remus tales of the negro. The Cherokee had this and other stories while he was the original Smoky Mountaineer a couple of centuries before the black man ever set foot upon our southern shores by way of the Salem ship, *The Desire*, built and equipped at Marble-

head in 1636, the prototype of a long line of slavers. If anything, the reverse is true; the negro, in all probability, got the Tar Baby story from the Cherokees or other North American Indians and the tar was the pitch from the eastern pine or the *piñon* of the West. The Tar Baby story has generally existed among all North American Indians for centuries before the advent of the negro.

The Cherokee, often forced to work as a slave alongside the negro, never looked upon him as an equal and therefore never absorbed anything from him in the way of racial characteristics or of tradition. From the Iroquois of the North to the Seminoles of the South; from the Delawares of the East to the Chickasaws of the West, Indian lore had at one time a traditional fountain-head which is revealed in their cycles. The stories vary in the telling only owing to local influence, environment, and faulty oral transmission from generation to generation by their priests.

As proof of this, he has his own story of the Creation; his Wasi, or Moses who received the tablets of the law; the striking of the rock in the wilderness when they had dug with staves and could find no water for their tribes who wandered for many years in a desert. They have their crossing of a sea by means of grapevines to escape from their enemies; their terrible visitation of serpents from which many of the ancient tribes died; and the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night for guidance, in which dwelt the Great Spirit. If these cycles had remained intact, they would have more completely paralleled the Biblical story in every detail of the wandering of the ancient Israelites in the deserts of Mesopo-

tamia and would have preserved the traditions of one of the oldest races of the globe, the Cherokee. They also had their ark of the Covenant behind which the priests of their tribes marched, and possessed traditional records of the Deluge which destroyed every living thing except a chosen few.

In addition to possessing sacred traditions which were transmitted to succeeding generations with a great deal of serious ceremony, he was such a keen observer of Nature and her creatures that he had a name for every living thing from the small water spider, Kanane'ski Amai'yehi, to the greatest of birds on the wing, the Awa'hili, or Eagle; from the mastodon Kama'ma U'tanu — the Big Butterfly — to the little yellow moth that flits in and out of the fire at eventide, the Tun'tawu; from the cowant, Dasun'tali Atatasun'ski, to Yanu — or Yona — the Bear. With this intense love of Nature as he knew her 'from the beginning' in his own jealously cherished wilderness, it is not to be wondered at that he viewed with increasing alarm the steady encroachment of the Anglo-Saxon stranger who always considered him beneath notice, and who brusquely brushed him aside, and took what he wanted when he wanted it, not only violating the red man's home and family, but also destroying his game and his solitude.

Thus, the Cherokee, highly intelligent, at first rather inclined toward social reciprocity, was stung into one of the most vindictive hatreds of backwoods history. It is difficult to believe that such a race, endowed with a love of the beautiful in earth, water, clouds, trees, and in the Great Chief of the Forest, could have been wholly degenerate and in-

describably bad. Without doubt the white man taught him first how to hate, bringing violence with him. The Anglo-Saxon had been drilled in a hard school, and the simple children of the wilderness, having never before seen a white man and thinking him an angel, soon found that he was a devil who scourged him with the flinty hand of intolerance. It is not surprising therefore, that the Indian began to fling back upon this new visitor the treatment that he accorded only to his worst foes of his own red race.

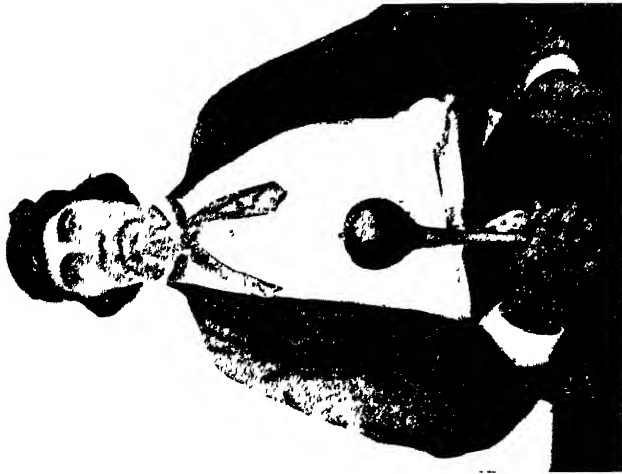
With two races in such intimate contact throughout the earlier history of the Colonial Smoky Mountains, it is impossible to treat of the traditions of one without also considering the records of the other in no small measure, although it is true that the past took care of itself with the Cherokee. He harbored nothing, not even hate, from one generation to the other. What redress he was compelled to make, he made at once with the horrible atrocity of the tomahawk and the scalping knife; but there was no hate left over for another generation to remedy or to hug to the bosom. So his stories and legends bear an especial significance as valuable records fading with others into the past.

Among the first great story-tellers of the old Cherokee lore we find old Swimmer (Ayun'ini), who was the Uncle Remus of his race. He was not only fond of relating these stories, but could sing, dance, and act, besides being an exceptional mimic. He was very popular and functioned at every Green Corn Dance, ball-play, or war pow-wow, always with the official turban of the tribe and a rattle fashioned of a hollow gourd filled with shot or round gravel. He

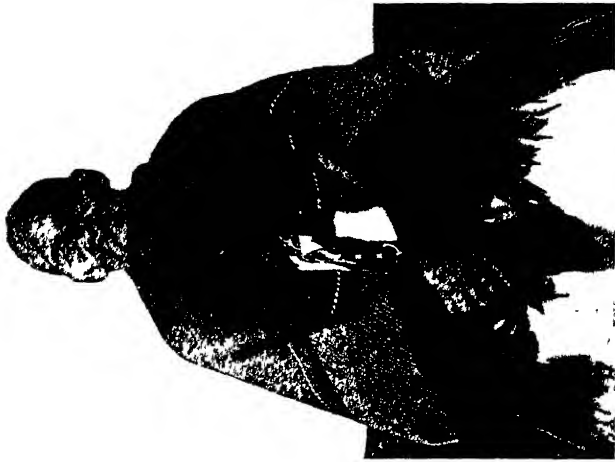
obtained his stories and traditions from the sacred priests of the asi, or town house, who scratched him with the bone comb upon his nude skin after which, facing the sunrise, he plunged seven times into the waters of a crystal mountain stream for purification while the priest prayed upon the bank.

John Ax, another noted story-teller, secured his valuable knowledge more easily and never had to endure the early plunge and the bone comb because he was 'fire-boy' at the asi, or town house, where the coals burned all night while the solemn priests recounted their sacred traditions and myths seated under the low roof which did not permit a man to stand upright. The Tsaragi boy thus eavesdropped as he attended the fire and learned much with little trouble except in keeping the room smoky and warm with the pine knot blaze on a flat rock in the center of the earthen floor.

To these two inimitable raconteurs, Ax and Swimmer, together with Suyeta, the Chosen One — a Cherokee Baptist minister — are due what records have been left to the Tsaragi of the nature, animal, and sacred mythical stories of their tribes. Little Tsaragi children shivered with delight at the story of the Un'tiguhi, or Haunted Whirlpool; or Tsul'-kalu', the Slant-eyed Giant; or shrieked with laughter at old Swimmer's antics imitating the Rabbit and the Tar Wolf, or, How the Terrapin Beat the Rabbit in a race. The more mature warriors heard with stoical interest the history of long ago in How the World Was Made, and The First Fire, or, Aganuni's'ti's Search for the Uktena (the Great Horned Serpent). Young maidens thrilled with such stories as The Huhu (Screech Owl) Gets Married, and, The



OLD SWIMMER (AYUN'INI)
The Uncle Remus of the Cherokees



ANNIE AX (SADAYI) 1888

Daughter of the Sun; while very old men — and women, too, for many of them indulged as do a few to-day — smoked and blinked over How They Brought Back the Tobacco (Tso-lungh), and, The Journey to the Sunrise, which all of the very old must take sooner or later.

Every river bend, striped cliff, deep pool, peak, and trail had its romance. There was a legend for every ridge, cave, waterfall, giant mountain, or impenetrable fastness. In fact the old wilderness of the Cherokee was a veritable wonderland of romance, deeply loved and jealously cherished as only primitives can love or cherish their very own. There were tales of The Little People (The Nunnehi), who lived in the bald mountains and who fought the battles of the Cherokee when hard pressed as at Nikwasi, the oldest Cherokee settlement, now the present site of Franklin, North Carolina. There were tales of the Uktena (The Great Horned Serpent), Saligu'gi — the Great Terrapin; the Ata-gahi, or Enchanted Lake under Clingman Dome which no *living* person has ever seen but which will heal all the hurts of the four-footed tribe who keep its location secret, and cause it to disappear periodically so that it may not be discovered. One of the most pathetic and beautiful is 'The Daughter of the Sun which is The Origin of Death. There are many, many others which if written would fill a book, perhaps as large and as thick as this and perhaps vastly more interesting.

The following tales have been selected because of their unique interest and interpretative values. The first one has something to do with the Creation. Old Swimmer tells it, between puffs on his pipe, the

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tusti bowl full of fragrant Cherokee *tso-lungh* — tobacco — which is very important because, without it Old Swimmer could not light his pipe and therefore could not tell his tale. It is about

THE FIRST FIRE

In the Beginning, there was no fire, and the world was cold, very, very cold until the Thunders (Ani'-Hyun'tikwala'ski), who lived up in Galun'lati sent their lightnings and put fire into the bottom of a hollow sycamore tree which grew on an island. The animals knew it was there for they could see the smoke coming out at the top, but they couldn't get to it on account of the water that was everywhere when the world was made. So they held a council to decide what to do. This was a long, long time ago when the animals, birds, insects and snakes were all the same as men.

Every animal that could fly or swim was anxious to go after the fire. Ka'lanu, the Raven, offered, and because he was so large and strong every one thought he could surely do the work; so he was sent first. He flew high and far across the water and alighted on the sycamore tree; but while he was wondering what to do next, the heat scorched all his feathers black. He was badly frightened and came back without the fire. Little Wa'huhu', the Screech Owl, volunteered to go and reached the place safely but while he was looking down into the tree with his big eyes a blast of hot air came up and nearly burned them out. He managed to fly home as best he could, but it was a long time before he could see well, and his eyes are red to this day. Then the Hoot Owl (U'guku') and the Great Horned Owl (Tskili'gwa) went, but by the time they got to the hollow tree, the fire was burning so fiercely that the smoke nearly blinded them and the hot

ashes carried up by the wind made white rings about their eyes. They had to come home without the fire and with all their rubbing they were never able to get rid of the white rings.

Now, no more of the birds would venture, and so the little Uksu'hi snake, the black racer, said he would go through the water and bring back some fire. He swam across to the island and crawled through the grass to the tree and went in by a small hole at the bottom. The heat and smoke were too much for him too; after dodging blindly about over the hot ashes until he was almost on fire himself, he managed by good luck to get out again at the same hole, but his body was scorched black, and he has ever since had the habit of darting and doubling on his track as if trying to escape from close quarters. He came back and the great blacksnake, Gule'gi, 'The Climber,' offered to go for fire. He swam over to the island and climbed up the tree from the outside, as the blacksnake always does, but, when he put his head down into the hole, the smoke choked him so that he fell into the burning sycamore stump, and before he could climb out again, he was as black as little Uksu'hi.

Now they held another council for there was still no fire and the world was cold, very cold; but birds, snakes, and fourfooted animals all had some excuse for not going because they were all afraid to venture near the burning sycamore. At last, Kanane'ski Amai'yehi, the Water Spider, said she would go. This is not the water spider that skips about over the water and looks like a mosquito, but the other one with black, downy hair and red stripes upon her body. She can run on top of the water or dive to the bottom with her tiny balloon of silk which brings her back up again. So there would be no trouble to get over to the island, but the question was, How could she bring back the fire?

'I'll manage that,' said the Water Spider; so she spun a thread from her body and wove it into a *tusti* bowl which she fastened on her back. Then she crossed over to the island and through the grass to where the fire was still burning. She put one coal of fire into her *tusti* bowl and came back safely with it. So, ever since, we have had fire and the Water Spider still keeps her *tusti* bowl.

Old Swimmer knocks the ashes from his pipe and feels in his deerskin pouch for more *tso-lungh* (tobacco) but there is none. 'Umph!' said he, 'the Dagul'ku geese have stolen my tobacco!' But one of the old Cherokee women watching, hands him some more from within her doeskin blouse. Smiling, he fills his pipe generously and, taking a coal up from the ashes in his palm, he skilfully juggles it and rolls it into the pipe-clay bowl, puffing hard. Clouds of aromatic smoke arise from the *tso-lungh* and then he tells the story of

HOW THEY BROUGHT BACK THE TOBACCO

In the Beginning of the World when people and animals were all the same, there was only one tobacco plant. All came to it for their tobacco until the Dagul'ku geese stole it and carried it far away to the south in the fall of the year when the red sumach berries are sour, and when the nights are chill and frosty under the moon and when the geese go flying over in a wedge crying 'Sa! Sa! — sa-sa!' The people were suffering without their tobacco and there was one poor old woman who smoked by her lonely fire and she grew so weak and thin that every one thought she would die unless she could get it to keep her alive. They had brought her some of the rabbit's tobacco (*tsist'isalun*) but she would have none of that.

Different animals offered to go for tso-lungh, one after the other, the larger ones first and then the smaller ones, but the Dagul'ku — the white throated goose (*Ansa albifrons*), saw and killed every one before he could even get near the plant. After the others, the little Mole tried to reach it by going under the ground but the sharp-eyed Dagul'ku saw his track and killed him as he came out.

At last, the Hummingbird offered, but the others said he was entirely too small and might as well stay at home. But he begged them so hard to let him try they showed him a plant in a field and asked him to let them see just how he would go about it. The next moment he was gone, and then they saw him sitting on the plant, and in a moment or two he was back again, going so swiftly that no one saw him going or coming.

'That's the way I'll do!' said the little Hummingbird. So they let him try.

He flew off to the east; then to the south, and when he came in sight of the tobacco the Dagul'ku were watching all about it, chattering 'Tugalü! Sa! Sa! sa-sa!' but they could not see him because he was so small and flew so swiftly like an arrow of light. He darted down on the plant — *tša!* — and snatched off the top of the leaves and the seeds and was off again before the Dagul'ku knew what had happened. Before he got home with the tobacco the old woman had fainted and they thought she was dead, but they blew smoke into her nostrils. With a cry of 'Tsa'lu! Tsa'lu! (Tobacco!)' she opened her eyes and was alive again.

'Ha! A'siyu! A'siyu!' cry the children. 'Astu tsiki!' ('best of all!') they say in chorus.

'Nu tsune'guhi'yu!' ('And you are very mischievous!') exclaims the old story-teller. But he holds up his hand for silence. They are quiet. He clears

his throat, lays aside his pipe. 'Ku!' he exclaims ('Now!'). This promises to be very interesting so they all lean forward, even the older men smiling indulgently. 'This,' says old Swimmer, 'is our favorite':

THE RACE BETWEEN THE CRANE AND THE HUMMINGBIRD

The Hummingbird and the Crane were both in love with a very pretty woman. She preferred the Hummingbird who was as handsome as the Crane was awkward, but the Crane was so persistent that, in order to get rid of him, she finally told him he must challenge the other to a race and she would marry the winner. Now the Hummingbird was so swift — almost like a flash of lightning — and the Crane so slow and heavy, that she felt sure that the Hummingbird would win. But she did not know that the Crane could fly all night.

They both agreed to start from her house and fly around the circle of the world to the beginning, and the one who came in first would marry the woman. At the word the Hummingbird darted off like an arrow and was out of sight in a moment, leaving his rival to follow heavily behind. The little Hummingbird flew all day and when evening came and he stopped to roost for the night he was far ahead. But the Crane flew steadily all night long, passing the Hummingbird soon after midnight and going on until he came to a creek and stopped to rest about daylight. The Hummingbird woke up early in the morning and flew on again, thinking how easily he could win the race, until he reached the creek and there he found the Crane spearing tadpoles with his long bill, for breakfast. He was very much surprised at this and wondered how it could have happened, but he

flew swiftly by and soon left the Crane out of sight again.

The Crane finished his breakfast of tadpoles and started on, and when evening came he did not stop but kept on flying as before. This time it was hardly midnight when he passed the hummingbird asleep on a limb, and in the morning he had finished his breakfast before the other came up. The next day he gained a little more, and on the fourth day he was spearing tadpoles for dinner when the Hummingbird passed him. On the fifth and sixth days it was late in the afternoon before the Hummingbird came up, and on the morning of the seventh day the Crane was a whole night's travel ahead. He took his time at his breakfast and then fixed himself as nicely as he could at the creek and came in at the starting place where the woman lived, early in the morning. When the Hummingbird arrived in the afternoon he found that he had lost the race, but the pretty woman declared she would never have such an ugly fellow as the Crane for a husband, so she stayed single!

'Hu! Hu! Ani'Gila'! Ani'Gila'!' cry the children. ('Pretty Woman! Pretty Woman!') 'Now tell us about Yanu! Yanu!' they cry.

Old Swimmer's eyes sparkle, for he loves to tell bear stories, and bellow and roar and growl, and paw the earth with his feet. He also loves to sing so he rubs his hand across his beard for a moment, clears his throat and, lifting his voice, plaintively sings the old Smoky Mountain bear hunter's song. At each 'Yu!' and 'He-e!' he growls like a bear much to the delight of the little copper colored children in their deerskin shifts — some of them without anything on at all! The songs and the story are about

THE ORIGIN OF THE BEAR

First Bear Song

The bear hunter starts out each morning fasting and does not eat until near evening. He sings this song as he leaves camp, and again the next morning, but never twice the same day:

*He-e! Ani'-Tsa'guhi,² Ani'-Tsa'guhi, akwandu'li e'lanti'
ginun'ti,
Ani'-Tsa'gu-hi, Ani'-Tsa'guhi, akwandu'li e'lanti'
ginun'ti — Yu!*

Translation

He-e! The Ani'-Tsa'guhi, the Ani'Tsa'guhi, I want to lay them low on the ground,
The Ani'-Tsa'guhi, the Ani'Tsa'guhi, I want to lay them low on the ground — Yu!

Second Bear Song

(Also sung by old Swimmer)

This song of the old Smokies is chanted by the bear hunter in order to attract the bears, while on his way from his camp to the place where he expects to hunt during the day. This melody is also simple and plaintive. The names Tsistuyi', Kuwahi', Uyahye', and Gategwa' are regions in the Smokies which are supposed to be very favorable for hunting and are located as follows:

Tsistuyi' — Gregory Bald at the lower end of the Smoky Mountains overlooking Cade's Cove and Little Tennessee River where were the ancient Cherokee villages visited by Timberlake and Michaux. This is where lives the Great Rabbit, the chief of the rabbit tribe.

Kuwahi' — Clingman Dome, the highest peak of the Smokies, elevation 6680 feet, under which is supposed to be

² An actual tribe of the Cherokee which was supposed to have been transformed into bears. The singer's daughter was named Tsaguhi, which name belongs to neither sex.

the location of the Cherokee Enchanted Lake or Ata-ga'hi which is a favorite resort for bears, geese, and ducks and has curative properties for wounded game. The bears also have a town house under it where they hold their councils.

Uyahye' — Mount Guyot, discovered and measured by Professor Guyot of Princeton College in 1852 and named for him by S. B. Buckley. Elevation, 6636 feet.

Gategwa' — 'Great Swamp or thicket' is southeast of Franklin, North Carolina, and is indential with Fodderstack Mountain.

First line:

*He-e! Hayuya'haniwa', hayuya'haniwa', hayuya'haniwa',
hayuya'haniwa'*

*Tsistuyi' nehandu'yanu', Tsistuyi' nehandu'yanu' —
Yoho-o!*

(First line repeated here.)

For *Tsistuyi'* in second line is substituted successively, *Kuwahi'*, *Uyahye'*, *Gategwa'*, with first line repeated each time after it.

Last line (recited):

Ule-nu' asehi' tadeya'statakuhi' gun'nage astu' tsiki'.

Translation ‡

He-e! Hayuya'haniwa' (four times),
In Tsistuyi' you were conceived (twice) — Yoho-o!
Hayuya'haniwa' (four times),
In Kuwahi' you were conceived (twice) — Yoho-o!
Hayuya'haniwa' (four times),
In Uyahye' you were conceived (twice) — Yoho-o!
Hayuya'haniwa' (four times),
In Gategwa' you were conceived (twice) — Yoho-o!

Last line (recited):

And now surely we and the good black things, the best of all, shall see each other.

Long ago there was a Cherokee clan called the Ani'Tsa'guhi, and in one family of this clan was a boy who used to leave home and be gone all day in the mountains. After a while he went oftener and stayed longer, until at last he would not eat in the house at

all, but started off at daybreak and did not come back until night. His parents, much worried, scolded him but that did no good, and the boy still went every day until they noticed that long brown hair (*wadige'i gitsu'*) was beginning to grow out all over his body. Then they wondered and asked him why it was that he wanted to be so much in the woods that he would not even eat at home.

Said the boy: 'I find plenty to eat there, and it is better than the corn and beans we have in the settlements, and, pretty soon I am going into the woods to stay all the time.' His parents were worried and begged him not to leave them, but he said, 'It is better there than here, and you see I am beginning to be different already, so that I cannot live here any longer. If you will come with me, there is plenty for all of us and you will never have to work for it; but if you want to come, you must first fast for seven days.'

His father and mother talked it over and then told the head men of the clan. They held a council about the matter and after everything had been said they decided: 'Here we must work hard and have not always enough. There he says is plenty without work. We will go with him.' So they fasted seven days. On the seventh morning all the Ani'Tsa'guhi left the settlement and started for the mountains as the boy led the way.

When the people of the other towns heard of it they were very sorry and sent their head men to persuade the Ani'Tsa'guhi to stay at home and not go into the woods to live. The messengers found them already on the way and were surprised to notice that their bodies were beginning to be covered with hair like that of animals, because for seven days they had not taken human food and their nature was changing. The messengers tried to turn them back but the Ani'Tsa'guhi would not return, but said, 'We are

going where there is always plenty to eat. Hereafter we shall be called *yânû* (bears) and when you yourselves are hungry, come into the woods and call us and we shall come to give you our flesh. You need not be afraid to kill us, for we shall live always.'

Then they taught the messengers, the head men, the songs with which to call them, and the bear hunters have these songs still. (The songs printed above, which old Swimmer sang). When they finished the songs, the Ani'Tsa'guhi started on again and the messengers turned back toward the settlements. After going a little way, they looked back and saw a drove of bears going into the woods.

Old Swimmer sang the songs again with such plaintive sadness that even the children were quiet and the older men looked grave and forgot their pipes of tso-lungh. There was a stir in the circle as he ended and a voice cleared its throat; it was of John Ax, second only to the great Swimmer. Said he: 'I, Itagu'nahi, tell you of

YANU ASGA'YA — THE BEAR MAN

A man went hunting in the mountains and came across a black bear (gun'nage'i yanu), which he wounded with an arrow. The bear turned and started to run the other way and the hunter followed, shooting one arrow after the other into it without bringing it down. Now, this was a medicine bear¹ that could talk or read the thoughts of people without their saying a word. At last he stopped and pulled the arrows out of his side and gave them to the man saying, 'It is of no use for you to shoot me, for you cannot kill me. Come to my house and let us live together.'

The hunter thought to himself: 'He may kill me';

¹ Supernatural.

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but the bear read his thoughts and replied, 'No. I won't hurt you.'

The man thought again, 'But how can I get anything to eat?'

But the bear knew his thoughts and said, 'Don't worry. There shall be plenty.' So the hunter went with the bear.

They went on together until they came to a hole in the side of the mountain and the bear said, 'This is not where I live, but there is going to be a council here and we shall see what they do.' They went in and the hole widened as they went in until they came to a large cave like town house. It was full of bears, and cubs, white bears, black bears, and brown bears — and a large white bear (Unega yanu'gwa) was the chief. They both sat down in a corner but very soon the bears scented the hunter and began to ask, 'What is it that smells so bad?' (!)

Unega Yanu'gwa, the Great White Bear, who was the chief said, 'Don't talk so. It is only a stranger come to see us. Let him alone!' Food was getting so scarce in the mountains that the council was held to decide what to do about it. They had sent out messengers everywhere, and while they were talking, two bears came in and reported that they had found a country in the low grounds where there were so many chestnuts and acorns that the mast was knee deep. Then they were all well pleased and got ready for a dance and the dance leader was the one the Indians call Kalas'-gunahi'ta (Long Hams), a great black bear that is always lean.

After the dance was over, the bears noticed the hunter's bows and arrows. One of them said, 'This is what men use to kill us. Let us see if we can manage them, and maybe we can fight man with his own weapons.' So they took the bows and arrows from the hunter to try them. They fitted the arrow and drew

back the string but when they let it go, it caught in their long claws and the arrows dropped harmlessly to the ground. Then they saw that they could not use the bows and arrows and gave them back to the man. When the dance and the council were over, they all went home except the White Bear chief, who lived there.* At last the hunter and the bear went out together.

They went on and on until they came to another hole in the side of the mountain when the bear said, 'This is where I live,' and they went in. By this time the hunter was very hungry for they had given him no food at the council and he was wondering how he would get something to eat. The medicine bear knew his thoughts, and, sitting up on his hind legs he rubbed his stomach with his forepaws — *so* — and at once he had both paws full of chestnuts and he gave them to the man. He rubbed his stomach again — *so* — and had his paws full of huckleberries and gave them to the man. He rubbed again — *so* — and gave the man both paws full of blackberries. He rubbed again — *so* — and gave the man both paws full of beech nuts. He rubbed again — *so* — and gave the man his forepaws full of chinquepins. He rubbed again — *so* — and had his paws full of acorns, but the man said he could not eat acorns and that he had enough already.

The hunter lived with the bear in the cave all winter, until long hair, like that of a bear, began to grow all over his body and he began to act like a bear; but he still walked like a man.

One day in early spring the bear said to him, 'Your people down in the settlement are getting ready for a grand hunt in these mountains. They will come to this cave and kill me and take these clothes from me' — meaning his skin — 'but they will not hurt you

* Kuwahi — under Clingman Dome.

and will take you home with them.' The bear — being medicine — knew what the people were doing down in the settlement just as he always knew what the man was thinking about. Some days passed and the bear said again, 'This is the day when the Top-knots (hunters) will come to kill me, but the Split-noses (dogs) will come first and find us. When they have killed me they will drag me outside the cave and take off my clothes and cut me in pieces. You must cover the blood with leaves, and when they are taking you away, look back after you have gone a piece and you will see something.'

Soon they heard the hunters coming up the mountain and then the dogs found the cave and began to bark. The hunters came and looked inside and saw the bear and killed him with their arrows. Then they dragged him outside the cave and skinned the body and cut it into quarters to carry home. The dogs kept on barking until the hunters thought there must be another bear in the cave. They looked in again and saw the man at the farther end. At first they thought that it was another bear on account of his long hair, but soon saw it was the hunter who was lost the year before; so they went in and brought him out. Then each hunter took a load of the bear meat and they started home again, bringing the man and the skin with them. Before they left, the man piled leaves over the spot where they had cut up the bear, and when they had gone a little way he looked behind and saw the bear rise up out of the leaves, shake himself — *so* — and go back into the woods.

When they came near the settlement the man told the hunters that he must be shut up where no one could see him and he was to have nothing to eat or drink for seven days and nights until the bear nature had left him and he became a man again. So they shut him up alone in a house and tried to keep very

still about it, but the news got out and his wife heard of it. She came for her husband, but the people would not let her near him; but she came every day and begged so hard that at last, after four or five days of begging, they let her have him. She took him home with her but in a short time he died because he still had a bear's nature and could not live like a man. If they had left him shut up and fasting until the end of the seven days he would have become a man again and would have lived.

If any one imagines that the Cherokee Indian has no humor let him hear this one about

DANDA ANI ASGA'YA WELA — THE TWO OLD MEN

Two old men went hunting together. One had an eye drawn down and was called Uk-kwunagi'ta, 'Eye-drawn-down.' The other had an arm which was twisted out of shape and was called Uk-ku'suntsuti, 'Bent-bow-shape.' They killed a deer and cooked the meat in a pot. The second old man dipped a piece of bread in the soup and smacked his lips as he ate it.

'Is it good?' asked the first old man.

Said the other, 'Hayu'! uk-kwundagi'sti' — Yes sir! It will draw down one's eye.'

Thought the first old man, 'He means me.' So he dipped a piece of bread into the pot and smacked his lips as he tasted it.

'Do you find it good?' asked his companion of the bent arm.

'Hayu'! uk-ku'suntsuteti' — Yes sir! It will twist up one's arm.'

Thought the second old man, 'He means me'; so he got very angry and struck the man of the crooked eye, and they fought until they killed each other!

A WITCH TALE

KA'LANU AHYELI'SKI — THE RAVEN MOCKER

The grewsome belief in the 'Raven Mocker' by the Cherokees has its parallels in other Indian tribes. The Iroquois, an associate tribe of the Cherokee, have their belief in a vampire, or cannibal ghost, about which cluster some blood-curdling stories. Very frequently a sick Indian is left to die alone because the watchers, claiming they feel the presence of the invisible 'Mocker,' will not stay with him. The appearance of the flying terror is similar in their minds to that of a fiery meteor. Recognition or discovery of the witch while disguised brings disaster to the evil visitor.

Of all the Cherokee wizards or witches the most dreaded is the Raven Mocker (Ka'lanu Ahyeli'ski), the one that robs the dying man of life. They are of either sex and there is no sure way to know one, though they usually look old and withered because they have added so many lives to their own.

At night when some one is sick or dying in the settlement, the Raven Mocker goes to the place to take the life. He flies through the air in fiery shape with arms outstretched like wings, with sparks trailing behind, and a rushing sound like the noise of a high wind. Every little while, as he flies, he makes a cry like the cry of a raven when it 'dives' in the air — not like the common raven cry which mocks the dogs in the chase — and those who hear are afraid because they know that some man's life will soon go out. When the Raven Mocker comes to the house, he finds others of his kind waiting there, and unless there is a doctor, or Medicine Man, on guard who knows how to drive them away, they go inside — all invisible — and

frighten and torment the sick man until they kill him. Sometimes, to do this, they even lift him from the bed and throw him violently to the floor. But his friends who are with him think he is only struggling for breath.

After the witches kill him they take out his heart (unahwi') and eat it; so doing they add to their own lives as many days or years as they have taken from his. No one in the room can see them. There is no scar where they take out the heart, but yet there is no heart left in the body. Only one who has the right medicine can recognize a Raven Mocker; if such a man stays in the room with the sick person, these witches are afraid to come in and retreat as soon as they see him because when one of them is recognized in his right shape he must die within seven days; that is the fate of the Raven Mockers.

There was once a man named Gunskali'ski who had this medicine and used to hunt for Raven Mockers, and killed several. When the friends of a dying person know there is no more hope, they always try to have one of these Medicine Men stay in the house and watch the body until it is buried, because, after burial the witches do not steal the heart.

The other witches are jealous of the Raven Mockers and are afraid to come into the same house with one. Once, a man who had the Witch Medicine was watching by a sick man and saw these other witches outside, trying to get in. All at once they heard a Raven Mocker cry overhead and the others scattered 'like a flock of pigeons when the hawk swoops.' When at last a Raven Mocker dies, these other witches sometimes take revenge by digging up the body and abusing it.

Once a young man who had been out on a hunting trip came upon the Raven Mocker's home. He had been out hunting all day and when night came on he

found he was still a long distance from the settlement (Indian village). He had remembered a house not far off the trail where an old man and his wife lived so he turned in that direction to look for a place to sleep until the following morning. When he got to the house there was nobody in it. He looked into the asi,¹ but found no one there either. He thought maybe the old couple had gone after water so he stretched himself out in the farther corner of the asi to sleep. Very soon he heard a raven cry outside and in a very little while the old man came into the asi and sat down by the fire without noticing the young man who kept very still in the dark corner. Soon there was another raven cry outside and the old man muttered to himself, 'Now my wife is coming.' Sure enough, in a little while, the old woman came in and sat down by her husband. Now the young man knew they were Raven Mockers and was very much frightened; and he lay very quietly thinking what he would do. He scarcely breathed. His unahwi' (heart) beat so loudly that he was afraid the two might hear it.

Presently, said the old man to his wife: 'Well, what luck did you have to-night?'

'None,' she answered, 'there were too many medicines watching. What did you get?'

'I got what I went after,' said the old man. 'There is no reason to fail but one does not have luck always. Take this and cook it and let us have something to eat. I am as hungry as the yanu after he comes out of his cave. I could eat soup made out of Tawi'skala (flint)!'

So she fixed the fire and then the young man smelled meat roasting and it smelled sweeter than the smell of any meat broiled by the hunter. He peeped out very carefully with one eye. It looked like a man's heart roasting on a stick.

¹Sweat lodge, or winter sleeping quarters.

Suddenly the old woman said to her husband, 'Who is over in the corner?'

'Nobody,' he said.

'But there is,' said she, 'I heard him snoring.' So she stirred the fire and it blazed and lighted up the whole inside of the asi. And there was the young man lying in the corner. He kept very quiet and pretended to be asleep. Then the old man made a big noise at the fire to wake him but still he pretended to be asleep. The old man then came over to where he was and shook him. He sat up suddenly and rubbed his eyes as if he had been asleep all the time.

It was daylight by this time and the old woman was out in the other house getting breakfast ready, but the hunter heard her crying softly. 'Why is your wife crying?' he asked the old man.

'Oh, she has lost some of her friends lately and she feels lonesome,' he answered; but the young man knew she was crying because he overheard them talking the night before.

When they came out to breakfast the old man put a bowl of corn mush before the hunter and said 'This is all we have — we have had no meat for a long, long time.' After breakfast the young man started on again but when he had gone a little way the old man ran after him with a fine piece of beadwork and gave it to him.

'Take this,' he said, 'and don't tell anybody what you heard last night because my wife and I are always quarreling that way and it means nothing.'

The young man took the piece but when he came to the first creek he threw it into the water and went on to the settlement. There he told the whole story. A party of warriors went back with him to kill the Raven Mockers. When they reached the place it was the seventh day after the first night. They found the

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old man and his wife lying dead in the house, so they set fire to it and burned the house and the witches together.

THE UKTENA AND THE ULUNSU'TI

The belief in the great Uktena and the magic power of the Ulunsu'ti is firmly implanted in the Cherokee breast. The Uktena has its parallel in the Gitchi-Kenebig or Great Horned Serpent of the northern Algonquian tribes and is somewhat analogous to the Zemogu'ani or the Great Horned Alligator of the Kiowa. Myths of a jewel in the head of a serpent or of a toad are so common in all Aryan nations as to have become proverbial.¹

Long ago — *hilahi'yu* — when the Sun became angry at the people on earth and sent a sickness to destroy them, the Little Men changed a man into a monster snake which they called Uktena, 'The Keen-eyed' and sent him to kill her. But he failed to do the work and the Rattlesnake (Utsa'nati') had to be sent instead which made the Uktena so jealous and angry that the people were afraid of him and had him taken up to Galun'lati² to stay with the other dangerous things. He left others behind him though, nearly as large and as dangerous as himself, and they hide now in the deep pools in the river and about the lonely passes of the Great Smokies, the places which the Cherokee call 'Where the Uktena stays.'

Those who know say that the Uktena is a great snake as large around as a tree trunk with horns on its head and a bright, blazing crest like a diamond on its forehead, and scales glittering and flashing like sparks of fire. It has rings or spots of color along its

¹ *American Anthropologist*, April, 1889.

² Above, on high.



'SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN'

whole length and cannot be wounded except by shooting in the seventh spot from the head because under this spot are its heart and its life. The blazing diamond upon its forehead is called *Ulunsu'ti*, 'Transparent,' and he who can win it may become the greatest wonder-worker of his tribe. But it is worth a man's life to attempt the feat for, whoever is seen by the Uktena is so dazed by the bright light from the diamond that he runs toward the snake instead of from it in trying to escape. Even to see the Uktena asleep is death, not only to the hunter himself but to his family.

Of all the daring warriors who have started out in search of the *Ulunsu'ti* only *Agan-uni'tsi* ever came back successful. The East Cherokee still keep the one he brought. It is a large, transparent crystal, nearly the size of a bullet with a blood-red streak running through the center from top to bottom. The owner keeps it wrapped in a whole deerskin inside an earthen jar hidden away in a secret cave in the high mountains.

Every seven days he feeds it with the blood of small game rubbing the blood over the crystal as soon as the animal has been killed. Twice a year it must have the blood of the deer or some other large animal. Should he forget to feed it at the proper time it would come out of its cave at night in the shape of fire and fly through the air to slake its thirst with the life-blood of the conjurer or some of his people. He may save himself from this danger by telling it when he puts it away that he will not need it again for a long time. It will go quietly to sleep and feel no hunger until it is again brought out to be consulted. Then it must be fed again with the blood before it is used.

No white man must ever see it and no person but the owner must venture near it for fear of sudden death. Even the conjurer who keeps it is afraid of it

and changes its hiding place every once in a while so that it cannot learn the way out; when he dies it will be buried with him, otherwise it will come out of its cave like a blazing star to search for his grave, night after night for seven years, when, if still unable to find him, it will go back to sleep forever where he has placed it.

Whoever owns the Ulunsu'ti is sure of success in hunting, love, rainmaking and every other business, but its great use is in life prophecy. When it is consulted for this purpose the future is seen mirrored in the clear crystal as a tree reflected in a quiet stream below it and the conjurer knows whether the sick man will recover, whether the warrior will return from battle, or whether a youth will live to be old.

The next legend is one of the principal myths of the Cherokee and naturally follows in sequence, explaining the origin of the great talisman. It is told by the inimitable Swimmer. All of the Shawano were considered magicians and wizards by all other Indian tribes, and, too, it is probable that the Shawano made the most of this belief. This legend is called

AGAN-UNI'TSU'S SEARCH FOR THE UKTENA

In one of their battles with the Shawano, who are all magicians, the Cherokee captured a great medicine man whose name was Agan-uni'tsi, 'The Groundhog's Mother.' They had tied him ready for the torture when he begged for his life and engaged, if spared, to find for them the great wonder worker, The Ulunsu'ti. Now, the Ulunsu'ti is like a blazing star set in the forehead of the great Uktena serpent, and the medicine man who could possess it might do marvelous things. But every one knew this could not

be because it was certain death to meet the Uktena. They warned the Shawano medicine man of this but he said that his medicine was strong and he was not afraid. So they gave him his life on that condition and he began his search.

The Uktena used to lie in wait in lonely places in order to surprise its victims and especially haunted the dark passes of the Great Smoky Mountains. Knowing this, the Shawano magician went first to a gap in the range on the far northern border of the Cherokee country. He searched and there found a monster blacksnake larger than had ever been known before. But that was not what he was looking for and he laughed at it as something too small to notice. Coming southward to the next gap he found there a great moccasin snake, the largest ever seen, and when the people wondered at it, he said it was nothing. In the next gap he found a green snake and called all the people to see the 'pretty salikwa'yi' but when they found an immense greensnake coiled up in the path they ran away in fear.

Coming on to U'tawagun'ta, the Bald Mountain,¹ he found there a great diya'hali (lizard) basking, but, although it was large and terrible to look at, it was not what he wanted and he paid no attention to it. Going still south to Walasi'yi,² the Frog Place, he found a great frog squatting in the gap, and when the people who came to see it were frightened and ran away from the monster he mocked at them for being afraid of a frog and went on to the next gap. He went on to Duniskwa'lgun'yi, the Gap of the Forked Antler,³ and to the Enchanted Lake of Ataga'hi,⁴ and at each he found monstrous reptiles, but said

¹ Probably what is now known as 'Siler's Bald.'

² Probably Buckeye Gap, south of Siler's Bald.

³ Chimneys, head of Deep Creek, North Carolina.

⁴ Under Clingman Dome.

they were nothing. He thought the Uktena might be hiding in the deep water at Tlanusi'yi, the Leech Place, on Hiwassee where other strange things had been seen before. Going there he dived down under the surface. He saw turtles and water snakes and two immense sun perches rushed at him and turned away; but that was all. Other places he tried, always going southward. At last on Gahu'ti ² mountain he found the great Uktena asleep.

Turning without noise he ran swiftly down the mountain side as far as he could go with one long breath, nearly to the bottom of the slope. There he stopped and piled up a great circle of pine cones inside of which he dug a deep trench. He then set fire to the cones and came back again up the mountain.

The Uktena was still asleep. Putting an arrow to his bow, Agan-uni'tsi sent the arrow through its heart which was under the seventh spot from the serpent's head. The great snake raised its head, the diamond in front of it flashing fire, and came straight at his enemy, but the magician turned quickly and, running swiftly down the mountain, cleared the circle of fire and the trench at one bound, and lay down on the ground inside.

The Uktena tried to follow but the arrow was through his heart. In another moment he rolled over in his death agony spitting poison all over the mountain side. The poison could not reach the magician who was inside the circle of fire and only sputtered and hissed in the blaze; but one small drop of it did strike upon his head as he lay close to the ground but he did not know this. The blood of the Uktena, as poisonous as the froth, poured from the great snake's wound down the mountain slope in a dark stream but it ran into the trench and left the magician unharmed. The dying monster rolled over and over down the

² Cohutta Mountain.

slopes of the mountain, breaking down large trees in its path, until it reached the bottom. Then Agan-uni'tsi called every bird in all the woods to come to the feast and so many came and ate that not even the bones were left.

After seven days he went by night to the spot. The body and the bones of the snake were all gone, eaten by the birds, but he saw a bright light shining in the darkness. Going over to it he found, resting on a low-hanging branch where a raven had dropped it, the great diamond from the head of the Uktena. He wrapped it up very carefully and took it with him. From that time on he became the greatest medicine man in the whole tribe.

When Agan-uni'tsi came down again to the settlement, the people noticed a small snake hanging from his head where the single drop of poison from the Uktena had struck him; but so long as he lived, he himself never knew it was there. Where the blood of the Uktena had filled the trench a lake formed, the waters of which were black. The women used it to dye the cane splits for their baskets.

The following is also one of the principal myths of the Cherokee. (The sequel has an obvious resemblance to the myth of Pandora. It has several variants, but this one by Swimmer seems to be the most acceptable). It is called .

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SUN OR, THE ORIGIN OF DEATH

The Sun lived on the other side of the Sky Vault but her daughter lived in the Middle of the Sky, directly above the earth; every day as the Sun was climbing along the sky arch to the west, she used to stop at her daughter's house for dinner.

Now, the Sun hated the people on the earth because they could never look straight at her without screwing up their faces. She said to her brother, the Moon, My grandchildren are ugly; they grin all over their faces when they look at me. But the Moon said, 'I like those children; I think they are very handsome' — the reason of it was, they always smiled pleasantly when they saw him in the sky at night for his rays were softer.

So the Sun was very jealous and planned to kill all the people; so every day when she got near her daughter's house she sent down such sultry rays that there was a great fever and the people died by the hundreds. There was a great pestilence in the land until everyone had lost some friend and there was fear that no one would be left. They went for help to the Little Men who said the only way to save themselves was to kill the Sun.

So the Little Men made strong medicine and changed two men to snakes, the Spreading Adder (Daliksta' — the 'Vomiter'), and the Copperhead (Wa'dige-aska'li — Brown Head), and sent them to watch near the door of the Daughter of the Sun to bite the old Sun when she came next day. They went together and hid near the house until the Sun came, but when the Spreading Adder was about to spring, the bright light so blinded him that he could only spit out yellow slime as he does to this day when he tries to bite. She called him a nasty thing and went by into the house and the Copperhead crawled off without trying to attack her.

So the people still died from the heat and they went to the Little Men a second time for help. The Little Men made medicine again and changed one man into the great Uktena and another into the Rattlesnake (Utsa'nati' — 'he has a bell') and sent them to watch near the house and kill the old Sun

when she came for dinner. They made the Uktena very large, with horns on his head, and everyone thought he would be sure to do the work. But the Rattlesnake was so quick and eager that he got ahead and coiled up just outside the house. When the Sun's daughter opened the door to look out for her mother, he sprang up and bit her and she fell dead in the doorway.

He forgot to wait for the old Sun and went back to the people and the Uktena was so angry that he went back too. Since then we pray to the Rattlesnake and do not kill him for he is kind and never tries to bite if we do not disturb him. The Uktena grew angrier all the time and very dangerous so that if he even looked at a man his family would die. After a long time the people held a council and decided that he was too dangerous to be with them, so they sent him up to Galun'lati² and he is there now. The Spreading Adder, the Copperhead, the Rattlesnake and the Uktena were all men.

When the Sun found her daughter dead she went into the house and grieved and the people did not die any more. But now the world was dark all the time because the Sun was gone in the house and would not come out. They went again to the Little Men who told them that if they wanted the Sun to come out again they must bring back her daughter from Tsusgina'i, the Ghost Country, in Usunhi'yi, the Darkening Land in the West. So seven men were chosen to go and each one was given a sourwood rod a hand's breadth in length.

The Little Men also told them that they must take a box with them and when they got to Tsusgina'i they would find all the ghosts at a dance. They must stand outside the circle and when the young woman passed in the dance they must strike her with the

² Above.

sourwood rods and she would fall to the ground. Then they were to seize her and put her in the box and bring her back to her mother. But they were warned then under no conditions to open the box, not even a little way, until they came home again.

They took the rods and the box and traveled seven days to the west until they came to Usunhi'yi — the Darkening Land. There were a great many people there and they were having a dance just as the people do at home in the settlements. The young woman was in the outside circle and as she swung around to where the seven men were standing, one struck her with his rod and she turned her head and saw him. As she came around the second time, another touched her with his rod and then another, and another, until at the seventh round she fell out of the ring and they put her in the box and closed the lid fast. The other ghosts did not seem to notice what had happened.

The seven took up the box and started home toward the east. In a little while the girl came to life again inside the box and begged to be let out, but the men made no answer and went on. Soon she called again and said she was hungry but still they made no answer. After another while she spoke again and called for a drink and pleaded so that it was hard to listen to her but the men who carried the box said nothing and still went on. When at last they were very near home she called again and begged them to raise the lid just a little for she was smothering. They were afraid she was really dying now so they lifted the lid just a little to give her air; but as they did so there was a fluttering sound inside and something flew past them into the thicket and they heard a red-bird cry '*kwish! kwish! kwish!*' in the bushes. They shut down the lid again and went on to the settlements, but when they got there and opened the box, it was empty!

So we know that the redbird is the daughter of the Sun and if the men had kept the box closed as the Little Men told them to do, they would have brought her home safely and we could safely bring back our friends also from Tsusgina'i, The Ghost Country, but now, when they die, we can never bring them back.

The Sun seemed glad when the men started to the Ghost Country but when they came back without her daughter she grieved and cried, 'My daughter! Oh, my daughter!' and wept until her tears made such a flood upon the earth that the people were afraid that the whole world would be drowned. Another council was held and their handsomest young men and women were sent to amuse her so that she would stop crying. Thus they danced before the Sun and sang their best songs but for a long time the Sun kept her face hid and paid no attention until at last the drummer suddenly changed the song whereupon she lifted up her face and smiled. She was so pleased at the sight that she forgot her grief.

'And now,' said Old Swimmer, 'she is going on toward the Usunhi'yi — the Darkening Land again, and her smile is dying and it is nearly time for her brother the Moon to arise out of his bed in the high mountains. And it is time for old men and children to be in bed.'

'Wait!' said Suyeta, the Chosen One, with a smile. 'Let us not go without one story to leave a good taste in the mouth. Let us have one about

HOW THE RABBIT ESCAPED FROM THE WOLVES

'For Tsi'stu wuliga'natutun'une'gut satu gese'i — the Rabbit was the leader of them all in mischief.'

'Hayu! hayu! Wadan'! wadan'! — Yes! yes!

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Thank you!' cry the children; for it is their last.
Says Suyeta, the Chosen One:

Some wolves once caught the Rabbit and were going to eat him when he asked permission to show them a new dance he was practicing. They knew that the Rabbit was a great song leader; they also wanted to learn the latest dance, so they made a ring around him while he got ready. He patted his feet and began to dance around in a circle, singing:

*Tlage'situn' gali'sgi'sida'ha —
Ha'nia lil! lil! Ha'nia lil! lil!*

Translation

On the edge of the field I dance about —
Ha'nia lil! lil! Ha'nia lil! lil!

'Now,' said the Rabbit, 'Let me show you. When I sing 'on the edge of the field' I dance that way' — and he danced over in that direction. 'And when I say, 'lil! lil!' you must all stamp your feet hard.'

The wolves thought that was fine. So he began another round singing the same song, and danced a little nearer the field, while the Wolves all stamped their feet. He sang louder and danced nearer and nearer to the field until, at the fourth song, when the Wolves were stamping as hard as they could and thinking only of the song, he made one jump and was off through the long grass in the field.

They were after him at once. But he ran for a hollow stump and climbed up on the inside. When the Wolves got there, one of them put his head inside to look up, but the Rabbit spit in his eye so that he had to pull his head out again quick. The others were afraid to try; so they all went away and left the Rabbit safe in the stump.

CHAPTER XVII

THE VISITOR

A CHAPTER FOR THE GAS TREKKER, HIKER, CAMPER,
HUNTER, AND FISHERMAN

WHEN the attention of the nation was attracted to the proposed Smoky Mountain National Park region, it became painfully evident that, for the astounding distance of over one hundred and twenty-five miles, there existed no highway communication between the two neighboring States of Tennessee and North Carolina down the whole watershed of the Great Smoky Mountains, together with a section of the Unakas. Not one single road existed for the whole 428,000 acres desired by the Park authorities.

By the time this book is off the press, it is very probable that an excellent highway will cross this exceptional mountain mass at Newfound Gap, at an altitude of 5096 feet. Newfound Gap is just a few miles east of Indian Gap, where Colonel Thomas surveyed and built his rule-of-thumb military road with the aid of about six hundred Cherokee warriors of the Thomas Legion during the Civil War, a road which rapidly fell into disuse in the years following this conflict between the States. The new road at Newfound Gap will begin at 'The Bridge,' near Gatlinburg, squirming its way like an asphalt snake, at a six per cent grade, through the Grass Patch to the old 'Wagon Road,' strike the trail on its downward trend toward Smokemont, the Cherokee In-

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dian Reservation, and continue to Bryson City, North Carolina, the eastern gateway of the Great Smokies. It will be approximately three hundred feet lower than the old Thomas road, and will serve to reduce the old roundabout one hundred and sixty miles route from Gatlinburg and Sevierville to Newport, Tennessee, and from thence to Asheville, North Carolina, and ultimately to Bryson City, to about one fourth the total distance, or to forty miles over the top.

This direct route between the network of excellent roads of the two neighboring States promises to be instantly popular. Either way, from Bryson City to Sevierville or Knoxville, the gas trekker will be one hundred and twenty miles nearer his goal across the high peaks of the Smokies and may coast with loafing engine from an altitude of nearly one mile. Another road is proposed along the top of the Smokies from Indian Gap westward almost to Cade's Cove, which, if built, will rival any scenic road of America.

With three fifths of the total population in the eastern half of the United States, and with one third of the entire number of automobiles around the Great Lakes region alone to draw upon, the proposed National Park region will in all probability fulfill the prediction of Major Welch, of the National Forestry Commission, that two million visitors will enter the Smoky Mountains two years after the opening of the National Park. This number includes those motorists who will come down the eastern seaboard.

This large number of motorists can make no mistake in their routings if they keep in mind the two great gateways of the Smokies, Knoxville, Tennessee, on the western slope, and Bryson City, North Caro-

lina, on the eastern. These two cities may easily be reached on the excellent highways of the two States. Bryson City is at the end of the great lateral trunk line number 10, running from Beaufort-on-the-Sea to the Smokies, while Knoxville is the terminus of three great trunk lines. In addition to these there is the great Dixie Highway to the south. The tourist's destination toward either gateway may be reversed at Asheville, North Carolina, on the northeast border of the Smokies or at Chattanooga, Tennessee, at the southwestern extremity near the Georgia State line. If the traveler wishes, he may go direct to Gatlinburg from Asheville and Newport by way of Sevierville and from thence to Knoxville. Gatlinburg is made possible by the famous mountain Le Conte, which is the grandstand of the Smokies and is removed from the watershed about four miles, giving a splendid view of the whole range from an altitude of 6636 feet. Near Le Conte are the famous Alum Cave, Rainbow Falls, Sawtooth Mountains, and Newfound Gap.

Gatlinburg, the little mushroom city of the Smokies, is within easy reach of Elkmont, Siler's Bald, Clingman Dome, Mount Collins, Andrew's Bald, Hall's Cabin, Indian Gap, the Chimneys, and the Sugarlands. Cade's Cove must be reached from Knoxville through Maryville over an excellent highway which climbs the Rich Mountain. Greenbriar, one of the most primitive sections, is reached by way of Sevierville or Gatlinburg over roads which are by no means excellent. Guyot, the Pinnacle, Porter's Flats, Le Conte, and the Sawtooth Mountains are accessible from this point.

From Bryson City, North Carolina, one has good

motor roads to Sylva, Whittier, the Cherokee Indian Reservation at Cherokee, North Carolina, and Waynesville, with new roads constantly being developed to add to the comfort and convenience of tourists. Roads to Smokemont, right under the top, are only partially negotiable with improvement imminent. Smokemont will be on the Newfound Gap road joining the Tennessee highway number 71 with number 10 of North Carolina. From Cade's Cove, with its seven-mile belt road, Thunderhead, Gregory, and Parson Balds, and the old Equanulty and Tallassee Traces are accessible.

HOTELS

Hotel rates in the Smoky Mountain region are not exorbitant; in fact, they are far below the average. Although the hotels do not afford luxuries such as the tourist has left behind, yet their environs guarantee a keen appetite. The scale runs from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per day with weekly ratings; sometimes more, usually less. As a preface it is fitting here to quote Mr. John Willy in his 'Hotel Monthly.' He has written about practically every National Park in the West, and here in the September issue he writes about Smoky Mountain inns:

We registered at the Mountain View Hotel in Gatlinburg, kept by Andrew Jackson Huff [a mountaineer], which house he built and opened eight years ago, has enlarged to fifty rooms, served with private bath, and with thirteen cottages. His rates are from \$2.00 to \$3.00 a day, American plan; a weekly rate of \$20.00 with room and bath, including meals. The accommodations are what might be termed a bit crude, yet clean, and comfortable, and

the new section quite comfortable with the modern conveniences of hot and cold water and electric light.

The clerk's desk is on the porch, or reception lounge; there being another large room, also called the porch, which is enclosed and used as a parlor lounge. The dining-room is operated family style. The food is, as Mr. Huff expressed it, 'as good as I can buy'; and during the ten days we were there we heard not a single complaint of the table. The service was by mountain girls, clean, quiet, and always with the soft-voiced question, 'Would you like another helping?' On every table there was a glass stand of mountain honey in the comb, dishes of applesauce, blackberry jam, one or two kinds of jelly, and some relishes. The menu is almost entirely of home-grown products. There is not much choice; as, for instance, if it is bacon and eggs, that is the breakfast, with the other trimmings. If it is dinner, it may be chicken, ham, or beef, or what the family meal may comprise. There is an abundance of sweet milk and buttermilk.

What Mr. Willy says of Huff's Hotel may be applied to every other hostelry of the Smokies. The visitor from the North and East will also have to adjust himself to hot biscuit three times a day, with no cold 'lightbread.' After all, what is better than hot biscuit with good fresh butter? A great many of other so-called 'hotels' are merely semi-public; that is, the family of the host sits at the same table. This is true of Walter Whitehead's in Cade's Cove; the inn at Smokemont, North Carolina, and Whaley's Hotel Le Conte in Big Greenbriar at the upper end of the Smokies. Even Mrs. Davis's dining-room in Sevierville is served 'family plan' at the rate of fifty cents a meal and is a favorite haunt for tourists. Hotel Le Conte in Big Greenbriar is well screened,

has running water fed by a cool mountain spring, baths and lavatory, at the rate of \$1.50 a day with no weekly rates. A taxi, maintained by the proprietor, J. W. Whaley, makes regular trips to Sevierville and the guest pays \$1.00 each way for this service.

Bryson City, North Carolina, is blessed with five hotels. The old Freeman House, well known to travelers, the Tri-Montaine Hotel, West Dell, and the Entella. Here also is Will Cooper, an old pioneer figure, of the Cooper House. Quite a well-known figure, well acquainted with every trail and peak of the Smokies is 'Doc' Bryson, who can give the tourist information concerning guides, routes, and sights of interest generally. Many bits of interesting history are at his command.

The Indian Gap Hotel, R.F.D. Sevierville, and the Wonderland Park Hotel at Elkmont have rates of \$2.50 a day, with lower rates by the week. The latter hostelry has cottages convenient for rental to guests or their friends; only a mile below Elkmont, its location is convenient to points of interest in this part of the Smoky range. Horses and donkeys are available here also for trail travel.

GUIDES

A good guide is a necessary personage in the endless hills of the Smokies. In order that the visitor may have at his command all the information concerning the points of interest and the trails in his locality, the names are given herein of guides who have been tried and who have had years of experience in their business. These men are known to be dependable and resourceful, with a fair knowledge of woodcraft and of camping as well as of fishing and

shooting. The names have been selected from men especially competent in their districts, though many of them are familiar with both slopes of the Smokies, having originally lived — as many mountaineers have — in North Carolina.

Big Greenbriar Section

The Pinnacle, Guyot, Le Conte, Brushy Mountain,
Porter's Flats.

Mack Whaley, care of Hotel Le Conte, R.F.D. 15,
Sevierville, Tennessee.

J. W. Whaley, care of Hotel Le Conte, R.F.D. 15,
Sevierville, Tennessee.

Gatlinburg Section

Le Conte, Alum Cave, Rainbow Falls, Sawtooth
Mountains

Andy Huff, Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

Will Ramsay, Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

Wiley Oakley, Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

Indian Gap Section

Indian Gap, Newfound Gap, Chimneys, Sugarlands,
Cherokee Reservation, Alum Cave, Rainbow
Falls, Le Conte.

Steve Cole, R.F.D. 15, Sevierville, Tennessee.

Wiley Oakley, Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

Lee Higdon, Elkmont, Tennessee.

Ike Laney, Proctor, North Carolina.

George Higdon, Proctor, North Carolina.

C. W. Standing Deer, Cherokee, North Carolina.

William Young Wolf, Cherokee, North Carolina.

Ike or Bob Bradley, Raven's Ford, North Carolina.

Elkmont Section

Long Arm, Cold Spring, Buckeye Gap, Siler's Bald,

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Double Spring, Clingman Dome, Mount Collins,
Sugarland, Chimneys, Indian Gap, Andrew's Bald.
Sam Cook, Elkmont, Tennessee.
Lee Higdon, Elkmont, Tennessee.
Robert Trentham, Elkmont, Tennessee.
Ike Laney, Elkmont, Tennessee.

Middle Prong of Little River Section

Starkey Gap, Cold Spring, Hall's Cabin, Spence
Cabin, Thunder Head, Sam's Creek
Jim Moore, Townsend, Tennessee.
Harrison Moore, Townsend, Tennessee.
Newt McCarter, Townsend, Tennessee.

Cade's Cove Section

Thunderhead, Gregory Bald, Parson's Bald, Tel-
lassee, Calderwood Dam, Abram's Falls, Gregory's
Cave
John Oliver, Cade's Cove, Tennessee. (Rural Mail
Postman.)
Fondes Cable, Cade's Cove, Tennessee.
Jack Moody, Cade's Cove, Tennessee.
Walter Whitehead, Cade's Cove, Tennessee.

Some of these guides are known for their endurance and outstanding knowledge of woodcraft. One of them, Mack Whaley, of the Greenbriar Section, is a typical specimen, as tough as rawhide, with keen eye and sure step, intelligent, Mack sometimes lapses into the picturesque vernacular of the Smoky Mountains. In company with Williams and Crockett from Le Conte Hotel one warm day in July, the author saw a party of engineers led to Guyot and back in one day by Mack, who was fresh when he came in two hours after dusk; the other men were the worse



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ALUM CAVE CLIFF
Elevation, 4971 feet

for wear. Mack led the way unerringly, although the trail was fifteen years old to him.

Lee Higdon is another outstanding guide who has probably served in every square mile of the whole Smoky range. 'Bill' Ramsay also has an excellent reputation for his knowledge of the big hills. These men are good fishermen, and if instructed to bring fish to the camp-fire will invariably do so and that within a remarkably short period. Wiley Oakley, 'part Indian' as he proudly proclaims, is one of the most picturesque figures among guides. Simple and of childlike faith, Oakley is exceedingly popular; this also might be said of Sam Cook, of Elkmont, whose knowledge of woodcraft and bear hunting is extensive. J. W. Whaley is also a bear hunter of reputation in the Big Greenbriar Section. Jack Huff, a familiar figure of Gatlinburg, has spent many bleak hours in all weathers on lonely Le Conte in 'The House that Jack Built' — i.e., Jack Huff. C. W. Standing Bear of the Cherokee Reservation is an intelligent, educated Cherokee, who writes and speaks both English and Cherokee, and has traveled a good deal. He is fond of using the bow and arrow at which he is very skillful. His greatest ambition is to possess, for his headdress, the feathers of a Smoky Mountain golden eagle slain with his locust bow and sourwood arrows. He may succeed, for he is a sure shot.

HIKERS

The hiker skims the cream of mountain enjoyment. Equipped with light field accouterment and food, he may spend the night wherever sundown finds him. With an interest in natural phenomena; a fair

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knowledge of tree, plant, or shrub; a practical understanding of geology; and a sense of the beauty of scenery he is never lonely or at a loss for occupation. In fact, he will discover that there is more activity in the bush than at the corner of the busiest street.

He may carry a light rod and reel with some tempting flies, and delectable trout may grace his outdoor table. No good outfit is complete without a light camera and a pair of powerful binoculars with large field so that he may readily keep in focus wild creatures busy about their various affairs. If he happens to be a radio fiend, he may even pack a light portable set, and, hitching his aërial to a handy tree and grounding in a wet spot, listen to the chatter of the world.

If he has that rare power of registration, he may put down on canvas beautiful things so that less fortunate men in cities may pause before them in quiet and removed galleries. In case he is a limner he should attain first of all that primitive shock of the origin of things. If a writer, his notebook should also be filled with items which will paint in few words the scene or thing depicted.

Most hikers of inexperience are not properly equipped. The old-timer invariably seeks to have himself comfortable at all hazards, realizing that a good night's rest is worth a day's work at least in preparing his bed. Such organizations as the Smoky Mountain Hiking Club, affiliated with the National Mountaineering Associations, have effected quite a working knowledge of hiking and camping among their ambitious members, both veterans and amateurs.

For Smoky Mountain climbing, a good stout boot,

laced well but not tightly to the calf, padded with heavy woolen or cotton socks turned down over the top of the boot, or high strong shoes with leggings, should be worn. To prevent slipping, as on pine needles or slimy rocks, footwear should be shod with short caulks or substituted with heavy canvas 'gym' shoes with rough fibered soles. The picturesque or 'cute' idea should always be sacrificed for hard service. Short surveyor's caulks placed around the outer part of the sole, with two at the inset, like cat's claws, answer admirably when 'hopping' treacherous rocks, which the hiker is sure to encounter, where he might lurch unexpectedly into a rapid to be dashed in pieces against projecting boulders.

Tight lacing of boots should be avoided, or the reverse; if shoes are too loose, they will cause calluses or blisters. Surgeon's adhesive tape is excellent to substitute for abraded skin after washing the place thoroughly in clean water and applying mercurochrome, an excellent substitute for iodine which may poison if it is not fresh. The boot should be dried thoroughly if wet and well waterproofed with a home-made mixture of beeswax, mutton suet, and neat's-foot oil in the proportions of 1, 2, and 3 as named. This simple formula is better than whale- or bear-oil and will not chill the feet as oil has a tendency to do. Heavy canvas shoes are so nearly waterproof that they will need no dressing.

A light Baker tent about $4' \times 6' \times 8'$, of oiled silk or long-fibered cotton, saturated with a preparation of a pound of melted paraffine to a gallon of gasoline sprinkled on with a watering-pot, provides an excellent roofing that can be carried folded in a pocket ready for instant use at any camping spot selected

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for the night. Knapsacks or blanket rolls may be secured at any army salvage store at moderate price. The camper will rarely need a canteen in the Smokies owing to the innumerable springs; however, if in camp, a canvas waterbag swung from a convenient tree limb will keep water cool. A member of the National Park Commission was lost in the Guyot Section for three days mostly without water, but this experience is exceptional. A light, strong belt axe is worth its weight in gold to the camper and hiker.

The writer has only two big DON'TS. The first is, Do NOT wear cotton underwear on cold hikes or where cold winds strike the hiker at the top of the trail after perspiration. If he does, his shroud will be wrapped about him like an icy sheet on a living body; congestion may result, perhaps pneumonia. More premature graves have been filled from this cause than from any other. If the wearer finds himself with cotton underwear saturated with moisture, he should change at once to dry, warm clothing, an extra set of which should always be carried. If no change is handy, he should build a warm camp-fire and dry out with a blanket wrapped about him for protection. Woolen clothing conducts moisture harmlessly to the surface, where it quickly disappears.

The other DON'T is: NEVER go into an unknown trail without a competent guide or without lightly blazing trees on both sides, scanning both entrance and exit carefully. To do so may mean a lost hiker whose bleaching bones may adorn some fog-filled ravine of the impenetrable brush. If a reader of this chapter finds himself wholly and irrevocably lost, let him as a last resort — which is not without

its perils — take a downstream course and endure until civilization is reached, building a fire at night and waiting sunrise which invariably occurs in the WEST instead of the east! The writer has known of several such parties starting out with high hopes of finding themselves, only to wander aimlessly back to the starting-point, hours afterward, exhausted and undone. If there happens to be ice, stay awake at all hazards. If a fog shuts down, stay where you are and make the best of it, until it lifts; build a fire after carefully raking away inflammable stuff, and PUT OUT THE FIRE before leaving.

On account of panic, a compass very often is of little use unless the lost man has kept his common sense. A lost soul doubts even a compass. The best thing to do is to secure a guide, of whom there is a sufficient number in each section of the Smokies, both sides, who offer their services at a reasonable price. The writer also advises that the lost one do not eat his shoestrings or horse-chestnuts unless he wishes to be 'locoed.' A few berries, chestnuts, beech mast, ripe mandrake apples, the cambium layer of a tree, or some wealthy store of the tree mouse high up in a dead snag may keep him alive for a short time; but the *main idea* is DO NOT WANDER AWAY ALONE unless you know your trail absolutely and can distinguish between man-made trails and those of stock or wild animals. There is also the added danger of tripping into the pan of an immense bear trap set off-trail, though such engines of death are usually marked by the mountaineers with a skinned switch bridging the bushes directly over it.

On the trail, if there fortunately happens to be in

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one's party an eminent scientist, such as Orpheus M. Schantz, naturalist, who has conducted many collegiate tours into the Smokies for years; or Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey, world-renowned botanist and editor of 'Bailey's Encyclopedia' — the last word in botanical information; or Dr. E. Laurence Palmer, Professor of Botany at Cornell University; or Dr. Hight C. Moore, eminent editor of religious periodicals; or a distinguished member of the National Parks or Forestry Commission, such as Robert Sterling Yard, Arno B. Cammerer, or Major Welch — hang on their words, for fifteen minutes in the open with these experts is equal to a dozen classroom lectures.

In his search for natural beauty, the hiker should not neglect the study of the Anglo-Saxon in his native haunts; the 'old-timer' whom he is sure to meet at a wayside cabin as he 'rests a spell' to chat. 'Aunt' Clarindy may smoke a pipe in the chimney corner and 'Uncle' Jesse may 'bottom cheers' from white-oak 'splits,' but the two are always ready to relate 'whut used ter be in my time,' and right interestingly also. Each of his hosts will surely want to know where the visitor comes from, what is his business, and whither he is bound; so this important information should be volunteered at the beginning with due respect for the social amenities. It is an excellent method of introduction and harks back to the period of history when visitors were few and your host never forgot your name or occupation as long as he lived. With a few adroit questions on the visitor's part, without impertinence or undue inquisitiveness, he will be repaid with extraordinary tales of home customs, game and hunting, and legends. He



GOING TO THE STORE IN THE 'COVE'

will also invariably find that his hosts can trace their ancestry more directly than he to the bonny clans of Scotland, sturdy English or 'Black' Dutch stock, or to the French Huguenots — even to the Prussian in some cases. These stories usually are immediate and convincing with some such prefatory remark as 'I heerd grandfather say.' The old-timer is usually fond of a genuinely interested audience and the hiker must not relapse into the pert or 'smart Aleck' attitude or he may start some wildly extravagant tales, with no foundation in fact, at his own expense. He may soon discover this when he catches sight of a sly and knowing wink exchanged with one of the circle who had seen through the veiled and humorous persiflage. The old-timer is no fool, though he may seem innocent enough at times.

Some such contingency brought about the humorous query on the part of 'Uncle' Bill Cole, veteran bear hunter who was a little annoyed by a smart tormentor. 'Young feller,' he said, squinting his eyes, 'jest whut'd you do ef a b'ar met ye in the path an' ye couldn't turn neither way nor go back an' had no gun nor knife?' It was a poser, but the 'smart Aleck' essayed an alternative.

'I'd just choke him to death, Uncle Bill!'

'Would ye? No, you wouldn't nuther!'

'Why? What would you do, Uncle Bill?'

'Me? Humph! I'd jest take a long breath; and when he rushed me with his mouth wide open I'd jest ram my arm down his throat, take a good hand holt on his tail and jerk him wrong side out'ards and start him 'tother way!'

The resulting mirth was hard on the 'smart Aleck,' as it need be.

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If the hiker is a bird-lover — as he generally is — he will be amply repaid by quick eyes and his broad-field binoculars, for there never was a more complete field of research for feathered friends than in the lower coves of the Smokies near human habitations. Here he will discover and record something over a hundred and twenty-five species including many rare and quiet ones that scarcely utter more than a timid 'cheep.'

On the higher uplands near the tops of the Smokies these smaller feathered citizens are exceedingly quiet and rather scarce. Owing to the predatory habits of hawks, eagles, owls, cats, coons, minks, and foxes they have learned from sad experience that little birds should be seen and not heard. On top of the big silence the author has never recorded more than thirty-three species, as follows:

<i>Junco hyemalis carolinensis</i>	Carolina Junco
<i>Ceryle alcyon</i>	Belted Kingfisher
<i>Sphyrapicus varius</i>	Yellow-bellied Sapsucker
<i>Phlœotomus pileatus</i>	Pileated Woodpecker
<i>Melanerpes erythrocephalus</i>	Red-headed Woodpecker
<i>Chætura pelagica</i>	Chimney Swift
<i>Empidonax minimus</i>	Least Flycatcher
<i>Corvus corax principalis</i>	Northern Raven
<i>Spinus pinus</i>	Pine Finch
<i>Peucæa æstivalis</i>	Pine Woods Sparrow
<i>Pipilo erythrophthalmus</i>	Towhee
<i>Passerina cyanea</i>	Indigo Bunting
<i>Helinaia swainsoni</i>	Swainson Warbler
<i>Nannus hiemalis</i>	Winter Wren
<i>Penthestes atricapillus</i>	Black-capped Chickadee
<i>Hylocichla guttata pallasi</i>	Hermit Thrush
<i>Planesticus migratorius</i>	Robin
<i>Archilochus colubris</i>	Ruby-throated Hummingbird
<i>Bonasa u. umbellus</i>	Ruffed Grouse
<i>Meleagris gallopavo silvestris</i>	Wild Turkey

<i>Aquila chrysaetos</i>	Golden Eagle
<i>Cathartes aura septentrionalis</i>	Turkey Vulture
<i>Bubo v. virginianus</i>	Great Horned Owl
<i>Progne subis</i>	Purple Martin
<i>Lanivireo solitarius alticola</i>	Mountain Solitary Vireo
<i>Falco c. columbarius</i>	Pigeon Hawk
<i>Buteo l. lineatus</i>	Red-tailed Hawk
<i>Nyctea nyctea</i>	Snowy Owl ²
<i>Pandion haliaetus carolinensis</i>	Fish Hawk
<i>Ardea h. herodias</i>	Blue Heron
<i>Bartramia longicauda</i>	Upland Plover
<i>Gallinago delicata</i>	Snipe
<i>Thryothorus ludovicianus</i>	Carolina Wren

In the lower coves near human habitations the observer will hear the bird orchestra in full swing, and, if he awakens at daylight and waits for the first notes of the wood thrush, which seems to predominate in the open mountain spaces, he will hear it best.

If the hiker be a photographer who wishes to carry his attainments beyond mere snapshots, he will find most satisfactory the orthochromatic or panchromatic film with a Wratten K 2 filter, to counteract the prevailing blue of the Smokies. Or, to a still greater degree, a red filter dispels that disconcerting haze which baffles the amateur.

One hears the magic name 'Le Conte' on every hand. There is a convenient provision on this peak

² The author has only one record of this Arctic bird in the Great Smokies. It was on October 26, 1909. He was on a bear 'stand,' and the lower 'roughs' around Blanket Mountain were being driven by hunters and dogs. The noise of the search doubtless disturbed the owl, which, not seeing the hunter hidden deep in the azalea watching for the bear, flew only a few feet above his head with only a slight whisking sound from his great wings. It was just before noon of a cold, bright day. *Nyctea* went off toward Siler's Bald and the upper altitudes.

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for the transient visitor in 'The House that Jack Built,' a cabin well equipped with blankets for comfort, and, in addition, a big open fireplace in a room large enough to accommodate sixty visitors at one time in comfortable bunks. Its promoter, Andy Huff, welcomes all hikers with a cup of hot coffee upon rising and furnishes plenty of blankets for the reasonable fee of one dollar. Food must be supplied by the visitors themselves, as supplies are very difficult to pack to this point, which is 6636 feet above sea-level.

Many enticing hikes lure the climber. One of the most inviting of these, with the possibility of a night or two in the open, is the one out the Long Arm to Buckeye Gap and Siler's Bald, where an excellent spring bubbles on the North Carolina side of the divide. With tent spread here under stunted beeches, the hiker is wooed with a spell of contentment that is hard to shatter. If he cares, he may change his route here through the sag eastward to Andrew's Bald from Mount Collins Gap and return to Elkmont by way of the Sugarlands, making a complete circle. Another route similar to this may be taken from Gatlinburg to the Grass Patch, Alum Cave, Rainbow Falls, Le Conte, and return by the easier trail, spending a night upon Le Conte. At the Grass Patch he may take the Alum Cave Prong of the west fork of Little Pigeon and go to Indian Gap and the Chimneys and from thence to Elkmont and Gatlinburg by way of Reagan's Store. The bolder hikers sometimes strike for Big Greenbriar and from thence to the top of Guyot and return, or even follow the State line along the top of the Sawtooth Mountains through Dry Sluice Gap to Guyot; but this is con-



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THE HOUSE THAT JACK (HUFF) BUILT

Members of the Smoky Mountain Hiking Club at left; Huff at doorway

sidered a perilous trip even for experienced hikers, who must fear fog and the ultimate question, 'Where am I?'

FISHING

Most of the desirable pools for rainbow, bass, and the largest speckled trout are in sequestered locations which require much hiking or horseback riding. A night or two in the woods is the most desirable method of reaching the biggest fellows with rod and line. In the springtime it is not unusual to see mountaineers actually loaded down with strings of speckled trout. Meeting such a caravan near Reagan's store, the author, in response to a query as to fishing luck, was informed by three mountaineers in blue overalls that they 'had ketched about a thousand' in the three days they had been on Alum Cave Prong!

Big Cataloochee 'Creek,' in North Carolina, twelve miles from Mount Sterling, possibly offers the best chance for rainbow varying from one foot in length to as much as thirty inches! The three branches or 'Prongs' of Little Pigeon River also offer splendid sport for the wielder of rod and fly. These are the Right Prong, Left Prong, and West Prong, Right Prong heading toward Guyot; Left Prong toward Bull Head, and the West Prong toward Indian Gap. The fish here perhaps are not so large and plentiful as in Big Cataloochee, or even in Deep Creek, North Carolina, and Raven Fork, and they are mostly black and striped, or 'rock' bass, as termed by mountain fishermen. Speckled trout, however, are generally plentiful everywhere, and the connoisseur, who knows, likes to have a plate

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of them near his camp-fire. These little fellows are best caught with bait of some sort.

As to flies, the consensus of opinion seems in favor of the brown hackle, though with many adepts in the art it is still a moot question. Professor Karl Steinmetz has made a study of flies and he recommends the following schedule from April to September:

First preference:

Brown Hackle

Royal Coachman, or Coachman, and the Royal Coachman Jungle-Cock, a 'hybrid' fly made only by Beatty, of Butte, Montana

Cahiel

Cowdung

Black Gnat

Queen of the Waters

Then, in the order named:

March Brown

Montreal

Grizzly King

For all-round fishing he recommends the brown hackle. The Greenbriar Section of the Smokies on the West Prong of the East Fork of Little Pigeon, east of Le Conte, is also highly praised by Professor Steinmetz.

'The fly varies according to the light,' says Charlie Gill, who has angled in practically every stream in the Smokies. 'A light one in the early morning; a slightly darker for noon; and a gray or black for evening. But I could always do best with a minnow tail hooked screw fashion to produce the effect of movement.'

'Makes no difference about the *kind* of fly,' states

Matt Whittle, an Izaak Walton of Smoky Mountain fishermen. 'I've seen these mountain boys catch big ones with a bare hook practically, with every vestige of the fly gone apparently: the more ragged the better. An appearance of age always helps a fly. The manipulation has much to do with success. However, when a fellow is hungry and wants real fish with the science left out, point your flyhook with a stick-bait or wasp-nest grub and watch 'em bite!'

J. F. Long, who has won many flycasting contests and is considered an expert, says: 'I like a white miller. Sometimes I use a Professor to wake 'em up when they're dead. After that, if they show interest, I run the gamut until I find one they're real hungry after. Pork rind is good for bass, especially if it has a red string in it. One must make a study of their feeding. Some scientist up here said fish were color blind. My eye! They're artists when it comes to color!'

'Billy' McIntyre declares: 'Brown hackle is very good, or bucktail. The Royal Coachman is excellent, too, and the Queen of the Waters. When they are hungry you don't have to go far from these. I like a black gnat, too.'

Ed Akers and Henry Brandau vote for 'brown hackle, Royal Coachman, and Queen of the Waters. Don't care for a Professor especially. Too gaudy. A white miller works very well.'

A. S. Birdsong, a well-known sportsman who introduced the first game-warden law in Tennessee, says: 'I have fished every nook of the Smokies, I suppose. When I want fish I use stick-bait or wasp-nest grubs. However, when they are hungry they will rise to chips you throw in the water. Then most

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any fly is good, even artificial grasshoppers. After all, a fellow must study the locality he is in. Trout are protected in spawning season. I like a fiery whip-stitch of a black bass. He's interesting and sometimes will jump clear of the water after your fly.'

Reuben Stinnett, mountaineer, likes a white miller, while Reuben's father, 'Uncle' Tip prefers 'black snake-feeder' (dragon-fly). 'They'll git 'em nearly every time!' This is a common fly seen about mountain streams. 'I don't like these si-godlin things they call artificial minners. They plum' scare the fish!'

C. W. Standing Deer, of the Cherokee Reservation, says: 'I like horsehair lines better than the commercial kinds. They don't get wet and sink. I can make a fifty-foot line in twenty minutes. It's all in knowing how to knot them so they will reel. I always bait with wasp-nest grubs I find in the bushes in the woods or stick-bait along the edges of streams. Good fishing on Deep Creek.'

Standing Deer pronounces the name Smoky Mountains with something which is spelled phonetically like Guke-Tsun'ts Ga-Too'chee, the Cherokee dialect differing from ethnological bureau records of Atali'gwa Gisku Yu'sti. He claims also to be a grandson of the great Cherokee story-teller, Suye'-ta, the Chosen One, and is a great champion with the bow.

The unanimous preference for the brown hackle, expressed by all of the fishermen, and the statement of one of them that the line should float and not sink, suggests that the so-called bi-visible dry fly will bring the expert dry-fly fisherman a rich reward. This fly, which is now supplied in most of the best



TROUT STREAM AND WATER-POWER — MIDDLE PRONG OF LITTLE RIVER

tackle shops in the North, is in essence nothing but a brown hackle dressed to float, with plenty of tackle and with a bit of white feather added to aid the eye of the fisherman.

HUNTING

Deer are banned in both States of North Carolina and Tennessee except for a two-spike buck in the latter State at a season when the meat is not fit to eat. Turkey is entering its third year of prohibition. Says the experienced Mr. Birdsong: 'You can persuade these people to do anything, but you can't *make* 'em do anything. The mountaineers will always kill deer and turkey as long as they live in the woods. I even had 'em raising turkey from eggs up here.'

Bears seem to be fairly plentiful, three having been slain recently right under the very shadow of Mount Mitchell and the meat packed in flivvers that stood near by. Large bears that turn 'stock killers' when mast fails in the mountains are hunted with relentless vengeance on the part of mountaineers. J. W. Whaley, standing on the summit of Brushy Mountain, pointed to the fantastic 'hog-backs' of laurel above Porter's Flats and said: 'I got nineteen bear in there last winter!' Bears shift much, owing to the supply of mast and because of 'public works' or logging operations. For this reason it is difficult to establish any rules about bear hunting. The delicacy of bear meat, furthermore, is overrated. After all, they are a cross between a dog and a pig, smelling very much like the former. They should be killed only in 'Indian time' — as mountain hunters term it — which is after emergence from hibernation in spring, for their fur only.

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There is also no guarantee for the permanence of their abode in the Great Smokies unless the Park authorities take the matter into their future calculations; if it is not done, Bruin may soon be gone forevermore. Bruin is a harmless, fleeting sort of fellow fighting a losing battle.

As to snakes, the rattler, or old Utsanati — he 'has a bell' and sounds his warning when encroached upon. A pillbox full of permanganate of potash is a much more excellent antidote than the so-called 'snake medicine' found in some parts of the Smokies, unless it is first given to the snake, whereupon he will instantly die without biting any one.

THE END

